

SHAMA'A

EDITED BY MRINALINI CHATTOPADHYAY

VOL. VIII

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AGHORE MANDIR, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

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VOL. VI

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No. 3

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece—</i>	
A Note	
The Philosophy of our People, by Rabindranath Tagore	111
Emile Verhaeren, by Ethel Rosenthal	123
The Spirit of Gothic Building, by W. G. Raffe	134
Albrecht Weber, by Geheimrat Professor Geldner	139
Ātma Leela, by D. R. Acharya	141
Japanese Theatrical Prints, by W. G. Blaikie Murdoch	144
Junnie's Wedding, by "Scraps"	152
Ascension (Urui), by Khaja Khan	158
Notes and Comments	168
Reviews	177

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Agents in England—Messrs. W. Heffer & Sons, Cambridge

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A Journal of International Fellowship

Edited by SYUD HOSSAIN



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VOL. VI

JULY 1926

No. 4

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece—</i>	
A Note	
Jambhala, The Buddhist god of Riches, by N. C. Mehta	185
The Psychology of Hindu Religious Ritual, by Sir John Woodroffe	187
Metamorphosis, a poem, by James H. Cousins	199
The Two Strains, by "Scraps"	200
Two Heralds in Japanese Literature, by W. G. Blaikie Murdoch	204
Three Poems, by Lily S. Anderson	210
Avimaraka, translated from the Sanskrit, by Rama Pisharoti	213
Philosophical Reflections, by Md. Hafiz Syed	226
The Messenger— <i>A Picture</i> —by Nicholas Reorich.	
Poetry Interpreted by Music, by Ethel Rosenthal	229
Notes and Comments	238
Reviews	248
"Les Forces"— <i>A Picture</i> —by Jean Delville.	

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VOL. VII

JANUARY 1927

No. 1

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece—</i>	
A Note	
Mahishasuramardini, by N. C. Mehta	3
Priest and Nature-Poet, by W. G. Blaikie Murdoch (<i>illustrated</i>)	6
Five Poems, by E. E. Speight	10
The New Art and the Kinema, by W. G. Raffe	15
Reflections on Portuguese Literature, by Ethel Rosenthal	19
Pranava— <i>A Picture</i> —by P. K. Chatterji.	
Love in an Eastern Garden, by J. Vijayatunga	37
The Caves of Western, Southern and Eastern India, by Dr. K. N. Sitaram	42
Self-Portrait— <i>A Picture</i> —by Thea Schloussner.	
Notes and Comments	48
Reviews	63

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VOL. VII

JULY—OCTOBER 1927

Nos. 3 & 4

CONTENTS

PAGE

Frontispiece—

A Note	
The Sword of Dermot, by James H. Cousins	153
Leaf from Shyk-i-Akbar, by Khaja Khan	177
The Achievement of Prince Shotoku, by W. G. Blaikie Murdoch	183
The Modern Theatre and Histrionic Art in Germany, by Bernard Held	188
Three Poems, by Sarojini Naidu	191
Development of Malayalam Prose, by K. P. Padmanabha Pillai	194
Abhangas, by Dhundiraj G. Vinod	200
Notes and Comments	206
Reviews	231

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VOL. VIII

OCTOBER, 1928

No. 4

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece—</i>	
A Note	163
Poem by Sarojini Naidu	165
✓ Each Religion is a work of Art, by W. G. Raffe	166
Irony in the Forest by Lester Hutchinson	176
John Galsworthy, by "C"	183
Sanskrit in Kerala, by K. Rama Pisharoti	193
Notes and Comments	204
Reviews	216

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OUR FRONTISPIECE

“**S**ANDHYĀ-RĀG” (Evening Song) is the subject of the painting reproduced as our frontispiece. It is in brilliant colours in the original, and is by the late Mr. D. Rama Rao, the famous Andhra artist. It is representative of the genius of Rama Rao and has a rare charm and beauty all its own.

ALL would change if man could once consent to be spiritualised; but his nature mental and vital and physical is rebellious to the higher law. He loves his imperfection.

The spirit is the truth of our being; mind and life and body in their imperfection are its masks, but in their perfection should be its moulds. To be spiritual only is not enough; that prepares a number of souls for heaven, but leaves the earth very much where it was. Neither is a compromise the way of salvation.

The world knows three kinds of revolution. The material has strong results, the moral and intellectual are infinitely larger in their scope and richer in their fruits; but the spiritual are the great sowings.

If the triple change could coincide in a perfect correspondence, a faultless work would be done; but the mind and body of mankind cannot hold perfectly a strong spiritual inrush; most is spilt, much of the rest is corrupted. Many intellectual and physical upturnings of our soil are needed to work out a little result from a large spiritual sowing.

Each religion has helped mankind. Paganism increased in man the light of beauty, the largeness and height of his life, his aim at a many sided perfection; Christianity gave him some vision of divine love and charity; Buddhism has shown him a noble way to be wiser, gentler, purer; Judaism and Islam how to be religiously faithful in action and zealously devoted to God; Hinduism has opened to him the largest and profoundest spiritual possibilities. A great thing would be done if all these God-visions could embrace and cast themselves into each other; but intellectual dogma and cult-egoism stand in the way.

All religions have saved a number of souls, but none yet has been able to spiritualise mankind. For that there is needed not cult and creed, but a sustained and all comprehending effort at spiritual self evolution.

The changes we see in the world to-day are intellectual, moral, physical in their ideal and intention; the spiritual evolution waits for its hour and throws up meanwhile its waves here and there. Until it comes the sense of the others cannot be understood and till then all interpretations of present happening and forecast of man's future are vain things. For its nature, power, event are that which will determine the next cycle of our humanity.

SRI AUROBINDO GHOSE

(From the "Arya")



Fig. 1

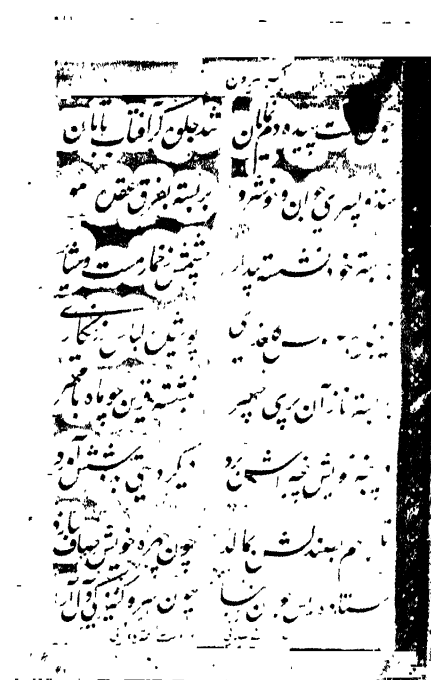


Fig. 2



Fig. 3

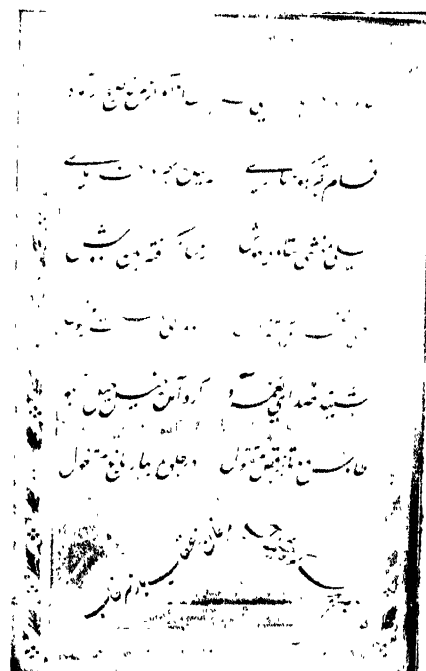
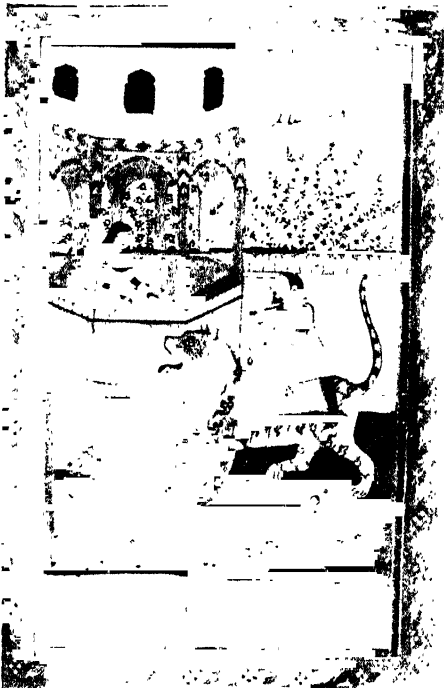
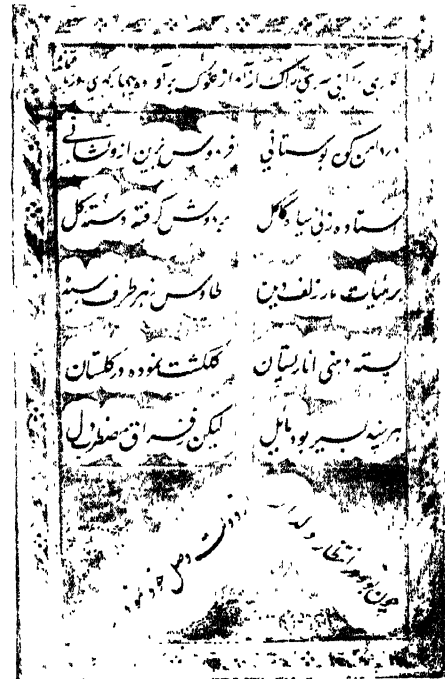


Fig. 4



tally with their description by the later writers on the subject ; a practical reason for this as alluded to above, being the attempt to represent them in a garb more suited to the taste of the mediæval Mussalmans of India, I think the contrast in the melodies now in vogue and those in the reign of Muhammad Shah as inferred from this MS. is of some importance to the student of the history of Indian Music, but with my scanty knowledge which I have been able to pick up from some Persian, Urdu and English works on Music, I do not feel it safe for me to indulge in a detailed discussion of the subject.

But of greater interest to me than anything else was the description of the paintings in Persian verse. As mentioned above, on the reverse of each picture is pasted a poem making the leaf double. Mistakes occur in pasting the poems and I was unable to find a few pictures whose description is thus given in the wrong place. I am afraid some paintings may have been lost.

The Persian poems are evidently written by two authors, the main portion being the work of a masterly hand, while additions seem to have been made here and there by a novice in a language savouring of the celebrated "Kystha Persian" style. The preface as well as the concluding lines might have also been written by the same person. Below is the literal translation of one of these poems, engraved with this article :—

"GORI, RAGNI OF SRI RAG."

(Brought out of the croaking of toads. 4 *Gharis* before nightfall.)

"A garden, lying at the foot of a mountain

The Paradise in heaven being its reminiscence.

A black-haired woman standing

With a flower-stick on her shoulder.

Seeing her hair curls in the shape of snakes

(Snake-eating) peacocks from every side approach.

Pistachio mouthed pomegranate breasted,

She wanders in the park.

Though inclined to sight-seeing,

Owing to her separation, has an aching heart.

Because she looks forward to the coming of her beloved

The richness of the (expectation of) union displays her charms (more fully)."*

Before concluding this note I may mention, that the owner of the collection wanted to sell it to some Library or Museum of Europe or America but I asked him to wait for a while and see if some Indian nobleman or Institution were willing to purchase this monument of Indian art and so prevent it from being lost for ever to our country.

HYDERABAD, DECCAN,

• 13th October, 1924.

SVED HASHMI,

Professor of Arabic and Persian,

Oosmania University.

* The meaning of the last line is doubtful.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF OUR PEOPLE

[*Presidential Address at the Indian Philosophical Congress.*]

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

My timidity makes it difficult for me properly to enjoy the honour you have done me to-day by offering a chair which I cannot legitimately claim as my own. It has often made me wonder, since I had my invitation, whether it would suit my dignity to occupy such a precarious position on an ephemeral eminence, deservedly incurring anger from some and ridicule from others. While debating in my mind as to whether I should avoid this risk with the help of the doctor's certificate, it occurred to me that possibly my ignorance of philosophy was the best recommendation for this place in a philosophers' meeting,—that you wanted for your president a man who was blankly neutral and who consciously owed no allegiance to any particular system of metaphysics, being impartially innocent of them all. The most convenient thing about me is that the degree of my qualification is beyond the range of a comparative discussion,—it is so utterly negative. In my present situation, I may be compared to a candlestick that has none of the luminous qualities of a candle and, therefore, suitable for its allotted function, which is to remain darkly inactive.

But, unfortunately, you do not allow me to remain silent even in the circumstance when silence was declared to be prudent by one of our ancient sages. The only thing which encourages me to overcome my diffidence, and give expression in a speech to my unsophisticated mind, is the fact that in India all the *vidyās*,—poesy as well as philosophy,—live in a joint family. They never have the jealous sense of individualism maintaining the punitive regulations against trespass that seem to be so rife in the West.

Plato as a philosopher decreed the banishment of poets from his ideal Republic. But, in India, philosophy ever sought alliance with poetry, because its mission was to occupy the people's life and not merely the learned seclusion of scholarship. Therefore, our tradition, though unsupported by historical evidence, has no hesitation in ascribing numerous verses to the great Sankarāchārya, a metaphysician whom Plato would find it extremely difficult to exclude from his Utopia with the help of any inhospitable Immigration Law. Many of these poems may not have high poetical value, but no lover of literature ever blames the sage for infringement of propriety in condescending to manufacture verse.

According to our people, poetry naturally falls within the scope of a philosopher, when his reason is illumined into a vision. We have our great epic Mahábhárata, which is unique in world literature, not only because of the marvellous variety of human characters, great and small, discussed in its pages in all variety of psychological circumstances, but because of the ease with which it carries in its comprehensive capaciousness all kinds of speculation about ethics, politics and philosophy of life. Such an improvident generosity on the part of poesy, at the risk of exceeding its own proper limits of accommodation, has only been possible in India where a spirit of communism prevails the different individual groups of literature. In fact, the Mahábhárata is a universe in itself in which various spheres of mind's creation find ample space for their complex dance rhythm. It does not represent the idiosyncrasy of a particular poet but the normal mentality of the people who are willing to be led along the many branched path of a whole world of thoughts, held together in a gigantic orb of narrative surrounded by innumerable satellites of episodes.

The numerous saints that India successively produced during the Mahomedan rule have all been singers whose verses are aflame with the fire of imagination. Their religious emotion had its spring in the depth of a philosophy that deals with fundamental questions,—with the ultimate meaning of existence. That may not be remarkable in itself; but when we find that these songs are not specially meant for some exclusive pundits' gathering, but that they are sung in villages and listened to by men and women who are illiterate, we realise how philosophy has permeated the life of the people in India, how it has sunk deep into the sub-conscious mind of the country.

In my childhood I once heard from a singer, who was a devout Hindu, the following song of Kabir :

*When I hear of a fish in the water dying of thirst, it makes me laugh.
If it be true that the infinite Brahma pervades all space,
What is the meaning of the places of pilgrimage like Mathura
or Kashi?*

This laughter of Kabir did not hurt in the least the pious susceptibilities of the Hindu singer; on the contrary, he was ready to join the poet with his own. For he, by the philosophical freedom of his mind, was fully aware that Mathura or Kashi, as sites of God, did not have an absolute value of truth, though they had their symbolical importance. Therefore, while he himself was eager to make a pilgrimage to those places, he had no doubt in his mind that, if it were in his power directly to realise Brahma as an all-pervading reality, there would have been no necessity for him to visit any particular place for the quickening of his

spiritual consciousness. He acknowledged the psychological necessity for such shrines, where generations of devotees have chosen to gather for the purpose of worship, in the same way as he felt the special efficacy for our mind of the time-honoured sacred texts made living by the voice of ages.

It is a village poet of East Bengal who in his songs preaches the philosophical doctrine that the universe has its reality in its relation to the Person. He sings:

*The sky and the earth are born of mine own eyes.
The hardness and softness, the cold and the heat
are the products of my own body ;
The sweet smell and the bad are of my own nose.*

This poet sings of the Eternal Person within him, coming out and appearing before his eyes just as the Vedic Rishi speaks of the Person, who is in him, dwelling also in the heart of the Sun.

*I have seen the vision,
The vision of mine own revealing itself,
Coming out from within me.*

The significant fact about these philosophical poems is that they are of rude construction, written in a popular dialect and disclaimed by the academic literature ; they are sung to the people, as composed by one of them who is dead, but whose songs have not followed him. Yet these singers almost arrogantly disown their direct obligation to philosophy, and there is a story of one of our rural poets who, after some learned text of the Vaishnava philosophy of emotion was explained to him, composed a song containing the following lines :

*Alas, a jeweller has come into the flower garden !—
He wants to appraise the truth of a lotus by rubbing it
against his touchstone.*

The members of the *Baül* sect belong to that mass of the people in Bengal who are not educated in the prevalent sense of the word. I remember how troubled they were, when I asked some of them to write down for me a collection of their songs. When they *did* venture to attempt it, I found it almost impossible to decipher their writing—the spelling and lettering were so outrageously unconventional. Yet their spiritual practices are founded upon a mystic philosophy of the human body, abstrusely technical. These people roam about singing their songs, one of which I heard years ago from my roadside window, the first two lines remaining inscribed in my memory :

*Nobody can tell whence the bird unknown
Comes into the cage and goes out.*

*I would feign put round its feet the fetter of my mind,
Could I but capture it.*

This village poet evidently agrees with our sage of the Upanishad who says that our mind comes back baffled in its attempt to reach the Unknown Being ; and yet this poet like the ancient sage does not give up his adventure of the infinite, thus implying that there is a way to its realisation. It reminds me of Shelley's poem in which he sings of the mystical spirit of Beauty :

The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us ; visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower.
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance.

That this Unknown is the profoundest reality, though difficult of comprehension, is equally admitted by the English poet as by the nameless village singer of Bengal in whose music vibrate the wing beats of the unknown bird, only Shelley's utterance is for the cultured few while the *Baïl* song is for the tillers of the soil, for the simple folk of our village households, who are never bored by its mystic transcendentalism.

All this is owing to the wonderful system of mass education which has prevailed for ages in India, and which to-day is in danger of becoming extinct. We have our academic seats of learning where students flock round their famous teachers from distant parts of the country. These places are like lakes, full of deep but still water, which have to be approached through difficult paths. But the constant evaporation from them, forming clouds, is carried by the wind from field to field, across hills and dales and through all the different divisions of the land. Operas based upon legendary poems, recitations and story-telling by trained men, the lyrical wealth of the popular literature distributed far and wide by the agency of mendicant singers,—these are the clouds that help to irrigate the minds of the people with the ideas which in their original form belonged to difficult doctrines of metaphysics. Profound speculations contained in the systems of Sāṅkhya, Vedānta and Yōga are transformed into the living harvest of the people's literature, brought to the door of those who can never have the leisure and training to pursue these thoughts to their fountain-head.

In order to enable a civilised community to carry on its complex functions, there must be a large number of men who have to take charge of its material needs, however onerous such task may be. Their vocation gives them

no opportunity to cultivate their mind. Yet they form the vast multitude, compelled to turn themselves into unthinking machines of production, so that a few may have the time to think great thoughts, create immortal forms of art and to lead humanity to spiritual altitudes.

India has never neglected these social martyrs, but has tried to bring light into the grimy obscurity of their life-long toil, and has always acknowledged its duty to supply them with mental and spiritual food in assimilable form through the medium of a variety of ceremonies. This process is not carried on by any specially organised association of public service, but by a spontaneous social adjustment which acts like circulation of blood in our bodily system. Because of this, the work continues even when the original purpose ceases to exist.

Once when I was on a visit to a small Bengal village, mostly inhabited by Mahomedan cultivators, the villagers entertained me with an opera performance the literature of which belonged to an obsolete religious sect that had wide influence centuries ago. Though the religion itself is dead, its voice still continues preaching its philosophy to a people who in spite of their different culture are not tired of listening. It discussed according to its own doctrine the different elements, material and transcendental, that constitute human personality, comprehending the body, the self and the soul. Then came a dialogue during the course of which was related the incident of a person who wanted to make a journey to *Brindávan*, the Garden of Bliss, but was prevented by a watchman who startled him with an accusation of theft. The thieving was proved when it was shown that inside his clothes he was secretly trying to smuggle into the garden the *self*, passing it on as his own and not admitting that it is for his master. The culprit was caught with the incriminating bundle in his possession which barred for him his passage to the supreme goal. Under a tattered canopy held on bamboo poles and lighted by a few smoking kerosine lamps, the village crowd, occasionally interrupted by howls of jackals in the neighbouring paddy fields, attended with untired interest, till the small hours of the morning, the performance of a drama, that discussed the ultimate meaning of all things in a seemingly incongruous setting of dance, music and humorous dialogue.

These illustrations will show how naturally, in India, poetry and philosophy have walked hand in hand, only because the latter has claimed its right to guide men to the practical path of their life's fulfilment. What is that fulfilment? It is our freedom in truth, which has for its prayer :

Lead us from the unreal to Reality.

For *satyam is ánandam*, the real is joy.

From my vocation as an artist in verse, I have come to my own idea about the joy of the real. For to give us the taste of reality through freedom of mind is the nature of all arts. When in relation to them we talk of æsthetics we must know that it is not about beauty in its ordinary meaning, but in that deeper meaning which a poet has expressed in his utterance : " Truth is beauty, beauty truth ". An artist may paint a picture of a decrepit person not pleasant to look at, and yet we call it perfect when we become intensely conscious of its reality. The mind of the jealous woman in Browning's poem, watching the preparation of poison and in imagination gloating over its possible effect upon her rival, is not beautiful ; but when it stands vividly real before our consciousness, through the unity of consistency in its idea and form, we have our enjoyment. The character of Karna, the great warrior of the Mahábhárata, gives us a deeper delight through its occasional outbursts of meanness, than it would if it were a model picture of unadulterated magnanimity. The very contradictions which hurt the completeness of a moral ideal have helped us to feel the reality of the character, and this gives us joy, not because it is pleasant in itself, but because it is definite in its creation.

It is not wholly true that art has its value for us because in it we realise all that we fail to attain in our life ; but the fact is that the function of art is to bring us, with its creations, into immediate touch with reality. These need not resemble actual facts of our experience, and yet they do delight our heart because they are made true to us. In the world of art, our consciousness being freed from the tangle of self-interest, we gain an unobstructed vision of unity, the incarnation of the real, which is a joy for ever.

As in the world of art, so in God's world, our soul waits for its freedom from the ego to reach that disinterested joy which is the source and goal of creation. It cries for its *mukti* into the unity of truth from the mirage of appearances endlessly pursued by thirsty self. This idea of *mukti*, based upon metaphysics, has affected our life in India, touched the springs of our emotions, and supplications for it soar heavenward on the wings of poesy. We constantly hear men of scanty learning and simple faith singing in their prayer to *Tara*, the Goddess Redeemer :

For what sin should I be compelled to remain in this dungeon of the world of appearance ?

They are afraid of being alienated from the world of truth, afraid of their perpetual drifting amidst the froth and foam of things, of being tossed about by the tidal waves of pleasure and pain and never reaching the ultimate meaning of life. Of these men, one may be a carter driving his cart to market, another a

fisherman plying his net. They may not be prompt with an intelligent answer, if questioned about the deeper import of the song they sing, but they have no doubt in their mind, that the abiding cause of all misery is not so much in the lack of life's furniture as in the obscurity of life's significance. It is a common topic with such to decry an undue emphasis upon *me* and *mine*, which falsifies the perspective of truth. For, have they not often seen men, who are not above their own level in social position or intellectual acquirement, going out to seek Truth, leaving everything that they have behind them?

They know that the object of these adventurers is not betterment in worldly wealth and power,—it is *mukti*, freedom. They possibly know some poor fellow villager of their own craft, who remains in the world carrying on his daily vocation, and yet has the reputation of being emancipated in the heart of the Eternal. I myself have come across a fisherman singing with an inward absorption of mind, while fishing all day in the Ganges, who was pointed out to me by my boatmen, with awe, as a man of liberated spirit. He is out of reach of the conventional prices which are set upon men by society, and which classify them like toys arranged in the shop-windows according to the market standard of value.

When the figure of this fisherman comes to my mind, I cannot but think that their number is not small who with their lives sing the epic of the unfettered soul, but will never be known in history. These unsophisticated Indian peasants know that an Emperor is a decorated slave remaining chained to his Empire, that a millionaire is kept pilloried by his fate in the golden cage of his wealth, while this fisherman is free in the realm of light. When, groping in the dark, we stumble against objects, we cling to them believing them to be our only hope. When light comes we slacken our hold, finding them to be mere parts of the all to which we are related. The simple man of the village knows what freedom is—freedom from the isolation of self, from the isolation of things which imparts a fierce intensity to our sense of possession. He knows that this freedom is not in the mere negation of bondage, in the bareness of belongings, but in some positive realisation which gives pure joy to our being, and he sings:

To him who sings into the deep, nothing remains unattained.

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*Let my two minds meet and combine
And lead me to the City Wonderful.*

When the one mind of ours which wanders in search of things in the outer region of the varied, and the other which seeks the inward vision of unity, are no longer in conflict, they help us to realise the *ajab*, the *anirvachanîya*, the ineffable. The poet saint Kabir has also the same message when he sings:

By saying that Supreme Reality only dwells in the inner realm of spirit we shame the outer world of matter, and also when we say that he is only in the outside we do not speak the truth.

According to these singers, truth is in unity and therefore freedom is in its realisation. The texts of our daily worship and meditation are for training our mind to overcome the barrier of separateness from the rest of existence and to realise *advaitam*, the Supreme Unity which is *ānandam*, infinitude. It is philosophical wisdom having its universal radiation in the popular mind in India that inspires our prayer, our daily spiritual practices. It has its constant urging for us to go beyond the world of appearances in which facts as facts are alien to us, like the mere sounds of a foreign music; it speaks to us of an emancipation in the inner truth of all things in which the endless *many* reveals the *One*, as the multitude of notes, when we understand them, reveal to us the inner unity which is music.

But because this freedom is in truth itself and not in an appearance of it, no hurried path of success, forcibly cut out by the greed of result, can be a true path. And an obscure village poet, unknown to the world of recognised respectability, untrammelled by the standardised learning of the Education Department, sings :

O cruel man of urgent need, must you scorch with fire the mind which still is a bud? You will burst it into bits, destroy its perfume in your impatience. Do you not see that my lord, the Supreme Teacher, takes ages to perfect the flower and never is in a fury of haste? But because of your terrible greed you only rely on force, and what hope is there for you, O man of urgent need? "Prithee!" says Madan the poet. "Hurt not the mind of my Teacher. Know that only he who follows the simple current and loses himself, can hear the voice, O man of urgent need."

This poet knows that there is no external means of taking freedom by the throat. It is the inward process of losing ourselves that leads us to it. Bondage in all its forms has its stronghold in the inner self and not in the outside world; it is in the dimming of our consciousness, in the narrowing of our perspective, in the wrong valuation of things.

The proof of this we find in the modern civilisation whose motive force has become a ceaseless urgency of need. Its freedom is only the apparent freedom of inertia which does not know how and where to stop. There are some primitive people who have put an artificial value on human scalps and they develop an arithmetical fury which does not allow them to stop in the gathering of their trophies. They are driven by some cruel fate into an endless exaggeration which makes them ceaselessly run on an interminable path of addition. Such a freedom in their wild course of collection is the worst form of bondage.

The cruel urgency of need is all the more aggravated in their case because of the lack of truth in its object. Similarly it should be realised that a mere addition to the rate of speed, to the paraphernalia of fat living and display of furniture, to the frightfulness of destructive armaments, only leads to an insensate orgy of a caricature of bigness. The links of bondage go on multiplying themselves, threatening to shackle the whole world with the chain forged by such unmeaning and unending urgency of need.

The idea of *mukti* in Christian theology is liberation from a punishment which we carry with our birth. In India it is from the dark enclosure of ignorance which causes the illusion of a self that seems final. But the enlightenment which frees us from this ignorance must not merely be negative. Freedom is not in an emptiness of its contents, it is in the harmony of communication through which we find no obstruction in realising our own being in the surrounding world. It is of this harmony, and not of a bare and barren isolation, that the Upanishad speaks, when it says that the truth no longer remains hidden in him who finds himself in the All.

Freedom in the material world has also the same meaning expressed in its own language. When nature's phenomena appeared to us as manifestations of an obscure and irrational caprice, we lived in an alien world never dreaming of our *swaraj* within its territory. With the discovery of the harmony of its working with that of our reason, we realise our unity with it and, therefore, freedom. It is *avidyā*, ignorance, which causes our disunion with our surroundings. It is *vidyā*, the knowledge of the Brahma manifested in the material universe that makes us realise *advaitam*, the spirit of unity in the world of matter.

Those who have been brought up in a misunderstanding of this world's process, not knowing that it is his by his right of intelligence, are trained as cowards by a hopeless faith in the ordinance of a destiny darkly dealing its blows, offering no room for appeal. They submit without struggle when human rights are denied them, being accustomed to imagine themselves born as outlaws in a world constantly thrusting upon them incomprehensible surprises of accidents.

Also in the social or political field, the lack of freedom is based upon the spirit of alienation, on the imperfect realisation of *advaitam*. There our bondage is in the tortured link of union. One may imagine that an individual who succeeds in dissociating himself from his fellows attains real freedom, inasmuch as all ties of relationship imply obligation to others. But we know that, though it may sound paradoxical, it is true that in the human world only a perfect arrangement of interdependence gives rise to freedom. The most individualistic of human beings, who own no responsibility, are the savages who fail to attain their fulness of manifestation. They live immersed in obscurity,

like an ill-lighted fire that cannot liberate itself from its envelope of smoke. Only those may attain their freedom from the segregation of an eclipsed life, who have the power to cultivate mutual understanding and co-operation. The history of the growth of freedom is the history of the perfection of human relationship.

The strongest barrier against freedom in all departments of life is the selfishness of individuals or groups. Civilisation, whose object is to afford humanity its greatest possible opportunity of complete manifestation, perishes when some selfish passion, in place of a moral ideal, is allowed to exploit its resources unopposed, for its own purposes. For the greed of acquisition and the living principle of creation are antagonistic to each other. Life has brought with it the first triumph of freedom in the world of the inert, because it is an inner expression and not merely an external fact, because it must always exceed the limits of its substance, never allowing its materials to clog its spirit, and yet ever keeping to the limits of its truth. Its accumulation must not suppress its harmony of growth, the harmony that unites the *in* and the *out*, the end and the means, the *what is* and the *what is to come*.

Life does not store up but assimilates; its spirit and its substance, its work and itself, are intimately united. When the non-living elements of our surroundings are stupendously disproportionate, when they are mechanical systems and hoarded possessions, then the mutual discord between our life and our world ends in the defeat of the former. The gulf thus created by the receding stream of soul we try to replenish with a continuous shower of wealth which may have the power to fill but not the power to unite. Therefore the gap is dangerously concealed under the glittering quick-sands of things which by their own accumulating weight cause a sudden subsidence, while we are in the depth of our sleep.

But the real tragedy does not lie in the destruction of our material security, it is in the obscuration of man himself in the human world. In his creative activities man makes his surroundings instinct with his own life and love. But in his utilitarian ambition he deforms and defiles it with the callous handling of his voracity. This world of man's manufacture with its discordant shrieks and mechanical movements, reacts upon his own nature, incessantly suggesting to him a scheme of universe which is an abstract system. In such a world there can be no question of *mukti*, because it is a solidly solitary fact, because the cage is all that we have, and no sky beyond it. In all appearance the world to us is a closed world, like a seed within its hard cover. But in the core of the seed there is the cry of Life for *mukti* even when the proof of its possibility is darkly silent. When some huge temptation tramples into stillness this living aspiration after *mukti*, then does civilisation die like a seed that has lost its urging for germination.

It is not altogether true that the ideal of *mukti* in India is based upon a philosophy of passivity. The Ishopanishad has strongly asserted that man must wish to live a hundred years and go on doing his work ; for, according to it, the complete truth is in the harmony of the infinite and the finite, the passive ideal of perfection and the active process of its revealment ; according to it, he who pursues the knowledge of the infinite as an absolute truth sinks even into a deeper darkness than he who pursues the cult of the finite as complete in itself. He who thinks that a mere aggregation of changing notes has the ultimate value of unchanging music, is no doubt foolish ; but his foolishness is exceeded by that of one who thinks that true music is devoid of all notes. But where is the reconciliation ? Through what means does the music which is transcendental turn the facts of the detached notes into a vehicle of its expression ? It is through the rhythm, the very limit of its composition. We reach the infinite through crossing the path that is definite. It is this that is meant in the following verse of the Isha :

He who knows the truth of the infinite and that of the finite both united together, crosses death by the help of avidyā, and by the help of vidyā reaches immortality.

The regulated life is the rhythm of the finite through whose very restrictions we pass to the immortal life. This *amritam*, the immortal life, is not a mere prolongation of physical existence, it is in the realisation of the perfect, it is in the well-proportioned beautiful definition of life which every moment surpasses its own limits and expresses the Eternal. In the very first verse of the Isha, the injunction is given to us **ma gridhah**, *Thou shalt not covet*. But why should we not ? Because greed, having no limit, smothers the rhythm of life—the rhythm which is expressive of the limitless.

The modern civilisation is largely composed of *atmahanojanīh* who are spiritual suicides. It has lost its will for limiting its desires, for restraining its perpetual self-exaggeration. Because it has lost its philosophy of life, it loses its art of living. Like poetasters it mistakes skill for power and realism for reality. In the Middle Ages when Europe believed in the kingdom of heaven, she struggled to modulate her life's forces to effect their harmonious relation to this ideal, which always sent its call to her activities in the midst of the boisterous conflict of her passions. There was in this endeavour an ever present scheme of creation, something which was positive, which had the authority to say : *Thou shalt not covet, thou must find thy true limits*. To-day there is only a furious rage for raising numberless brick-kilns in place of buildings. The great scheme of the master-builder has been smothered under the heaps of brick-dust. It proves the

severance of *avidyā* from her union with *vidyā* giving rise to an unrhythmic power, ignoring all creative plan, igniting a flame that has heat but no light.

Creation is in rhythm,—the rhythm which is the border on which *vidyāncha avidyāncha*, the infinite and the finite, meet. We do not know how, from the indeterminate, the lotus flower finds its being. So long as it is merged in the vague it is nothing to us, and yet it must have been everywhere. Somehow from the vast it has been captured in a perfect rhythmical limit, forming an eddy in our consciousness, arousing within us a recognition of delight at the touch of the infinite which finitude gives. It is the limiting process which is the work of a creator, who finds his freedom through his restraints, the truth of the boundless through the reality of the bounds. The insatiable idolatry of material, that runs along an ever-lengthening line of extravagance, is inexpressive; it belongs to those regions which are *andhēnatamasāveritah*, enveloped in darkness, which ever carry the load of their inarticulate bulk. The true prayer of man is for the Real not for the big, for the Light which is not in incendiarism but in illumination, for Immortality which is not in duration of time, but in the eternity of the perfect.

Only because we have closed our path to the inner world of *mukti*, has the outer world become terrible in its exactions. It is a slavery to continue to live in a sphere where things are, yet where their meaning is obstructed. It has become possible for men to say that existence is evil, only because in our blindness we have missed something in which our existence has its truth. If a bird tries to soar in the sky with only one of its wings, it is offended with the wind for buffeting it down to the dust. All broken truths are evil. They hurt because they suggest something which they do not offer. Death does not hurt us, but disease does, because disease constantly reminds us of health and yet withholds it from us. And life in a half world is evil, because it feigns finality when it is obviously incomplete, giving us the cup, but not the draught of life. All tragedies consist in truth remaining fragmentary, its cycle not being completed.

Let me close with a *Baul* song, over a century old, in which the poet sings of the eternal bond of union between the infinite and the finite soul, from which there can be no *mukti*, because it is an interrelation which makes truth complete, because love is ultimate, because absolute independence is the blankness of utter sterility. The idea in it is the same as we have in the Upanishad, that truth is neither in pure *vidyā* nor in *avidyā*, but in their union :

It goes on blossoming for ages, the soul-lotus in which I am bound, as well as thou, without escape. There is no end to the opening of its petals, and the honey in its has such sweetness that thou like an enchanted bee canst never desert it, and therefore thou art bound, and I am, and mukti is nowhere.

EMILE VERHAEREN

BY ETHEL ROSENTHAL

Everyone acquainted with the work of Emile Verhaeren must experience a keen sense of regret that he did not live to celebrate in verse the recuperation of post-war Belgium. Belgian to the backbone, he showed his aloofness from French authors throughout his literary career, and despite his scanty knowledge of Flemish he introduced a number of words of Flemish character into his vocabulary which lent a peculiarly virile and trenchant style to his writing. His clarity of vision preserved him from the meshes of symbolism in which the footsteps of certain of his French contemporaries became entangled.

Emile Verhaeren was born at Saint Amand sur l'Escaut in 1855. In his earliest childhood he was familiar with those types of peasants, artisans and farmers who occupied, subsequently, such important positions in the foreground of his creative work. He was educated at the famous Jesuit College of Sainte Barbe at Ghent, the school attended also by Maeterlinck and Charles van Lerberghe. The fathers, who recognised his great talents, wished Emile to enter the church, but he was not of that stuff of which monks are made. A preacher he became in due course, expounding his doctrine of humanitarian sympathy, in his own manner,—a manner which differed vastly from that of the priests. On leaving school he turned his attention to commerce and accepted a position in a firm belonging to a prosperous uncle. Here he proved a disastrous instance of Pegasus in harness, and disregarding the indignation of his relative, he elected to study law at Louvain as a means of escape from the uncongenial atmosphere of counting house and office. His achievements in the legal sphere were negligible, but he became acquainted with artists and men of letters who hailed him as a kindred spirit, and whose influence upon the future poet was much greater than that of his professors. In Brussels he became the ringleader in all the escapades by which he and his boon companions horrified the sedate Belgian bourgeoisie of his day. During this period Verhaeren's poetic seed was germinating and was soon destined to bear fruit.

One wet day Verhaeren tramped up the stairs leading to the den of a congenial friend, and burst in upon him with the words, "Je veux vous lire des vers" ("I want to read you some verses"). While the rain poured down outside, inside the studio Verhaeren poured forth the poems that appeared afterwards in his first volume 'Les Flamandes'. The conservative public was scandalised

by this work of genius in which the author revealed himself as one of the same stock from which sprang Jordaens and Rubens. Zola's influence is apparent in this volume which proved too strong literary meat for the palates of many of its readers. Critics with vision however realised the potentialities of the author who promised to develop into a great intellectual force, all the more powerful because of his robustness, sometimes bordering on brutality. The distance of something like an odd half a century has minimised the crudeness of "Les Flamandes", the chaff has been sifted, and the grain stands forth pure and strong. As a picture of Flemish life "Les Flamandes" ranks as a masterpiece and occupies a unique position in the gallery of literary *tableaux de genre*. In it are certain scenes reminiscent of Thomas Hardy's word pictures. The extracts from "La Vache" given below, in an English translation by Marguerite B. Price are suggestive of the atmosphere of "Tess". It is significant that Verhaeren introduces the Zolaesque touch of the abattoir into this poem :

- " It was the hour of five, and the hour of dawn,
When the night's darkness merged into light of day,
And a youth stood marking the head of a cow,
Then fixing the halter, led her slowly away.
- " Everywhere clocks re-echoed the hour,
The fields awoke laughing, despite the thick mist,
Which enveloped the land like a woollen shawl,
Hiding the face which the night had kissed.
- " On the right one sees vast stretches of plain,
With quaintly ploughed squares, fantastic and brown,
And all in a jumble a village or hamlet,
And zigzag roads leading out of the town.
- " On the left blooming orchards with swaying fruit,
Thro' which the June wind whistled and sang,
All the floodtide of summer a swing with hope
Awaiting the call which the dawntide rang.
- " The cow now stopped and crossed over the threshold
Out of the grey to a land of red,
Her feet almost touching a bleeding bull
Whose gored neck proclaimed him dead.
- " And here at last comes the zenith of dawn
Over the horizon the grey fingers fade,
Leaving outspread a cloak rosy and golden
Over the land where lately they'd played.

"The cow stood and watched the crimsoning last
 And the sapphire blue of the sky above,
 Till with a blow of the mallet she stumbled and fell,
 Yet her dying gaze was of wonder and love."

There is a vast difference between "Les Flamandes" and the character of Verhaeren's next work "Les Moines," composed after a sojourn of three weeks in the monastery of Forges. Once again the priests tried to gain him for their cause, and once again, as in his days at Sainte Barbe, they failed. Verhaeren treated the monks with respect, regarding them as symbols of the idealism of the past, but their cult of negation and abstinence could never appeal to the full-blooded poet who was formulating, even then, his subsequently expressed belief, "Life is not a means but an end. Without this conviction a man can lead no true existence. With it he realises that his chief duty is to make life a perfect thing, a masterpiece."

To a man of Verhaeren's depth of temperament a nervous break down is an agonising experience. For four dreary years Verhaeren probed the wound of despair, in an anguish of self-analysis, similar to that of the most introspective Russian authors. He drained the cup of bitterness to the very dregs, and his mental suffering is reflected in the trilogy of "Les Soirs," "Les Débâcles," "Les Flambeaux Noirs." Thanks, however, to his almost super-human fortitude he escaped from the perils of insanity which threatened to envelop him. The luminous figure of St. George, the Patron Saint of England, held him spell-bound, and he celebrated the symbolism of hope and courage connected with this hero in the following poem from "Les Apparus dans mes Chemins," the English version of which is included in Alma Strettell's collection of Verhaeren's poems.

"Ring, all my voices of hope, ring on!
 Ring forth in me
 Beneath fresh boughs of greenery,
 Down radiant pathways, full of sun;
 Ye glints of silvery mica, be
 Bright joy amid my stones—and ye
 White pebbles that the waters strew,
 Open your eyes in my brooklets, through
 The watery lids that cover you;
 Landscape of gushing springs and sun,
 With gold that quivers on misty blue,
 Landscape that dwells in me, hold thou
 The mirror now
 To the fiery flights, that flaming roll,
 Of the great St. George toward my soul.

* * *

"St. George in radiant armour came
Speeding along in leaps of flame
'Mid the sweet morning, through my soul.
Young, beautiful by faith was he ;
He leaned the lower down toward me
Even as I the lowlier knelt ;
Like some pure, golden cordial
 In secret felt,
He filled me with his soaring strength
And with sweet fear most tenderly,
Before that vision's dignity,
Into his pale, proud hand at length
I cast the blood my pain had spent.
Then, laying upon me as he went
A charge of valour, and the sign
Of the cross on my brow from his lance divine
He sped upon the shining road,
Straight, with my heart, toward his God."

When he recovered from the mental tribulation which had threatened to destroy his reason Verhaeren ceased to obscure the light of day from his soul and to flee the world. Instead he basked in the sunshine of new-found joy and warmed both hands at the fires of life. He approached the universe and its wonders with a sympathy and an insight unknown to one whose feet had not traversed the slough of despair, which, at a given moment, had threatened to engulf him.

In his youth, before the crisis, he had been a poet of the open country. Now in the glory of his fully matured manhood he became conscious of the spell of great cities, and London in particular, with its mystery of fog and smoke, stimulated his imagination. He observed details which town dwellers would have overlooked or taken as a matter of course, but he was not blind to the dangers of city life. In his "Villes Tentaculaires" he demonstrates the tentacles with which cities subtly draw all humanity to their midst. The bedrock of the problem is exposed in the phrase "Toute la mer va vers la ville" ("The whole sea flows towards the town") which occurs in his poem of "Le Port." The strength and harmony of commercial institutions appealed to him, and he celebrated them in such works as "La Bourse" and "L'Âme de la Ville."

In "Les Campagnes Hallucinées" he illustrates the deserted country side, and describes the villages which are forsaken by those who wend their way towards the metropolis. A further interesting collection is "Les Villages Illusoires" containing the masterpiece of "The Rope-maker," a character possessing affinity with Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Card Dealer." Extracts from both poems are given below for purposes of comparison.

THE ROPE-MAKER

- "In his village grey
 At foot of the dykes, that encompass him,
 With weary weaving of curves and lines
 Toward the sea outstretching dim,
 The rope-maker, visionary white
 Stepping backwards along the way,
 Prudently 'twixt his hands combines
 The distant threads in their twisting play,
 That come to him from the infinite.
- "When day is gone,
 Through ardent, weary evenings, yon,
 The whirr of a wheel can yet be heard ;
 Something by unseen hands is stirred,
 And parallel o'er the rakes, that trace
 An even space
 From point to point along all the way,
 The flaxen hemp still plaits its chain
 Ceaseless, for days and weeks amain.
- "With his poor, tired fingers, nimble still,
 Fearing to break for want of skill
 The fragments of gold that the gliding light
 Threads through his toil so scantily
 Passing the walls and the houses by,
 The rope-maker, visionary white,
 From depths of the evening's whirlpool dim,
 Draws the horizon in to him
- "Horizons that stretch back afar
 Where strife, regrets, hates, furies are
 Tears of the silence and the tears
 That find a voice : serenest years,
 Or years convulsed with pang and throe :
 Horizons of the long ago
 These gestures of the Past, they shew.

"'Twixt fields of flax and of osiers red,
 On the road where nothing doth move or tread
 By houses and walls to left and right
 The rope-maker, visionary white,
 From depths of evening's treasury dim
 Draws the horizons in to him.

"Horizons that stretch yonder far
 Where work, strifes, ardours, science are ;
 Horizons that change—they pass and glide,
 And on their way
 They show in mirrors of eventide
 The mourning image of dark to-day.

"Here—writhing fires that never rest nor end
 Where, in one giant effort all employed,
 Sages cast down the Gods, to change the void
 Whither the flights of human science tend.

"Here—'tis a room where thought, assertive saith
 That there are weights exact to gauge her by ;
 That mauve ether, only, rounds the sky,
 And that in phials of glass men breed up death.

"Here—'tis a workshop, where, all fiery bright,
 Matter intense vibrates with fierce turmoil
 In vaults where wonders new, 'mid stress and toil
 Are forged, that can absorb, time and night.

* * *

"On the silent even road— his eyes
 Still fixed toward the waning light
 That skirts the houses and walls as it dies
 The rope-maker, visionary white,
 From depths of the evening's halo dim
 Draws the horizons in to him.

"Horizons that are there afar
 Where light, hope, wakenings, strivings are ;
 Horizons that he sees defined
 As hope for some future, far and kind,
 Beyond those distant shores and faint
 That evening on the clouds doth paint.

* * *

" In his village at foot of the dykes, that bend,
Sinuous, weary, about him and wend
Toward that distance of eddying light,
The rope-maker, visionary white,
Along by each house and each garden wall,
Absorbs in himself the horizons all "

THE CARD DEALER

" The gold that's heaped beside her hand
In truth rich prize it were ;
And rich the dreams that wreathe her brows
With magic stillness there ;
And he were rich who should unwind
That woven golden hair.

" Around her, where she sits, the dance
Now breathes its eager heat,
And not more lightly or more true
Fall there the dancers' feet
Than fall her cards on the bright board
As 'twere an heart that beat.

* * *

" And do you ask what game she plays ?
With me 'tis lost or won,
With thee it is playing still ; with him
It is not well begun
But 'tis a game she plays with all
Beneath the sway o' the sun."

Readers who wish to learn how to love the work of Verhaeren should approach his later masterpieces first. These include "Les Forces Tumul-tueuses," "La Multiple Splendeur" and "Les Blés Mouvants." In the last mentioned collection of poems he reproduces the national spirit of the Flemish people, and in it he includes a charming selection of village songs in which the author is seen in the rôle of miniature painter in words. These diminutive views are a worthy supplement to the larger canvases which he executed, such as "Toute la Flandre" in which he recapitulates the different phases of his life in the Flanders, to which he was bound by strong ties of affection, and, pays the homage of an elderly man to the land of his forefathers. From the "Tendresses Premières," in which he describes his parents and his early surroundings, through the storm and stress of adolescence, as expressed in "Seize, dix-sept

et dix-huit ans," we come to "La Guirlande des Dunes," in which he finds rest for his storm-tossed soul in the countryside of Flanders.

"My simple old parents, my good aunt,
How the grass on their graves
Awakes in me the desire to feed
From Nature's ample bosom,
Which is a reflection, a mirror of life,
Ah! how young and how good is life
With all its joy and expectation."

From "Les Tendresses Premières."
(English version by Marguerite B. Price.)

Verhaeren's use of onomatopœia or the colour value of words is very skillful, and enhances the musical importance of his poems. Like Walt Whitman he was attracted to *Vers Libre*, its ruggedness appealed to him, and he employed it with mastery. He was less elemental than his American contemporary, to his European vision life appeared in a more complex garb than that in which it was glimpsed by the New World poet. Nevertheless love, enthusiasm and energy, in respect of the universe in general and the individual in particular, constituted the motive power which inspired the philosophy of both geniuses.

The dramas of the Belgian poet prove to be more interesting in the study than on the stage. In "Les Aubes," the play which was composed after "Les Villes Tentaculaires," the author's socialistic tendencies are well to the fore. The proletariat is victorious at the expense of Jaques Hérénien, the tribune, and the tyrants are crushed. "Hélène de Sparte" is an engrossing character study of the famous classic heroine. Beauty such as hers is not conducive to happiness, and the Greek conception of the envious gods, who punish her for her fairness of form, permeates every act. In vain does she desire to live in peace with Menelaus and renounce her charms. Fate is too strong for her—Menelaus is killed for her sake, her enemy, Elektra, becomes enamoured of her, even her brother would possess her.

It has been alleged by some critics that Verhaeren is essentially a man's poet, because love and woman have played secondary parts in his creative output. Though true love may not have come to him in early life, when it came he was ready to receive it. He responded to its touch with gratitude for the days of passion celebrated in "L' Eternelle" of "Les Forces Tumultueuses" were behind him, and the transient spark was replaced by the steadfast flame which knows no flicker. In "Les Heures Claires" dated 1896, "Les Heures d' Après Midi "

(published some nine years later) and "Les Heures du Soir" he sings of the wonderfulness of his love in tones, remarkable for their tenderness. Old age casts its shadows over "Les Heures du Soir," yet here also the keynote is one of calm joy, protected from all storm. He regards himself as the recipient of blessings innumerable, and this attitude is apparent in the version of two poems from the "Hours of Evening" ("Les Heures du Soir") done into English prose by F. S. Flint.

"Oh! how gentle are your hands and their slow caress winding about my neck and gliding over my body, when I tell you at the fall of evening how my strength grows heavy day by day with the lead of my weakness.

"You do not wish me to become a shadow and a wreck like those who go towards the darkness, even though they carry a laurel in their mournful hands, fane sleeping in their hollow chests.

"Oh! how you soften the law of time for me, and how comforting and generous to me in your dream; for the first time, with an untruth, you lull my heart that forgives you and thanks you for it.

"Well knowing, nevertheless, that all ardour is vain against all that is, and all that must be, and that by finishing in your eyes my fine human life, may perhaps be found a deep happiness."

* * *

"When you have closed my eyes to the light, kiss them with a long kiss, for they will have given you in the last look of their last fervour the utmost passionate love. Beneath the still radiance of the funeral torch, bend down towards the farewell in them your sad and beautiful face, so that the only image they will keep in the tomb may be imprinted on them and may endure.

"And let me feel, before the coffin is nailed up, our hands meet once again on the fine white bed, and your cheek rest one last time against my forehead on the pale cushions.

"And let me afterwards go far away with my heart, which will preserve so fiery a love for you that the other dead will feel its glow even through the compact, dead earth."

The sentiment expressed in the above idylls seems to be the natural outcome of the emotion voiced in the following extract from "Les Heures Claires" translated by Alma Strettell:

- “ In hours like these, when through our dreams of bliss
 So far from all things not ourselves we move,
 What lustral blood, what baptism is this
 That bathes our hearts, straining toward perfect love ?
- “ Our hands are clasped, and yet there is no prayer,
 Our arms outstretched and yet no cry is there ;
 Adoring something, what, we cannot say,
 More pure than we are and more far away,
 With spirit fervent and most guileless grown
 How we are mingled and dissolved in one
 Ah, how we love each other, in the unknown !
- “ Oh, how absorbed and wholly lost before
 The presence of these hours supreme one lies !
 And how the soul would fain find other skies
 To seek therein new gods it might adore,
 Oh, marvellous and agonising joy
 Audacious hope whereon the spirit hangs
 Of being one day
 Once more the prey
 Beyond even death, of these deep silent pangs.”

In 1917 a Verhaeren commemoration was held by the Royal Society of Literature to which flocked all admirers of the poet, who were in London at the time. Mr. Edmund Gosse gave an admirable summary of the last years of Verhaeren whom he justly called “one of the greatest realistic visionaries.” After the poet’s house near Mons was destroyed he settled in St. Cloud, and devoted his time to lecturing and writing on behalf of his stricken country. “La Belgique Sanglante,” translated in 1915, contains pictures in prose no less vivid than those in oils of Teniers and Van Eyck. In this work we are introduced to the weekly markets and the “kermesses,” prominent characteristics of the life of pre-war Belgium. As a youth Verhaeren had been a frequent reveller at the “kermesses,” and describes with relish those festivals at which the honest country folk abandoned their usual phlegmatic calm and gave themselves up to roistering. Once their tempers were roused they did not hesitate to spill blood and scenes ensued which have been immortalized by many a great Flemish painter.

“Parmi les Cendres,” published in Paris in 1916, contains charming-silhouettes of Bruges, “the mystic town” and Antwerp “the sensual.” While returning to Paris from Rouen Verhaeren was killed in a railway accident, to the sorrow of his friends, and to the loss of the literary world at large.

He was a prolific writer and the exponent of a healthy and stimulating philosophy. Possessing a keen appreciation of the value of the present he wasted no time in idle repining over the past. He considered the duty of each one of us to be the enjoyment of the beauties which life offers. By the performance of good deeds whenever the opportunity occurs, we ourselves add to these same beauties, and enhance the value of our own existence and that of our neighbours. "Aimer avec ferveur soi-même en tous les autres" ("To love oneself fervently through the medium of one's fellow creatures") was one of Verhaeren's favourite axioms. In it may be found the kernel of his helpful teaching.

ETHEL ROSENTHAL

THE SPIRIT OF GOTHIC BUILDING

BY W. G. RAFFE

Vitality in the entire work of building is the fundamental secret of the vigour and beauty of Gothic building and craftsmanship. This it was that led Ruskin, the famous exponent of Gothic architecture, to seek and find the living source whence came one of the most remarkable expressions of human art that has been known to history. He found it sprang from the freedom of the worker in his daily work, so that the lowest labourer could take a definite delight in the work that he did, being under no compulsion other than the normal agreement in labour among his fellow men. Ruskin did not love the Greek work, because he assumed it, rightly or wrongly, to be born from conditions of slavery, and that one fact, as it seemed to him, blotted out much of the beauty of Greek craftsmanship, in favour of the living freedom of the vital medieval builder.

It concerned the craftsman little that he had no municipal or parliamentary vote: this "freedom" once a year, or once in five years, would not have convinced him that he was a "free man" if he had been under any external compulsion in his daily labour. What freedom is there in the world, better than to do one's best in daily work as a task which is done because it is of service to the community and not to provide profits to some one who is merely exploiting the needs of the community? A craftsman could labour, day by day, with no fear of short time or discharge, and no great need to concern himself with demarcation disputes. He learned not merely a detail of his trade, but, if he was capable, all of it.

The spirit of Gothic came from the tremendous vitality of the freedom of the craftsman in daily labour, a condition that was common to the time, in a public sentiment that was based on a regard for the commonweal first and private wealth a long way after. In such conditions great public art was normal: it was the unavoidable expression of the current terms of life in current terms of art. The life of every nation is reflected in its architecture, as may be seen in our ugly chapels, dirty factories, splendid public houses and cinemas and hotels and horrible railway stations—and our slums.

We may perhaps compare the public sentiment of Greece, of the medieval period, and our own time, in its relation to the craftsman. In Athens, he was both freeman and slave. But the slave was maintained, cared for, and

as a rule was well treated, just as a valuable race horse is well treated to-day. He had no worries and no responsibilities, he just did his work, and that ended it.

In the mediæval period, serf and freeman and nobility existed side by side, in a system that was often harsh, but was fairly well balanced on the whole. The craftsmen had the best of it, for they moved where there was work to be done, and even escaped the wars, not being serfs who dwelt round some castle, belonging with the land to its lord. And they were sought for their skill. All the holy days and festivals were kept, but they were not paid on piece-work, or at hourly rates, nor did they fear losing their employment, for work on one building occupied many a man's whole life. The craftsman was engaged to use his whole brain and skill on the work, and he was not supplied with detail drawings, in which impossible joints were shown or all the carving fully indicated in advance. He was given a general notion, or if a coat-of-arms for some bishop or some biblical scene was required, he would have the loan of some valuable manuscript or drawing on parchment, from which to gather some idea as to what was wanted. In all this, he was as much designer as executant, and by his work we judge that he worked quicker and better in this way. He was a craftsman, and not merely a worker hired to use his strength without his brains. The whole man laboured, and therefore his work was artistic.

The modern way is different. The worker is hired by the hour or the day, and may go at any time. He is uncared for, in or out of working hours, and must provide for himself. He has a vote once in a while, as between two, perhaps three, individuals he has never seen, who desire to "represent him in parliament". The freeman votes, and goes on working or starving, according to the particular futility of the moment in trade. He seldom knows the complete range of the trade: it does not pay any one to teach, or himself to learn, as he will get no more pay for knowing all than for knowing little, unless by some miracle he gets an advance in position. But this is not given for skill, but for managing ability, to get the most work out of other men for the least cost.

In that we have the three fundamental positions. Athens bought the slave and had a right to his labour, and the slave had a right to his maintenance. The builder of the church commissioned the guild or guild workers and bought the services of the complete craftsmen at an agreed price current at the time and place. The modern builder hires a human machine at an hourly rate to do work according to some scheme which is dictated by the necessity of working to contract prices and specification. It is not the builder's fault that he uses the system, but the state of general public sentiment that permits it. Instead of

being a craft slave as in Athens, the modern worker is an industrial slave owned by the country. As in most conditions of slavery, the position is mentally more congenial by it being possible for more freedom to be won.

In medieval times, industrial freedom was in fact at a very high level, whatever political freedom was in name. A craftsman could and did go practically where he liked, his only passport being his skill in labour. Once he had satisfied his guild, his own fellow craftsmen, of his skill and ability, he had to fill in no application forms, pay no insurance with less chance of seeing it back, and could be put on no black list. But he did join his trade union, for that was the guild, which educated him, guided him, and kept him by their craft union, and he had to join in the feasts, and was expected as a master to contribute to any necessary charities. Only a tradesman could be a master; others were not competent.

The Gothic church was never the work of one man, and seldom the work only of a single community. It was a growth from tradition and men built Gothic just as they spoke French or English: because they had been born to Gothic freedom, and could do no other. It was never an art of scholars, or of archaeologists, or even of architects. Rather was it the flower of craftsmanship, constructed by the master masons and the master carpenters, decorated by master painters and gilders, and glass stainers and carvers of wood and stone. There were no special varieties called fine artists. There were no painters, no sculptors, who thought themselves better than their fellow men, but the carvers were simply the specially gifted ones among the ordinary masons and carpenters, given that job because they could do it best as the makers of the wonderful wooden roofs excelled in constructional skill. Let us take the finest of the French cathedrals, that of Amiens affectionately known to the townsfolk as "*L'Eglise du Beau Dieu*" their "Church of the Beautiful God" which they reverence as having been built by their forefathers for the town. In this edifice, French Gothic reaches the height of its power. It was begun in 1220 and most of it was completed by 1288, and in those sixty-eight years, the style reached its perfection. Records exist which give the exact dates, and state that "The Master of the Work was Robert, surnamed Lusarches, and after him was Master Thomas de Cormont and after him, his son."

The whole cathedral gives us a picture of the mind and soul of thirteenth century France, at a time when that country, even more than Rome itself, was the focus of Christianity, and with it, all the learning and wisdom of that age. It was built and paid for by the citizens themselves, and the building is a concentrated story in stone of the religious belief and system of the

time, intimate in its realisation of the scripture stories of the prophets and the apostles. Yet, hardly a single Gothic building, like many another more modern, stands exactly as the designers intended. While the method of design was to outline the structure in its main dimensions first of all, to construct one main portion first and then add others, many a Gothic church lacks its steeple. Amiens also is to-day incomplete, just as Westminster is incomplete. Had it not been for the great guild of the artisans, however, few would have got so far and none would have been such splendid expressions of national life in art. These men, many of them humble and unlettered men, yet superb tradesmen, were filled with a full intelligent appreciation of the meaning and structure of the designer's plan, usually a small piece of parchment, but they also comprehended the spiritual significance as well. Thus every detail has significance : there is no ornament, all is pure decoration, with a meaning over and above its visual value as architecture. Every line of the structure of Amiens reveals this intelligence in art : this labour of the city craftsmen in understanding and agreement.

The church was the school, the workshop and the worship of these freemen of England and France in those four centuries of Gothic. Their reward lay in the daily labour and but little outside it, and these splendid buildings are the monument of a people and their vitality. Some of them, such as Westminster in particular, have become littered up with ugly memorials to the great nonentities, such as the much advertised warriors of the Victorian era, but most have escaped this degradation. The writers and translators of the Bible are almost all unknown : the builders and craftsmen of these Bible monuments are equally unknown. It is but the noisy commentators and their friends who must advertise well.

At other places they fare better, and few of the Italian churches, Gothic or Renaissance, are thus encumbered. The craftsmen of Amiens are remembered in their workmanship. The choir stalls of Amiens are a marvel of construction. Not a single nail or screw or piece of iron is to be found in them. Every panel and every stile or rail is mortised and tenoned or dovetailed with exquisite care, such as is given nowadays to an exhibition piece. But they had no exhibitions then : art was alive in the hands of the workers, and needed no more encouragement than that they had freedom in labour. This woodwork, finished with carving, was the work of men who loved their vocation, and who laboured as artists in the real sense. Master Arnold Boulain d'Amiens was the contractor, who working with six or eight journeymen, took fourteen years to complete the building of 120 stalls, of which 110 remain. There are 3,650 figure carvings in this work, in addition to the construction, from the felling and

squaring of the timber from the local oak forests. They replaced seasoned wood as they worked it up. Master Arnold, with his apprentice, received 12 pennies* per week for pay, while the journey men had a penny and a half a day, or sometimes more.

No Gothic structure exists to-day as it was when the craftsmen left it. Most of the magnificent colour is gone. The lead covered flèches and towers and roofs were made gay with tinning and gilding in patterns, finished with vermilion colour that flashed gorgeously in the sun. All the figures were covered with colour and gilding, even as they are in many a Catholic church to-day. There are traces still to be seen of colour and gilding on some of the tombs at Westminster, which were fully coloured by the painters. Churches in Norfolk, and other places in the country, still have remains of blue paint and gilded stars on the ceiling; in others the beams have chevron and other simple patterns. The painters worked in gangs under a chosen leader. He showed his men how to prepare the surface after the masons had finished: then he went round and rapidly sketched in the main details of the compositions for flat surfaces, including the figures. Then each man "followed round" laying in a colour each, and then the second colours. They did not use oil but tempera colour at that time. Then the master went over the heads, hands and feet, to finish, while others worked in the gilding and retouching. They had stock subjects, and regular ways of work, so they could cover a remarkable amount of ground in a week, almost as much as our men can do with plain painting from priming to finishing coat. They did not copy drawings: they were real decorators, not merely "brush hands".

This is the whole story of the splendour of Gothic craftsmanship, which to-day rich people travel miles to see, and which all their riches could not get to-day in labour. The modern world has sold quality in production for quantity: art for speed, as it sells labour and the lives of men for the phantom of world power. The vitality of Gothic has passed and will never return, but the spirit of the Gothic builders is not dead and may yet again rise in the minds and hearts of our British craftsmen when they once again control their own labour.

W. G. RAFFE

* It must be remembered that the penny in those days was of vastly greater value than it now is: a few pence would buy a complete sheep and other necessities in proportion. The gold penny of Henry III weighed two sterling, and equalled twenty of the silver pennies. Copper only came in about 1670 for coins in Great Britain.

ALBRECHT WEBER

BY GEHEIMRAT PROFESSOR GELDNER

Amongst the scholars who gained a permanent place for Indian philology in the German Sciences, Albrecht Weber holds a most prominent position. He was the youngest of that great generation of scholars who like Benfey, Bohtlingk, Lassen and Roth carried out a true and accomplished pioneer work with unflagging energy and perseverance. Weber was born in Breslau in 1825. At 17 he joined the university of his native town with the idea of devoting his time wholly to classical philology and oriental studies. The older Stenzler was a deciding factor in his latter course of studies. In Bonn he worked under the guidance of Lassen and Gildemeister and in Berlin under Bopp. From now onwards he became a thorough Sanskritist and finally ended his student days by a long educational journey through England and France. In 1848 he qualified himself as a private teacher in Berlin. He began his academic career as a finished authority on his subject with all the characteristics of an immature and hemmed in personality. Under very difficult and trying conditions he gained for himself the important position he held in life. Public recognition of his great work came very slowly indeed. In 1856 he became an extraordinary Professor, in 1857, a member of the Prussian Academy of Science and in 1887, an extraordinary Professor in Berlin. He lived here till his death in 1901. The last years of his life were saddened by a very painful eye-trouble. He had worn himself out in the service of knowledge. Weber had gone into all fields of Indian philology with the exception of Ephigraphics. His speciality in which he was the undisputed master was the complicated system of rituals which forms the most important part of the old Indian religion. He worked out with great exactitude the so-called White and Black Yajurveda. The essay on the White Yajurveda alone comes up to 3,000 large pages in print. Further, Weber was the one who first published a really comprehensive History of Indian Literature. Every year, a new treatise by Weber was published by the Berlin Academy. He had his own review "Indian Study," the eighteen volumes of which he wrote nearly all by himself. Specially valuable and copious is his contribution to the great Petersburg Sanskrit dictionary on the Ritual literature, of which he was master. In his long academical activities, Weber had nearly all the Sanskrit scholars as his pupils, such as Jacobi, Kielhorn, Leumann, Oldenburg, Poschel and many foreigners from all over. He was on friendly terms with most of the foreign colleagues. In spite of a hard youth, his life was happy and richly

blessed. His patriarchal figure was quite the type of the German scholar. For his pupils and followers, he was a significant central point of their conversation. Every Sunday afternoon they came to his home where he presided as the patriarch of his family and received his guests with great dignity. He conversed in Sanskrit with his pupils and colleagues and on very special occasions he exhibited his wonderful collection of glass on which Sanskrit sayings were engraved.

Weber was a member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, Bombay branch, as also a member of other such societies. Numerous high honours such as the Prussian Order *pour la merite*, the large gold medal for science, are signs of recognition of a successful life which was dedicated to the study of Indian Sciences through a period of two generations.

GEHEIMRAT PROFESSOR GELDNER

ĀTMA LEELA

(The Play of the Soul.)

BY D. R. ACHARYA.

We never think of life and progress but as a continuous flow, a continuous ascent towards higher and yet higher summits of perfection. The soul ever aspires for more and more of power, wisdom and beauty—in short of true life. The truth is, there is a hidden spring of life in the human soul itself. The soul knows itself in its actions and aspirations, and as long as it is conscious of a want or imperfection in itself it continues to long for some unknown perfection. But there comes a time when the hidden spring of life fills up the soul and begins to overflow. The soul feels its own depletion and the overflowing life struggles for expression. Actions are the outcome of want or desire and indicate an imperfection in their doer. But there is a kind of action which is not due to any imperfection, but is the inevitable expression of the fullness of an overflowing life which spontaneously acts without an end or aim only to capriciously display the proud perfection of which it is the sportive offspring.

Finding itself in the midst of the bewildering mystery of this universe, the soul tries to know whether the universe is a friend or an enemy to its aspirations. At first sight one is led to construe the attitude of the universe as hostile to us, for at every step one finds impediments on one's way owing to the external universe. But closer attention and deeper reflection reveal to us the happy secret of the phenomenal world, *viz.*, the universe is the support of our spiritual as well as our physical life, for by its very opposition we live and grow even as owing to the very opposition of the football can we kick it high and play with it.

Is this world then a plaything? a toy? And is life nothing more than something like a football game?

What is play or Leela? It is the æsthetic expression of the overflowing surplus of the soul's richness of spiritual life. The Divine Creator in the perfection of His power and beauty spontaneously uttered His song of Leela (play) and as a result we have this manifold universe. In the super-abundance of its life the infinite soul plays with itself and all this universe is but the by-product of, or incidents to, that eternal play (*nitya leela*). The human soul being a part in that infinite whole has within its finitude a super-abundance of life too, which it spontaneously embodies in its creations of beauty (*i.e.*) in art.

Poverty, want and pain are anamolous in their nature, for abundance and joy are the laws of life. The former are only transient and serve to accentuate the truth and eternality of the latter. Abundance and joy are the ultimate realities and through art does that truth reveal itself, for the soul of man does truly create when it is truly in want of nothing. It creates because it is the law of its being, because it truly exists.

Men often question "Why did God create this universe"? It is because He truly exists. He is in no want to satisfy which He creates this universe and holds its reins, but He creates in the spontaneous impulse of the infinite life of glory which is the essence of His being.

One who observes closely the life of man can see how play has become an instinct with him. The modern man is daily growing in his wants and is so shrouding himself up in the trappings of artificiality, that the pristine purity of his nature and instincts has almost vanished. But even now the human child, notwithstanding the inherited bluntness of its naturally divine instincts, reveals to an amazing degree that instinct for play in its highest and deepest moments. It does not, like the adult, divide its daily life into tight compartments of work and take recourse to play as an easy way of killing time when there is nothing better to do. The normal condition is play, with regard to a child. It does not fix its hours of play and work. It plays, for in play alone does it feel quite at home and find its joy of life. All other things are only the unpleasant task of keeping the physical being in agreement with the inner being of the soul. Often the child even forgets its physical being and wants in the creative joy of its instinctive Leela.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ART

Whatever we may say or think of life, must be prefaced by the fact that life is one and indivisible. Science, history and philosophy have all their claims on life for they depict it in its intellectual, emotional and spiritual aspects respectively. The problem for man has always been, how to reconcile the two opposed dispositions which the intellect and the emotion inspire into us. The intellect with its mechanical thirst for mathematical precision and the emotion with its spontaneity of approximation to truth, have always tortured the human soul into a state of vacillation and inaction. Though, indeed, according to the individual's predilections and temperament men have chosen either the one or the other, in the philosophic soul the conflict between the two has been great, and ultimately some have come out successful from the struggle and found a true synthesis of the intellect and the emotion in the spiritual joy of beauty. It is the distinctive privilege of art to embody in it the fundamental truth of life in its

masterful productions of beauty which draw their life-blood from the depletion of spirit in the human soul.

In beauty does man discover the fundamental secret of his own being, for, its magnetic potency is but the expression of the struggle in man to realise his identity with the objective universe. It requires the subtlety of the artist's vision to discover that rhythm of life, that harmony of being, that music of form, *etc.*, beauty. The intellect and the heart are spell-bound and held in reverential silence before the spiritual awakening of the soul. Indeed it is the soul, finding its eternal dance of joy in the overflowing wealth of spiritual beauty mirrored in the things of the universe. This dance, this eternal play of the soul, is the truth that all human knowledge aspires to reveal but which reveals itself in the spontaneity of the artistic intuition.

But what then is the condition in which a man attains to this state of Leela? If that were the natural condition of one's being one ought to be ever surfeited with the intoxication of that life of glory. Why then are not all men artists and why do not all realise their own innate richness of soul? The reason is obvious. Life is not merely a *being* but a *doing* as well, for the one without the other is impossible. The souls of all men possess that overflowing wealth of life but they have got to know it, for the soul's perfection consists in its knowledge of itself. And all knowledge is realisation from moment to moment. The sun is not any the less glorious because he is behind the black clouds, but he realises his glory by rushing out of the clouds and manifesting his divine brilliance. It is in the nature of truth to realise its own beauty and fullness from moment to moment of its existence. The moments of its overflow are those of the soul's self-realisation. The diamond sparkles even as the star does only when it immediately hides in itself its dazzling brilliance. The true nature of the soul is the fullness of its beauty which expresses itself by alternating with a relaxation into itself.

The soul then is the vast ocean of life whose fullness expresses itself in its overflow of rhythmic dance.

All this universe beats time to the cadence of this Ātma Leela, and holds the mirror to the soul's poses of divine beauty.

D. R. ACHARYA

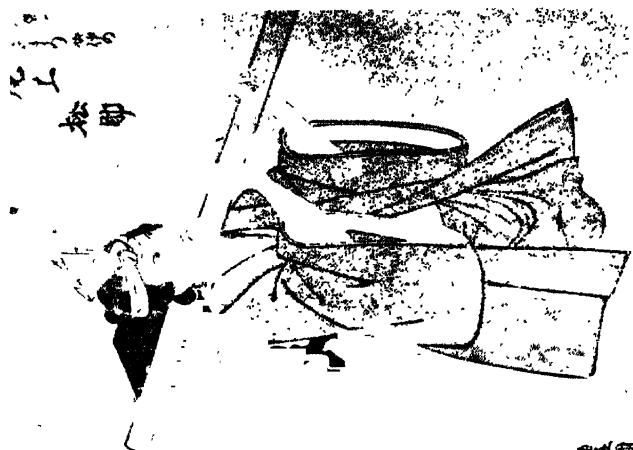
JAPANESE THEATRICAL PRINTS

BY W. G. BLAICKIE MURDOCH

A jury of old masters have gathered, to pronounce verdict on the Japanese print. Francois Boucher is delighted with the girl-studies by Utamaro, as with those by Kiyonaga. He extols the graceful draughtsmanship of either artist, and he is supported in this praise, alike by Botticelli and Dominique Ingres. Rembrandt is quick to point out, how marvellously wide were the interests of Hokusai, drawing nearly everything in the ordinary life of the Japanese people of his day. It is the landscapes of Hiroshige, which entrance Turner and Claude. But they and Boucher, with Ingres and Botticelli, gaze in rather puzzled fashion, at the legion of actor-prints. And, whilst Rembrandt begins to speak with homage, of the grand simplicity in many of these works, the high skill in design which numerous of them reflect, Goya enters the hall of judicature. To him, the mummer-portraits are absorbing. He likes the grim note, salient in a host of them. And with his ceaseless mental activity, he hastens to ransack the occidental books, on the wood-cut art in Japan. Why is there no lucid explanation, he asks angrily, of the tendency to grimness in the theatrical prints? Why do the books offer no more than incidental matter about the stage? he grumbles. Is there no volume, says the Spaniard, in which the theatre, the dramatists and the players, are made the chief thing, the artistry of the print-designers accorded a secondary place?

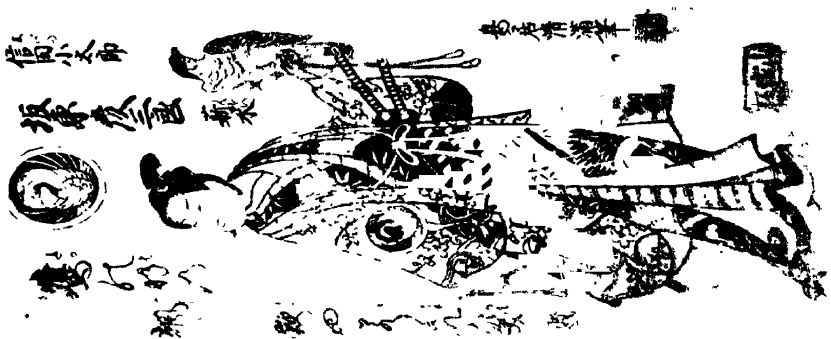
In ancient Japan, as in ancient Egypt, mimetic dances formed a part of religious worship. Known as *Kagura*, these pantomimes are played at the temples of Shintō, the indigenous Japanese faith. And by the ninth century, if not earlier, secular dances, also of a mimetic character, were frequently executed by girls, to entertain the guests in the Mikado's palace. The twelfth century looked on colossal civil-wars, which culminated in the founding of the Shogunate, or military dictatorship. In the following cycle were written, sundry fine chronicles of the recent fighting; among these books was the *Heiki Monogatari*, or Story of the Hei Family. And it appears to have been in the thirteen-hundreds, that it came to be a favourite diversion, with the upper classes, to listen to passages from the *Heike*, chanted to the accompaniment of music. As the fourteenth century passed into the fifteenth there was begun the writing of the short, secular dramas, whose generic name is *Nō*, or Accomplishment, which pieces were nearly always played by amateurs, and only in the houses of the nobility. Late in the sixteenth century there was written, with intent to its being chanted, *Jōruri Junidan Sōshi*, or twelve

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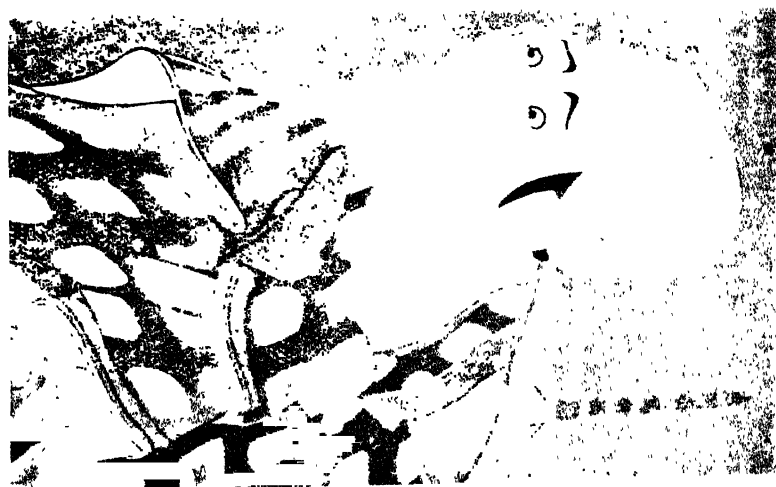
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scenes in the Life of Joruri. Ascribed to a woman, Miss Otsu, the story gained exceptional renown. Other tales for chanting were composed, and it grew usual to speak of all such writings as *jōruri*. Amusements, however, were still a thing, almost exclusively for the grandees. The advent of the military dictatorship, far from bringing peace, had been followed by ceaseless baronial strife, and the populace were kept in dire privation. But in 1603, the Shogunate became hereditary, with the family of Tokugawa. And, choosing as seat of legislation Yedo, now-a-days called Tōkio, the new government broke the turbulence of the barons, and so brought at length a tolerable degree of comfort for the toiling myriads. Here, in this memorable change, was the prime factor, underlying the start of the popular theatre.

It has long been the vogue, for certain of the Shintō shrines to have, in their employment, priestesses, a part of whose duty was, to engage in the sacred mimes. In 1605 one of the ladies, Miss Okuni, falling in love with a man of gentle birth, who had lost caste, forsook the hieratic life, and marshalled a little band of mummers. Those secular mimetic dances, which had long since given delight, in the Mikado's palace, were now performed for the delectation of the crowd, by the Okuni troupe. Shortly, there were rival bands of strolling players, who gave their shows out-of-doors. The first actual play-house was opened, in or about 1634, being in Yedo. And, by 1651, there was quite a number of such establishments there, as witness the fact that a law was passed then, ordaining that all the theatres in the town should be in one street, Sakai Chō. Ere the sixteen-hundreds closed, there were similar halls of entertainment, in Osaka and Kyoto. And indeed, the Japanese masses soon became gaiety itself. With their new immunity from the horror of baronial war, their new comparative affluence, they plunged with colossal zest into the excitement provided by the drama.

In the social régime under the Tokugawa, it was a very sharp line, which separated the *samurai*, or men of the military caste, from the commonalty. And the theatres were essentially a thing, for the latter alone. Convention and law inhibited the men-at-arms, from participating in any of the amusements of the shop-keepers and artisans. Moreover, just before the Yedo theatres were constrained to congregate, it was made illegal for girls to take part in drama. Henceforth, female rôles were played by men. And of theatrical prints, which appear to show actresses, in reality all depict actors. In the Tokugawa age, it was customary with Japanese males to shave their heads, leaving only a top knot. And at first the distinction of the mummers was, that they wore flowing locks. But in 1652, they were ordered by the Shogunate, to adopt the usual coiffure. For the conviction had dawned, that the long-haired performers were too attractive to young women. The Okuni troupe had presented their initial displays, in the

dried-up bed of a river. And, in consequence, it was long common to speak of members of the dramatic profession opprobriously, as *kawara kojiki*, or river-bed beggars. For with all their eagerness, to possess prints of the histrionic stars, the Japanese populace looked disdainfully on the players as Bohemians.

There is no rhyme in Japanese Literature. But in the *Heike Monogatari*, as in the chanted tales styled *jōruri*, there are numerous passages in a species of blank verse, lines of 7 and 5 syllables alternating. In the early popular plays, there is always a large amount, written in this metrical formula, which plays were themselves generally described as *jōruri*, for they embody little dialogue. They are narratives, rather than dramas in the strict sense. Accordingly, the plan which had obtained with the *Nō*, of having a part of the tale untold by a chorus, was adopted by the theatres. And, at them, the chanted recitative of the chorus was enlivened, by the clatter of the *samisen*, or Japanese Banjo. The duty of the actors was largely, to create a series of living pictures.

Among the first plays performed was *Yokohue*. The title is the name of the heroine, and the story is derived from the *Heike Monogatari*. An early piece, which won especial success, was *Tsuwamono Soga*, or Soga the Warrior. It is based on historical facts, being concerned with a vendetta, waged in the twelfth century by brothers named Soga, to avenge their murdered father. Still another work, staged when the theatres were still a novelty, was *Yūjo Rowe*, or The Fight about the Courtesan, in which drama the supernatural occurs, in the form of scenes of witchcraft. In 1685, there was started at Osaka a Marionette theatre. And the *jōruri* by Chikamatsu Monzaemon (1653?—1724) were all, or nearly all, written expressly for that institution. Nevertheless, they were all or mostly performed likewise, at the ordinary theatres with living actors. And Monzaemon captured a dazzling renown, much wider than was gained by any other dramatist of his day. Upwards of fifty pieces came from him, each being about the length of a Shakespearian tragedy. As a rule, he found his subjects in history, most of his chief *dramatis personæ* being actual personages, of the remote past. Notably famous was his *Kokusenya Kassen*, or the Battles of Kokusenya, at the outset of which, one of the characters gouges out his own eye, to enforce an argument. A little later, a child is removed with a sword, from the body of a slain mother. And into this mesh of the horrible, the playwright has woven threads of the fantastic, as in the episode of a tiger, which allows an amulet to be tied round its neck.

In 1701, grim things occurred in Yedo. There was a quarrel between two noblemen, Asano and Kiraj and since the former had been assailant he was condemned to take his own life by disembowelment. His band of *samurai*



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wreaked vengeance on Kira, whereupon they too were sentenced to disembowel themselves. And their tombs may be seen to this day, at the Buddhist temple, Sengaku, Tōkio. As numerous readers will guess, these real occurrences were the basis of the story which is familiar in the occident, *The Forty-seven Ronins*. Nor were the gruesome happenings old, when Takeda Izumo (1691—1756) wrote a *jōruri* about them, *Chushingura*, or The Treasury of Loyal Followers, which proved an enormous success. Under the Tokugawa, however, there was a law against depicting on the stage, recent or current events, whose representation might be construed by any one, as a personal affront. And therefore, in *Chushingura*, things are shown as taking place, in the fourteenth century instead of the eighteenth and the names of the people involved are changed. But in the majority of his plays Izumo, like Monzaemon before him, found his subjects in far-off history. The same was usual, with most of the other outstanding playwrights. And they showed a particular fondness for the twelfth century, with its vast civil-wars, rich in thrilling adventures.

About the date of Izumo's death, various dramatists began to minimise the amount of narrative, also to increase the amount of dialogue. And, as the eighteenth century passed into the nineteenth there were written many plays exclusively in dialogue, such pieces being called *Kyaku-bon*. At this time, the novels of Kyakutei Bakin (1752—1810), who was a friend of Hokusai, enjoyed titanic vogue. And several of them were dramatised in the *Kyaku-bon* form, for instance *Yumibari Tsuki*, or The New Moon. The scenes of this work are laid in the ever-popular twelfth century, the hero being Tametomo, an archer. Nature has fitted him eminently for handling the bow, since his left arm is four inches longer than his right. Each of his eyes has two pupils; his stature is seven feet. And a characteristic passage in the tale is that, in which the giant, assailed by four arrows, catches a pair of them in his hands, entangles in his sleeve the third, then seizes in his teeth the last missile, which he crunches to atoms. Bakin's stories are highly revered still, by Japanese literary critics. But waiving those *Kyaku-bon* which are versions of things by him, it is commonly held by the Japanese critics, that the dialogue plays, as a whole, have not nearly so much merit as literature, as the narrative plays, if viewed as a whole. And as will be surmised, from the few words above about *Yumibari Tsuki*, the coming of the *Kyaku-bon* formula did not bring a change, in the actual temper of theatrical writing. The public remained in love with the historic past, pictured with abundant gore, wedded to the fantastic, and the playwrights continued to gratify these tastes. Ryutei Tanchiko (1783—1842), a novelist who shared with Bakin the honour, of being friendly with Hokusai, speaks in the foreword to one of his (Ryutei's) stories, of its being innocent of the magical, innocent too of

"scenes of disembowelment, with other horrors which freeze the blood in the veins." And his words constitute a remarkably comprehensive criticism, of the style of the plays and novels for the crowd, in the era of the colour-print.

There will be understood now, the cause of the grimness in so many of the theatrical woodcuts. The tone of the old Japanese drama, however, has a redeeming trait. For not in *Chushingura* only, but in several other sanguinary pieces, the thing which is glorified, held up for admiration, is fidelity on the part of the *samurai* to his lord. Furthermore, it is not surprising, that the dramatists should mostly have tended, to look to history for their subjects, instead of to the passing hour. It has been seen that, in Nippon in the epoch of Tokugawa rule, it was thought improper for girls to have even the chance, of falling in love with long-haired actors. And it must be remembered, that Japanese women then had virtually no freedom. Courting scarcely existed; marriages were arranged by parents. If Western novelists and dramatists were confronted with this social régime, prim and uneventful, would not those writers likewise have difficulty, in finding topics in the life of their own time? Despite the fondness, which was evinced for dramatised versions of Bakin's stories, in his day and subsequently people still took delight, in numerous if not all those *jōruri*, which had elicited favour before the inception of the *Kyaku-bon*. *Chushingura*, in particular, had a most protracted fame. It was infinitely more popular, than any of the things in dialogue ever were. But who were the men, who earned histrionic renown? Who were the men, who live in the prints of individual mummers in character, or in those other prints, which show two, or occasionally three, players, enacting a given episode in a favourite piece?

In answering these questions, the actors will be spoken of by their professional names alone. Born in 1660, Ichikawa Danjurō was the earliest of the *Kawara-kojiki* to win a really wide celebrity. He made his initial appearance on the boards when he was only thirteen, and of pieces he played in were *Yujo Row* and *Tsuwamono Soga*. It was in fact, largely through his able presentment of the part of Soga Goro, the chief character in the play last mentioned, that Danjurō first engaged the interest of the public. He died in 1704, and onwards from his time, seemingly every mummer of any note had a *mon*, or professional crest, which he displayed when he was on the stage. Generally, it was on the sleeve of his robe that this personal badge was embroidered. And Danjurō chose for his device, a solid square within three open squares. Bandō Hikosaburo, who began acting in 1729, and won high fame, had for his *mon* a bird, with outstretched wings. It is no light task, to make a selection from the distinguished players of the second half of the eighteenth century, so numerous were they. Onoë Matsusuke (1744—1815) and Bandō Mitsugorō (1745—1782) worked

together in the piece, about the vengeful Soga brothers, Mitsugorō taking herein the important rôle aforesaid, with which Danjurō had made his reputation. Matsusukē sometimes took female parts, and renowned for skill in such was Iwai Kumesaburō. He too acted alongside of Bandō Mitsugoro a play in which they appeared together being *Yuoya Oshichi* or Miss Shichi the Green-grocer's Daughter. It typifies the predilections of the colour-print era, culminating as the tale does, in the heroine being burnt at the stake. As the eighteenth century waned, mummerys who came to the fore were Ichikawa Danzō, and Ichikawa Omezō. And both were stars in the ubiquitous *Chushingura*.

On some of the very finest of the dramatic prints, there is no inscription except the signature of the artist, and the trade-mark of the publisher. The aspect of the player represented was so familiar in his day, that to state his name seemed quite unnecessary. But there are prints, which give the actor's stage appellation, together with the name of the rôle in which he is depicted. And occasionally artists, in drawing the robe, would figure precisely the *mon* on the sleeve. It must be understood, however, that in Japan there were in a sense, families of actors. A man who had earned repute, in the histrionic profession, would confer on a young and promising player, in likelihood his pupil, the name which the former had made a household word. And the younger person would bear the honoured designation, after its giver was dead. The actors, who have been spoken of above, were all or apparently all, the first to use their respective names. Nevertheless, in several instances, a like name was borne by three men in succession; in at least two instances, by nine men in succession. And usually, in such cases, the identical *mon* was employed by the whole line, just as if it had been a family crest. Sometimes artists, when they inscribed on a print the mummer's name, and delineated clearly his badge, did not state whether he was the first of the name, and the originator of the badge at issue. There is a notably powerful if hideous print by Toshusai Sharaku, which, though embodying no player's appellation, discloses the Danjurō *mon* sleeve. But since Sharaku's works did not begin to appear



MORIYA KANVA

by Sharaku

till 1794, and since the first Danjurō, as has been seen, died nearly a century before that, it is presumably the fourth or fifth scion of the line, who is shown in the portrait. This illustrates well the frequent difficulty, in identifying the theatrical pictures.

Not content with portraits of actors in character, the Japanese populace bought prints of them, dressing for their parts, also prints of them in private life. Occasionally, when a dramatic star died, there was issued a memorial woodcut of him, in which he was represented with a guise, approximating that of a Buddhist sculpture. And, ordinarily, there was on the picture, a brief biography of the lamented river-bed beggar. Plays were performed, with very little scenery. But there is a large class of prints, in which artists have drawn this or that event, in some well-known drama, introducing most exquisite studies of landscape and architecture as setting. Here was the occurrence, as it would have existed in real life. If there is a nation, fond of fun, that nation is the Japanese, which makes it curious that comic plays should have been so uncommon. The love of a joke, however, found vent in a class of prints, definable as parodies. Drawing some theatrical scene, which everyone knew intimately, the artist would metamorphose the *dramatis personæ*, leaving the identity of each quite manifest, nevertheless. *Chushingura* was salient among the things, handed in this way, as in a print by Utamaro, in which the warriors are transformed into girls, fighting with brooms instead of swords. And the fun, evolved from that beloved piece, reached apogee when Kuniyoshi fashioned a print, in which one of the characters appear as a scarecrow, another as a showman.



ACTOR IN CHANGING

Of the woodcut artists, there was scarcely a single fine master, who did not produce theatrical prints. They were prominent among the things published, when first the independent woodcuts acquired vogue, early in the eighteenth century, ere long it was recognised, that a sure way for a print-designer to gain success was to associate his name with that of some celebrated mummer, by executing a good portrait of him. During the closing years of the eighteenth century, and opening of the nineteenth there was hardly a player of standing, whose picture was not limned by Utagawa Toyokuni (1769—1825). Theatrical

prints were among the works of Hokusai, as also among those of Hiroshige, who died in that very year, 1858, which saw Japan reluctantly open some of her seaports to trade with certain Western powers. There followed soon the subversion of Tokugawa rule, the abolition of the *samurai*, the granting of free ingress to all occidentals. And Nippon grew only too much absorbed with seeking to Westernise herself. Nevertheless, as lately as the winter of 1918-19, there was started in Tōkio a club, to keep fresh the memory of the gallants, whose doings inspired *Chushingura*. Even yet, the best narrative plays by Chikamatsu Monzaemon are regarded, by Japanese critics, as things which have an enduring place in literature. And should that attitude presently wane, the old blood-curdling *jōruri* must always be interesting, as having evoked the theatrical prints.

W. G. BLAICKIE MURDOCH

JUNNIE'S WEDDING

(A Scene from Indian Village Life.)

BY "SCRAPS"

The red glow of the rising sun fell on the little thatched hut at the extreme end of the compound, softening and harmonizing the strange array of objects that decorated its front. Along the path leading from the big house to the little gardener's hut, stood a goldmohur tree flaming with its red bloom, while white jasmine straggled all over the hedges on both sides ; but, in among these, there hung a most weird collection of decorations. An old faded yellow Japanese flag tied on to the hedge by a piece of string, ducked and bobbed its head in the wind to a still more creased and rumpled Union Jack on the opposite side. From a goldmohur branch fell the long ends of a considerably bedraggled and torn purple and gold ribbon which had at one time formed a sash for the little girl of the house where the mali (Indian gardener) worked. Strangest of all was a concoction with a seam in the middle, one part representing the stars and stripes, the other an old red-cross flag. A Japanese lantern, with a tear in the middle, hung precariously from another goldmohur branch.

In the midst of this motley collection, squatted down on the white dust of the path, sat the mali's wife, Kasi, facing a row of shining copper pots. It was the wedding-day of her younger daughter Junnie, and she had been up from three o'clock, sweeping out the little hut, washing, polishing, cooking. Now she sat disconsolately, contemplating the two great crises that had arisen in connection with the wedding. One of these in the shape of Junnie herself, aged ten,—a small brown bundle with lips screwed up, hair oiled and tightly plaited into a great number of little pigtales for the occasion—scowled at her from the bundle of matting which served her as a bed. For Junnie had suddenly and violently objected to getting married at all. Since five o'clock, Kasi had been arguing, threatening, bribing ; Junnie had obstinately refused to get out of bed even. At present, Kasi, being of a philosophic temperament, had turned her attention to the lesser crisis. Perhaps her bap (father), when he returned from his work, would attend to Junnie ; he could always manage her better. In the meanwhile, Kasi had enough on her mind, for the other problem, in the shape of the nine shining brass pots still awaited solution. The pots had been bought by Kasi at different times, to be divided between her daughters when they got married. But unfortunately, in the process of gradual accumulation, Kasi had failed to

notice the number. She had put off the work of division till this last morning, when they were taken out from their place of storage. And now behold, nine brass pots stared her in the face, and how was a poor woman to divide nine brass pots fairly and equitably, between two daughters. Normally, Thakki the elder daughter—a quiet girl of twelve who had been helping her mother ever since three o'clock that morning,—should have got the odd one. But Junnie was getting married first, and so should have the greater honour. The problem was serious, the claims were so equally divided. There was no time to consult the neighbours, or to call the bhat (village priest) who might be expected to know which was the better claim. Kasi leaned her head on her hands and sighed wearily—"Ohoi, why could not Luxshmibai (that was Junnie's future mother-in-law), have chosen Thakki? Then she could have had the five pots, and she would never have given trouble that you little vixen, are giving me." It was indeed a problem. Junnie's black hair glistened more under the oil than Thakki's and her tilted saucy little nose was more alluring; but who would have thought that a fat, sensible, middle-aged woman like Luxshmibai would have weighed these charms, in a daughter-in-law, against Thakki's cooking, Thakki's sweeping and Thakki's sweet reasonableness? Junnie continued to grimace at her reflection in the pots. "I do not want the pots and I will not marry Govinda," she remarked in a tone of absolute finality. Kasi sighed and waited for something to happen. After an hour's useless expostulation, it seemed the only thing to do. Then she heaved a sigh of relief. Gopal was coming in.

He glanced doubtfully at his spoilt little daughter on the matting, then squatted down beside her and lifted her up to reason with her. Junnie slipped her little brown arms round his neck and dropped her head on his shoulder, "I am not going to marry Govinda, am I father"? "Hoi, my daughter", started Gopal soothingly, "you are going to be married to Govinda whose mother's cousin's husband is brother to the head-patel of Sholwar, who has two acres of land and cows and pigs and—" "Govinda is just like a pig," interrupted Junnie from his arms, "but I like pigs and I do not like Govinda. He's fat and he's lazy and he can't climb a khajura tree, he only climbs jamla trees, I don't like him," and she tightened her arms round his neck. Gopal went on, "and for your wedding you shall have a silk saree,—" "I don't like silk sarees, they get in the way so among my legs, and then mother scolds me",—"and a head-dress of jingling blue beads", went on Gopal, with a beneficent and propitiatory smile, "Won't *that* please you"? Junnie slipped down from his arms and looked up at him with pleading gaze "Couldn't I have the beads without marrying Govinda, bap"? Gopal went

on hastily, "and we'll put you on a horse behind Govinda———" "In front, in front, and Govinda behind," shrieked Junnie. Gopal did not stop to argue the point; at any rate, it implied a concession. "And you shall have five new sarees———" "What's the use? I shall only tear them, I always do." . . . Junnie began to sob . . . "and Luxshmibai won't let me play,"——— and here her voice rose to a perfect howl "she won't give me enough to eat." "But you will not go to Luxshmibai yet," Gopal said soothingly, "you will stay with us after your bridal and your Ai will teach you to cook." "Why"? asked Junnie, too surprised to sob any more. "Why should I cook? Ai and Thakki always cook for me." "But you must learn to cook for yourself and Govinda, my daughter." But here Junnie put an end to his remonstrances, with a shriek that made the little hut shake, "I won't cook for Govinda, I won't, I won't. He is fat and he is lazy, let him cook for himself. bap. I won't cook for him, I won't cook at all". And she burst out sobbing again.

Govinda began to feel rather dizzy. In half an hour the bhat would be here to call the parties to the ceremony, and there seemed no solution to either problem. Kasi and he stared at each other helplessly. There was silence in the little hut, broken only by Junnie's sobbing and the jingling of Kasi's numerous bangles as she waved her hands about her head in a gesture of desperation. Presently the silence was broken by a sepulchral voice from where Thakki, in the inside of the hut, was quietly rolling out chuppattis for the morning meal. "Junnie", it said, "Junnie, if you won't marry Govinda, you will have to give back the saree with the yellow border and the choli with the beads, and the almonds and melon that his brother brought you yesterday. Where have you put them Ai? I'll tie them up again, and the bhat shall take them back." . . . Junnie stopped sobbing. . . . "And you must give back the putli (doll) in the blue gown that the mistress gave you. And you'll never get married in your whole life when they know how you behave". . . . A grunt of contempt from Junnie, . . . "so" continued Thakki equably, "We must keep for my wedding, the saddle with the little bells and the gold straps, because of course now you'll never get the chance to ride upon a horse in your life." Junnie sat up and glared angrily into the hut. From a corner of the hut, Thakki lifted out a carefully wrapped-up box. She removed the wrappings, and took out Junnie's present for the occasion from the mali's mistress,——— a doll in a bright blue dress, red shoes and stockings and a yellow straw hat with a red bow tilted rakishly at an angle on the brown hair. She held up the doll alluringly before Junnie's eyes. "We must take her back now", she said. But this was too much for Junnie. She jumped up, snatched the doll from Thakki and retired with it into a

corner of the room. "I shall not give it back", she said firmly. "Then my little putli, you will marry Govinda"? asked her mother in her most caressing voice. Junnie hated having to give way in anything. She looked down at the doll in her lap, and the doll stared back at her, with its bright blue china eyes. Junnie screwed her small face into the ugliest grimace she could think of, set her teeth, and hissed out a "Hoi" (yes). A gasp of relief broke from both her parents. "Well, that's done", said Kasi; but the air of hopeless perplexity again spread over her face. "What about the cooking pots"? "Yes, what about the pots"? echoed Gopal, then looking hopefully into the interior of the hut, "Thakki, what dost thou say about the pots"? The oracle came out and stood, hands clasped behind her back, brows knitted in thought, regarding the pots. Her parents looked at her with mingled hope and uncertainty. Then she spoke: "Four Junnie shall have, and four you will keep for me, Ai and the ninth Ai will keep for the house, since one of our own pots is very old and cracked". Gopal heaved a sigh of admiration. Kasi looked thoughtful; she was a good housewife, proud of the shine of her pots, and it was true one was very old. But it did seem rather wasteful. However she had no time for hesitation. A messenger came running up with the news that the bhat had declared that the propitious hour for the ceremony would come in fifty minutes time, and Junnie had still to be washed and dressed. Kasi hustled her out of bed, almost carried her to the tap in the little enclosure behind, and washed and scrubbed vigorously, calling to Gopal to get out from their hiding-place the numerous ornaments bought for the occasion. Heavy gold anklets were put round Junnie's slender brown ankles; bangles of glass, gold and celluloid, covered her arms from wrist to elbow; the blue beads, with white jasmine and yellow champak buds were intertwined tightly among her hair falling upon her ears and along her forehead, almost into her eyes; and a stiff silk saree was wound round about her. Then she was bundled out of the hut among a crowd of women neighbours, to all of whom it had been made known that the propitious hour had come, and who had therefore come to escort her to the wedding. Junnie stepped out, looking very like a little idol, hardly able to see or move, and feeling very ill-used indeed. But the exclamations of "Wah", the admiring smiles, the attention paid to her dress, restored her usual confidence. Presently her mother came out, and the whole party went down the path, singing a bridal song to the accompaniment of the jingling of their anklets and bangles while the flags waved or rather bobbed from the hedges, the Japanese lantern, at which Junnie cast a longing glance, flapped overhead, and a few stray blossoms of goldmohur fluttered down upon their heads. Presently they came to the canopy where the wedding was to take place,—a raised platform with a curtain round it, and a white sheet

suspended along the middle. Junnie was taken solemnly by the hand and led round to the other side of the sheet, away from the door, in dead silence. Her mother signed to her to stand in front of the sheet, and Junnie, rather scared by all this solemnity, with a frightened look in her eyes but her mouth screwed into her usual grimace, scowled into the sheet, trying hard to look through it to the other side. As it resisted all her attempts she looked round to find her mother, when the sound of approaching tom-toms filled all the air, heralding the coming of the bridegroom. The noise became nearly deafening until a sudden stop proclaimed that the bridegroom had taken his place at the opposite side of the sheet. After that for two hours, poor Junnie fretted and fidgetted in front of the sheet while the bhat recited the prayers. It was a time of great strain for Kasi. At any moment Junnie might do something that would shame Gopal and her forever in the eyes of their neighbours. Luxshmibai sat placidly beside her. Evidently she could count on her son to behave himself properly. However Junnie did not do much except to shift from one foot to another and throw back covert glances at her mother, who replied with frowns and signals. Sometimes she tried to sit down, an attempt luckily thwarted by the stiffness of her saree and the heaviness of her anklets. At last the ceremony was over, the sheet was dropped, and Junnie stared at her husband, a boy even smaller and very much shorter than herself, clad in a tight black jacket with glimpses of a royal blue waistcoat, and a heavy gold chain round his neck. Junnie scowled ferociously at him while he looked back with an expression of mingled alarm and sullenness; he knew Junnie of old. The bhat put garlands in their hands to garland each other with. The boy looked tentatively at Junnie, who however advanced straight at him, dropped the wreath on his neck, at the same time giving him a vicious little jog with her elbow; then quite unexpectedly she raised herself on tiptoe, craning her neck and throwing back her head, so that poor Govinda found it impossible to reach up to her, and became very flustered. His mother Kasi, and the bhat were rushing to the rescue, when luckily Junnie's anklets, straining at her ankles, forced her to restore herself to her original position.

After Luxshmibai had folded her in a voluminous embrace, during which she held herself as rigid as possible, the day's labours came to an end for Junnie. The visitors all squatted down in the open with palm leaves in front of them to serve as plates while the hosts went round with huge clay-pots of food from which each guest took what he pleased. Three hours of feasting and revelry followed, during which Junnie retired into a corner and gorged herself to her heart's content among a crowd of admiring little girls at whom she turned up her nose and jingled her beads and swaggered as much as she could.

Dusk had fallen before the men could bear to drag themselves away from their feasting for the last event of the day, the bridal ride through the streets. Junnie, heavy with eating, giddy with the noise of the tom-toms, and weary with the heavy dress, was at last hoisted up on a horse behind her husband. Too tired to protest, she yet had strength enough to revenge herself on the unlucky little boy by vicious prods from behind. For an hour and a half, they rode slowly through the streets with the band playing, women singing, accompanied by lighted torches, until even Junnie was subdued and the two children clung to each other to keep from falling off out of sheer weariness.

At last they stopped, and Junnie fell into her father's arms and was carried back to the little hut. Her mother took off the heavy bead head-dress from the tired little head, helped her to get out of the stiff folds of the long saree, and at last left her in her little tight sleeveless petticoat to go to sleep. She herself moved about for some time, setting things right about the hut. Dizzy with sleep, Junnie was forced to hold her eyes open with her fingers in order to keep awake. At last she heard Kasi's heavy breathing. She jumped up, still so tired that she stumbled heavily against the wall. Recovering herself, she crept out into the cold night air. Throwing a stealthy look around, she proceeded to haul herself up into the goldmohur tree. Lithe as a cat, she reached the top-most branch and unfastened the tattered purple and gold ribbon. That secured, with a firm hand she grasped the thorny hedge and lifted herself to the level of the Japanese lantern. As she grabbed it with one hand it came off in two portions. However that did not matter so long as she got the bright-coloured bits of paper. She crept round to the side of the hut, dug a few inches into the sand and got out an old biscuit-tin which she had once picked up from a rubbish heap. From this she took out a broken china cup, some bits of coloured glass scraps of coloured paper, and a few marbles. She gloated over these treasures for some time, then added to them the sash and the two pieces of the Japanese lantern. From a corner of her petticoat she untied a sticky mess of sweets which she had secreted during the feast. She divided this into two equal parts, one of which was put into the tin to be enjoyed the next day. Then she restored the tin to its hiding-place, and trotted in contentedly to her mat with a sigh of happiness. In less than five minutes, still munching the sweets and with one sticky little hand pressed against the side of her head where the beads had been heaviest, Junnie fell asleep on her wedding-night.

ASCENSION (URUJ)

BY KHAJA KHAN

Wa mon kana fi hadhihi aama fahua fil akhirati aama wu azullu sabila.⁽¹⁾

“And whoever is blind here, shall (also) be blind in the hereafter and more erring from the way.”

He who has not observed tajalliyat here is not likely to observe the same in the future world. This world is the harvest-field of the next, *ad dunya mazratul akhira*.

There are two sets of Sufis—the Malamaites and Salamaties. The former outwardly are the men of *kufr*, but at heart, they are Mussalman and devotional. While *kufr* literally means hiding a seed underneath the earth, here it means *fana*, or effacement of the self of *salik*, under the all-hiding shadow of the existence of God. Salamaties are overpowered by outward observances. Hazrat Ghawth has said “sinners are involved in sins and devotees are overshadowed by devotion, lovers of God are free from both these.” Hence Abu Ali Sina wrote to Abu Sayeed Abul Khair.

Al Khuruju min Islamul majazi wad dukulu fil kufrul haqiqi.

Exit from metaphorical Islam and ingress into real *kufr*.

If you are desirous of the Truth, forego custom. Even if you eat ten maunds of grapes, you will never become intoxicated. When the pulp becomes ripe, the rind is of no good.

Shayk Yahya Munyr writes that the ways of *awliya* are not uniform. One eats heartily and sleeps soundly ; another starves himself and keeps nightly vigils. One associates with people, and another keeps aloof. One dresses in rags, and another in fine linen and silk ; one keeps silence and another joins in conversation ; one conceals his condition, another reveals it. One does service to all, devotee and fornicator alike ; and another does not answer the *salaam* of the latter. One receives gifts without asking ; another does not receive them.

In *fana* (annihilation) the knowledge of *Fana* remains, and one in it attains *Baqa* (eternality) along with it.

* This is an extract from the author's forthcoming book, “The Secret of Ana'l Haqq” This is an abbreviated translation from the Persian of Shayak Ibrahim Gazur-i-Ilahi, a Sufi of Shakarkote, near Ahmedabad, and a contemporary of the Sufi Prince Dara Shikote, the eldest brother of Aurangzeb.

In Fana-ul-Fana (annihilation of annihilation), the knowledge of Fana itself disappears and one in it attains Baqa without this knowledge.

In the former case, he is not annihilated in his *own* Dhat ; and in the latter, Haqq remains eternal with the knowledge of his own Baqa (eternality) and the Fana of His "ghair" (other).

Adum (nothingness) has no knowledge of its "nothingness."

Some give knowledge preference over action, and some reverse this process. The Truth is that action is knowledge in shape. Overstep both these and attain "hal" (state of ecstasy), which is the ultima thule of both these. The men of God do not engage themselves in any other than the thought of Tauhid. Knowledge, action and hal come in succession. Correct action comes out of correct knowledge under the guidance of a teacher.

In fana salik finds all taiyyunat (limitations) as *tajalliyat* (illuminations) of God and himself out of them ; and when he reaches the stage of baqa, he finds them as his own. Thus in the former, the knowledge of salik disappears in the knowledge of God and in the latter the knowledge of God disappears in the knowledge of salik. Now he knows that he is "the known" himself by his own knowledge, and not by the knowledge of "ghair ;" for the "ghair" with his knowledge has disappeared. The knowledge and existence of Haqq have disappeared in the knowledge and existence of Self. Here he finds himself as the Truth, and the rest (the world) as existing by his own knowledge. Salik in his duality thought himself as existing by God's existence ; when *ghyriyat* ("otherness") disappeared, he found himself existing by his own existence. Then he knew himself as knower by the knowledge of God ; now he becomes knower by his own knowledge. Mawlawi Manawi says :—

Ilm-i-Haqq dar ilm-i-sufi ghum shawad
Aein sakhun ky bawar-i-mardum shawad

God's knowledge disappears in Sufi's knowledge.

How could ordinary men believe in this ?

Sufi's knowledge disappearing in God's knowledge requires Sufi's annihilation (fana) ; and God's knowledge disappearing in Sufi's knowledge requires his permanence (baqa). When Sufi's knowledge disappears in God's knowledge, Sufi's knowledge becomes God's knowledge itself. Thus in ascension (uruji) ; Sufi finds himself as Haqq, for here Sufi and his knowledge are both annihilated. When God's knowledge disappears in Sufi's knowledge, it is Baqa. His knowledge becomes Sufi's knowledge itself. Here when the bubble itself becomes the reality of the sea, it no longer remains a bubble. When the sea

becomes the reality of the bubble, the bubble becomes the sea itself and finds its own reality. Again Sufi is under the limitation of knowledge and existence ; when he dissolves himself, his knowledge becomes unlimited. This is Fana. When God's knowledge comes under the limitation of Sufi's, absolute knowledge becomes limited knowledge. This is Baqa,—the sea disappearing in the bubble. This is the stage of declension (nuzul), Methnawi says:—

*Hast kurshidai daruni dharrai,
Shair-i-nar dar posteen i barraai.*

There is a sun in every atom,
A splendid lion under the skin of a lamb.

In the first, the sufi finds a limitless ocean within the limits of existence ; the limitless within the limits of himself—the sun within the atom. When he finds the absolute knowledge and existence limited within himself, he says :—

Ilm-i-Haqq dar ilm-i-sufi ghum shawad.

“ God's knowledge has disappeared in Sufi's knowledge.”

Fana is the annihilation of sufi and substantiation of Haqq ; Baqa is the reverse of this. For “ otherness ” herein disappears ; and in this condition the whole world is found to consist of his own *tajalliyat*—all as manifestations of his names and attributes.

The ordinances of shariat and tariqat are dispensed with, in this stage. Fana is the annihilation of one's unreal self (the house of “ I ” is empty, as they say) and Baqa is the substantiation of the real self in one and all. The dhikr of Dhat is the dhikr of ana (“ I ”). Hence they side “ I am Haqq ” (Ana'l Haqq). In this condition “ otherness ” disappears. Hu (He) is the third personal pronoun ; there is no necessity for this, when the person is present. When God speaks by Himself, He says “ I am the Truth ”—(Ana'l Haqq), “ I am the Pure ” (Subhani). God is immanent in the Dhat of Sufi, and the knowledge of God is immanent in the knowledge of sufi. When the sufi descends to the stage of the “ created,” he says *Hual Haqq* (He is God) in reference to the stage he was in before. The *wazifa* (repetition) of bandagi (“ servanthship,” “ creatureness ”) is “ He is God,” and giving Him His attributes ; and the *wazifa* of God is giving attributes to Himself. When Shahi-Alam repeated the names of God, he used to become the “ named ” itself, jalali (or glorious) or jamali (beautiful) as the case might be. When he uttered the name Al-Jabbar or Al-Qahar, he would appear in the form of a lion, or an elephant, and his disciples would run away from him ; when he uttered the name Al-jamil, he would appear like a handsome youth.

The fire of love becomes the light of gnosis in the long run; and when it does so, it loses its warmth and restores peace of mind and ease and relish. The Methnawi says:—

Dar aan manzil chaharum jhust wu juay
Na bashad ba K'huda juz guft wu guay

In that stage the fourth, searchings
 Do not remain except talk with God.

The relish of gnosis is superior to that of Love.

The heat of Love burns once, and that of gnosis several times; the gnostic is annihilated (becomes fani) and again rehabilitated (becomes baqi) every movement; the relish of the lover depends on his own existence and that of the annihilated gnostic on Haqq. He becomes the *halwa* (sweetmeat) itself; and the discrimination of relish is not in him.

Jami has said:—

Ek bar mirad her kasy bichara jami bar ha.

Everybody dies only once, and the poor Jami several times.

Love is the tajalli of Jalal, and gnosis is that of Jamal. In the one, the lover is annihilated and becomes fani; and in the other the gnostic becomes permanent and baqi. In the one, it is "Thou canst not see Me," *Lan tarani*; ⁽¹⁾ and in the other, "Behold on thy Lord" *Alam tara ala Rabbika*, ⁽²⁾ and "Praise be to Him, who took His servant on a night from the sacred mosque to the remote mosque." *Subhan al ladhi asra bi abdihi laylan min al musjid el harami el al musjid el aqsa*. ⁽³⁾ In the one case the lover goes up of his accord, and in the other the gnostic is called up by God.

God spoke to Moses from "a burning bush," as Moses was in search of fire. If he had appeared in any other form, Moses would have turned away. Man turns to the thing on which he has set his heart. To some God appeared in the shape of a "beardless youth;" to Shayk Bahauddin Nuqsbandi, He appeared in the form of a horse; to Khusro of Delhi in the form of Shayk Nizamuddin Awliya; to Fatima—the daughter of the Prophet (peace on him)—in the form of Muhammad. Tajalliyat that dawn on the mind of the "people of heart" have no form.

Subhan al ladhi asra bi abdihi lilan ⁽⁴⁾ "Praise be to Him who made His servant journey in the night" (of mairaj). Here the point is that the servant did not go, but was caused to go. The nominative of the verb is "He" in the case of Moses, it was *Wa lammajaa Musa li miqatina*. ⁽¹⁾ "Moses

(1) Suratu'l A'raff VII—143.

(2) Suratu'l Furqan XXV—45.

(3) Suratu'l Bani Israel XVII—1.

(4) Suratu'l Bani Israel XVII—1.

came at our appointed time ;" and he had the reply *Lan tara ni* "Thou canst not see Me." In the case of the one who was called, it was, *Alam yalamu bi annallaha yara.* ⁽²⁾ "Does he not know that truly God sees." "The words in the night" also show that the Prophet's eyes were blindfolded to the "other" (*i.e.* the world), when he was taken to the presence of God, so that the seer and the seen became the Haqq.

Ma zagal basaru wu ma tagha. ⁽³⁾

"The eye (of the Prophet) did not turn aside, nor did it exceed the limit." Before, the Prophet was the seer and God the seen ; he was the hearer, and God the speaker. Now the tables are turned. Then the command was *Qiff ya Muhammada, lana Rabbika yusalla*, "Stay, O Muhammad, God is saying namaz to you." Before you were uttering God's praises ; now He is uttering your praises (*i.e.* He is uttering the praises of His first *nafs*). Then you were the praiser, now you are the praised (Muhmud).

Limitations are not the "ghair" of God, since they have no "necessary," in fact, any existence other than God's. Hence when the salik reaches Fana he attains existence other than the "necessary existence" of Dhat, *i.e.*, he attains the existence of *sifat*. Mir Hasan Sadat, therefore, says in his *Tanzihatu'l Arwah* that with exertion, *banda* ("the limited") becomes a wali and not God. Thus the "Ana'l Haqq" of Munsur and "Subhani" ("I am Holy") of Abu Yazid were mere limitations. These were the manifestations of the attribute of kalam (speech), through which He spoke—*Lisanahul ladhi yutakallimu biha* (His tongue by which He speaks).

The voice from the tree of "Sinal"—*Inni anallahu la illaha illa ana.* ⁽⁴⁾ "I am your God ; there is no God beside Me" is of the same category. These, *viz.*, Munsur, Abu Yazid and the "Tree" became the manifesters of God's words ; they were mere instruments of God and not God Himself. In Fana the consciousness of salik disappears—consciousness means knowledge of things and assertion of ghair,—objects become existence itself in his sight. If this state continues for ever, he becomes a majdhub or maniac in God.

Tajalli (epiphany) is of two kinds. Tajalli of God (Rahmani), and Tajalli of Soul (Ruhani). Several saliks have gone astray in the path of the latter, having received a relish and complacency from it, when it dawned on them. For even this tajalli proclaims "Ana'l Haqq" (I am the Truth), finding the whole creation prostrating before its throne ; but it is evanescent and has no real Fana in it ; and when it does disappear, animal qualities reappear, and the *nafs*

(1) Suratu'l A'raff VII—143.

(2) Suratu'l Alaq XCVI—14.

(3) Suratu'l Najm LIII—17.

(4) Suratu Ta Ha XX—14.

reasserts its supremacy over man with greater force. In Tajalli-i-Rahmani, the mountain of nafs is blown to pieces as the Sinai was, when God appeared on it.

In the Tajalli of Soul, doubts often assail the heart, and the relish of Divine knowledge is not complete. Pride finds a place in the heart ; and one's "I-ness" is more and more confirmed ; and one throws off the shackles of shariat. In the Divine Tajalli, these are burnt up.

Tajalli gar rasad bar kohi hara
Shawad chun pashmi rangin para para
Tajalli gar rasad bar kohi hasti,
Shawad chun khak i rah hasti ba pasti.

When Tajalli falls on a mountain of the plain,
 It goes to pieces like carded wool,
 When it falls on the mountain of existence,
 Existence goes down like dust on the road.

In this, the existence of salik is changed into non-existence ; and it never recovers itself, like the mountain of Sinai, which never regained its previous shape. Therefore, when Moses retaining his existence prayed to see God, he was directed to look at the mountain which went to pieces. Like the mountain, Moses could not bear this Tajalli, retaining his existence ; and therefore he fell down in a swoon.

In the Rahmani-Tajalli, the salik finds his "I-ness" annihilated, and never regains it. In this the desire for the sight of God becomes more and more intense. The Divine Tajalli is of three kinds—of actions, of attributes and of the Dhat. The Tajalli of Dhat is very rare ; in it there is nothing but non-existence and annihilation, and loss of self.

We shall therefore treat of the Tajalli of actions (a'faal) and attributes (sifat). In the Tajalli of active sifat, the salik sees in his mind—his self and objects as the mirror of the active attributes of God. He finds God as hearing, seeing and talking by his ears, by his eyes and by his tongue ; and thus annihilates the Dhat of objects in the Dhat of God.

Multiplicity disappears from him. Thus he sees one Dhat and one existence with his eyes, and not merely by knowledge and imagination ; and loses sight of self and objects. This becomes his knowledge of God.

He therefore says *Inni anallahu la illaha illa ana.*⁽¹⁾ "I am God and there is no God beside Me"—Mawlawi Manawi has expressed this thus :—

Ilm-i-Haqq dar ilm-i-sufi ghum shawad
Acin sakhun ky bawar-i-mardum shawad

The knowledge of God disappears in the knowledge of Sufi.

How could common people understand this?

When the sufi becomes Haqq, the "otherness" which had become Haqq disappears; and the third personal pronoun disappears from the sufi and he seeks to find his self. One who is obsessed by a deva interprets the deva as himself, although he is not the deva.

Hal is of no good here. Bayazid-i-Bistami said: "Everybody has *hal*, which is the result of imagination; but an a'riff is a man of *kashf*; if he is not bounded by imagination."

A sufi of the Shuttari school does not practise suluk, and is not in *jazba* (ecstasy), he sees himself in all conditions. Bayazid did not want Prophetship; he found himself to be God.

*Muhaqqiq hamun bynad ander abil,
Ki dar khub ruyan i Cheen wa Chagil (Sadi).*

The Sufi sees the same in a camel,
As in the beauties of China and Chagil.
Sin and sinlessness become one to him.

The Prophet (P.O.H.) has said:

Kullu jamilum min jamalulla. All beauty is from the beauty of God.

Innallaha jamilum wa yahibbuj jamal.

God is beautiful, and He loves beauty; He is Absolute Beauty.

A hadith says "When you see beautiful women remember the houris of Paradise; and refer yourself from this world to the next; and from the next world, refer yourself to God, who is Absolute Beauty. When the Prophet (Peace on him) saw Zynab, he referred himself to Absolute Beauty and lost his self and said in reply to Abu Bakr that what he had seen in *mairaj*, was found in a glance of Zynab.

He saw Lahut Nasut, without going on the Buraq.

In *uruj*, the salik finds materiality up to *Al-Arsh* (the throne); from there materiality assumes the colour of *mithal* and on account of ethereality, turns into light. And then in the soul-world, he assumes the colour of soul. When the salik reaches the stage of *a'yan*, he finds himself an *ayn*, *i.e.*, a form in knowledge, and then finally reaches *Haqiqat-i-Insani*. When the *Tajalli* of *Dhat* dawns, all these stages are burnt up and annihilated and all become Absolute. Then he descends through all these stages to the level of dust, when he becomes a perfect *khalifa* or

vicegerent of God. This is called Syir-i-Kabir. In Syir-i-Saghir, the grace of God suddenly descends on the salik, when soul, mind, nafs and body all receive the colour of Haqq—the body becomes mithal, mithal becomes soul, and etc.

Fana is the disappearance of the limitations of Existence. A perfect sufi finds his existence and Dhat disappearing—He realises *Kullu shayin halikun illaha wajhahu* ⁽¹⁾. “Everything is perishable except His face.”

When he descends from this state, he descends with the attributes of God in Baqa. Such men were called Prophets in ancient days; and are called Qutbu'l aqtab and Ghawth in these days; and they have Muhammad (peace on him) as their centre.

Faqir is one who is Fani (annihilated) in God; and therefore the whole world is his property. On a certain day, a Qutb was on a journey; he took away a colt from a field and began to ride upon it. Sayyid Muhammad Gaysudaraz, who was accompanying him, pointed out this act of transgression. “Don't you see,” said the Faqir, “that I have not taken away the property of ‘ghair’ (‘the other’).” In a similar way, Junayd, Nuri and Ruyam took away things from the bazaar-stalls of Baghdad without permission, as they were Fani in God.

Mairaj is *Hual khuruj an kulli shayin siwallah*—(i.e., emptying one's self from all *masiwallah* (“other than God”). It is of two kinds—Lesser and Greater. The first is the coming-out of self by suluk and mujahada, the cutting-off of nafs; and this is of the devotee. The Greater Mairaj consists of *nafi* (negation) and *ithbat* (affirmation)—negation of “ghair” (the other) and affirmation of Haqq; so that one is annihilated in self, and permanent in Haqq.

Under the Master's guidance, one translates his own *liqa* (aspect of existence) into the *liqa* (aspect of existence) of God; and there is no need of Fana of self to him as in the case of the Shuttaris.

The question is asked:—When there is no “ghair” what is it that remains to be negated? The negation here is only a statement of a matter of fact; for a non-existent is after all a non-existent.

Note: For giving an explanation of *mairaj* in the above trend, Sarmad (d 1079 A.H.) a Sufi mystic of the time of Aurangzeb, was nearly brought to the gallows, although virtually the secret reason for his final execution was his close association with Dara Shikoh and his prediction about the latter gaining an empire (which really was a spiritual empire)—Sarmad said:

*Mulla guyad ki bar falak shud Ahmed,
Sarmad guyad ki falak ba Ahmed dar shud*

Mulla (i.e., Mulla Qawi, the chief Qazi of the Court of Aurangzeb) says that Ahmed went up to the Heaven.

Sarmad says that the Heaven came unto Ahmed.

This obviously refers to what Gazur-i-Ilahi calls Syir-i-Saghir; Sarmad was, however, executed for not repeating the Kalima in full; he stopped short at *La illaha* and after his execution his severed head cried out thrice *Il Allah*. The punishment of a Murtadd (apostate) in the Islamic law is death.

(1) Suratu'l Qasus, XXVIII—88.

When abd attains Fana, he reaches Muqam-i-Muhmud (the praised station), in which he is endowed with the attributes of God, and becomes Master of All, and God's Khalifa—*Inni jailum fil ardi khalifa* ⁽¹⁾—" Truly we have made thee a vicegerent on earth " Qutb and Ghawth are thus Masters from the first limitation to the dust—" But " says Ahmed Ghazzali, " do not make a two-fold claim—The servant rides on a horse, the horse does not become his property—Those who say Ana'l Haqq (I am the Truth) are like the tree (the burning bush) of Mount Sinai, which said :

Inni anallahu la illaha illa ana ⁽²⁾
Garchi Quran az labi pygambar ast
Herr ki goyad Haqq na gufta kafir ast

Although the Quran is from the lips of the Prophet,
 Whoever says " God did not speak " is a kafir

Whoever says "*La illaha illa ana*"—(There is no God except "I") negatives the reality of "ghair" ("the other"), and fixes the reality on God.

Arafa Rabbi bi Rabbi "I knew God by God." Ariff is also "ghair."

Ana'l Haqq kashf-i-asrar ayst mutlaq
Juz az, Haqq kist ta guyad Ana'l Haqq (Gulshan-i-Raz)

Annal Haqq is the revelation of an absolute secret,
 Who is there besides God, who could say Ana'l Haqq.

Al-ilmu hijab al akbar. "Knowledge is a great screen." This is the knowledge obtained by observation, which leads to Wonderment.⁽³⁾ Knowledge obtained from ecstasy leads to the solace of the heart arising from this wonderment. The one is like knowledge by observation of honey; and the other knowledge by taste of honey.

When salik starting from Nasut (causal-world) passes through Malakut (action-world) and Jabrut (attribute-world), and then through Asma (Divine names) and Ayan (realities of objects) and approaches the Dhat, the Dhatti-Tajalli (personal epiphany) of God dawns on him; and a vast expanse of absolutism, in which all indications are blotted out, opens out before him. This is Fana. Then regaining awareness in the state of Baqa-billa, he descends from this stage through inverse grades and comes to awareness of sifat (jabrut) from the unawareness of Dhat (Lahut), and finds himself in Wahdat (the Reality of Muhammad) in which he realises the Collective Reality of Humanity (Adam), *i.e.*, Wahidiyyat; and finds his derived existence

(1) Suratu'l Baqara, II—30.

(2) Suratu'l Ia Ta, XX—14.

(3) *Note.*—Professor Tyndall in a letter recalls Tennyson's saying of this condition. "By God Almighty there is no delusion in the matter. It is no nebulous ecstasy, but a state of transcendent wonder associated with absolute clearness of mind." *Memoirs of Alfred Tennyson*, ii : 473.

and knowledge qualified with Divine (elahi) and Human (kiyyani) attributes, and his self as manifest and manifestation of the same. Such a person is called the Ghawth and Quth of his time and vicegerent of Muhammad. This is the Mairaji-Muhammadi (syir-kabir) or the greater journey. In the lesser journey (syir-i-saghir), the Personal-Tajalli dawns on him in Wahidiyyat which is the Reality of Humanity ; and he finds his Dhat qualified with Divine and Human attributes and himself as manifest and manifestation from Uluhiyyat to the lowest point. He is then called *fard* (individual). Sometimes from this annihilation, he reverts to Baqa and finds himself as instrument of the manifestation of God's attributes, or God as the instrument of his actions. He thus sees his reality as the collective reality of all objects, or sees God as the reality of his collective reality. He sees the activities of objects as his attributes, and gives out Ana'l Haqq (I am the Truth) ; or sees them as God's activities and calls out Hua'l Haqq (He is the Truth). He either stands in the factory of his Master like a servant, or having the full powers of the Master, becomes the Master himself.

The word " Wilayet " is derived from " Wila " which means propinquity, friendship. It is of two kinds :—Common and Proper. Common Wilayet is the privilege of all believers (moumins). God has said :—

Allahu wali ul ladhina amanu yukhrijuhum min az zulumati il an nur ⁽¹⁾.

" God is the guardian of those who believe, He brings them out of the darkness into the light."

Proper Wilayet is for saliks who have annihilated themselves in God—*Fana ul abd fil Haqq* Fana is the extreme end of Syir-ilalla (journey with God) and Baqa is the beginning of Syir-filla (journey in God).

The deterrents on the road of the first named journey are the salik's distractions from the requirements of the mineral, vegetable, animal and angelic aptitudes, which are ingrained in him, and which have taken a firm hold on him and given him comforts. After purification from these he is annihilated ; and never returns to them, as is the case with certain majdhubs. He assumes a different colour and comes out of all limitations and becomes absolute.

When one has completed this first journey, he enters upon the second. After annihilation in self, he becomes permanent (baqi) in the observance of God. He is not then aware of his Dhat as his self, but aware of it as manifest, manifestation and manifested.

KHAJA KHAN.

(1) Suratu'l Baqara, 11—257.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE ROCKFELLER OFFER TO CAIRO MUSEUM

Rockfeller's offer of ten-million dollars to King Fouad for the establishment of an archaeological institute in Egypt is very munificent. Fears are expressed that the Egyptian Government might refuse the offer for the reason that by accepting the terms of the offer they might feel that they will run the risk of placing the vast collections in the Cairo Museum, and the ancient remains throughout the Nile Valley, and all the widely extended activities of the Government Department of Antiquities, under foreign control.

The Department of Antiquities is a branch of the Ministry of Public Works, and at its head are the Egyptian Minister and Under-Secretary, who are responsible to the State. The Director of Antiquities, who is a Frenchman, by the terms of the old Anglo-French Treaty, is under them. A body of English and French scholars are under the Director, some of whom are curators in the Cairo Museum, while others carry on excavations, look after the ancient sites and do the administrative work, with the help of subordinate Egyptian officials. Egyptologists who wish to excavate or do other work in Egypt have to apply to the Department of Antiquities for permission, and they are supposed to be under the supervision of the Department's inspectors. Everything an excavator finds belongs to the Government, but the Government gives to the excavator up to half of the things discovered, *provided that they are to be sent to a recognised museum*. But certain sites, such as the Valley of the Kings, are Government "reserves," and the conditions of excavation here are different. For instance, in the case of the Tomb of Tutankhamen, all the finds have to go to the Cairo Museum.

It has been proposed by the Egyptian Government to pass a law by the terms of which a greater percentage of the antiquities discovered in all excavations shall remain in the country. The excavators, mostly foreigners, justly fear that their work will no longer bring them sufficient profits as to undertake excavations in the future. The Cairo Museum is considered not a safe place for housing priceless antiquities. The building is not very satisfactory, the showcases are hopeless, and the staff of curators is too small to cope with the work. The Egyptian Government sets apart, for the purpose, comparatively a very small sum in its budget. The Americans have of late been conducting excavations in Egypt on a huge scale. They have given a great deal of help to Mr. Howard Carter in the Valley of the Kings. Prof. Breasted, who presented Rockfeller's offer to the Government, helped in the particular work in which Mr. Carter was engaged. Mr. Carter and his helpers recently came to loggerheads with the Department of Antiquities over the respective rights of either party in regard to that tomb.

Rockfeller's offer is, therefore, regarded as a move to bring the French Director of the Department of Antiquities to heel, to establish the American excavators, as dictators in all archaeological affairs of the country. But it may be prompted simply by the desire to aid the Department to carry out its work more satisfactorily and more efficiently. The new institute should serve as a place of research and synthesis, useful to scholarship as to science.

ART AND PATRIOTISM

Mr. Sean O'Casey, whose plays have earned the warm praise of those who can judge such works, for their power and realism, presented his new play, "The Plough and the Stars," at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, in February last. Rioting greeted the play, as it did on a previous occasion, when J. M. Synge's ruthless comedy was produced in the same place and under similar circumstances.

"The Plough and the Stars" deals with the insurrection in Dublin in Easter week, 1916, and the crowd of Republicans, which entered a violent protest against the play, would seem to have had some method in its madness. The crowd carried out a most thorough demonstration during the course of the play, attempting to wreck the stage and frighten the management into withdrawing it.

According to press reports, it would appear that booing and hissing during the second act of the play began the disturbance. The players could not be heard, even in the front row of the stalls. There was much noise, and a man in the pit precipitated the uproar when he cried: "Send out O'Casey—O'Casey, the coward"! Then Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington, who has of late become a very prominent Republican spoke:

"The Free State Government is subsidising the Abbey to malign Pearse and Connolly (leaders executed in 1916). We have not come here as rowdies. We came to make a protest against the defamation of the men of Easter week."

The pandemonium that followed created a panic among a section of the audience, who rushed for the exits and added to the confusion, as it usually happens. In the midst of this scene, Mr. W. B. Yeats, who is a director of the theatre, spoke from the stage admonishing the audience, but his speech was completely lost in the noise. He said:

"I thought you have got tired of this. It commenced fifteen years ago. You have disgraced yourselves again. Is this to be an ever-recurring celebration of the arrival of Irish genius? Once more you have rocked the cradle of genius. The news of this will go from country to country. You have once more rocked the cradle of a reputation. The fame of O'Casey is born to-night. This is apotheosis."

Soon a change came over the troubled scene when a party of detectives and ununiformed police arrived and quickly put an end to the disturbance by distributing themselves through different parts of the house. The play was carried to a finish without any further trouble.

Now we can understand the feelings of the Republicans. Many among them are idealists: and ideals are not easily approached from the side of humour. The Irish patriot, like any other, would not have others laugh at what he would die for, and the Irish Republican is ready to lay his life down for his ideals. But the dramatic artist, as indeed every artist, penetrates everywhere, and it is futile, even hopeless, to attempt to place restrictions on his freedom and method. He will not spare any, not even idealists and patriots. A work of art should be judged on its merits, as a work of art. It should not be brought to the test of the fleeting emotions of humanity. There is no place for moral indignation in judging a work of art.

Mr. E. B. HAYELL AND "ART REVIVAL" IN BOMBAY

For some time past, feverish attempts have been made to give a wide advertisement to the work of the Bombay School of Art. It is an open secret, however, that all is not well with that institution. The work carried on in the School, under Capt. Solomon's direction, has been the subject of a good deal of criticism. Also there has of late been so much talk of "revival" of Indian Art in Bombay, which has roused suspicions in our minds, that, in the interests of true Indian art, the following letter addressed to "The Times of India" of Bombay is reproduced below.—

Sir,—Recently there has been much talk about the revival of Indian Art in Bombay. I believe there is no such thing as art much less Indian art in Bombay. The miserable productions of the School of Art of Bombay alone are a proof of the utter uselessness of the Western methods of instruction in an Indian School of Art. Capt. Solomon is a sincere and an enthusiastic lover of Indian art; but I am afraid he is not in a position to infuse Indian art ideals nor of teaching Indian art to his

students. What the school has already produced is only a poor mixture of cheap European art in Indian dress. Until and unless there is a thorough change in the methods of instruction, technique, etc., and until we have a leader as able as Mr. Havell or Dr. A. N. Tagore—the leader of the Calcutta School—we have absolutely no hopes of making any progress in Indian art. Some time ago I wrote to Mr. E. B. Havell expressing my views about this much-talked-of so-called revival of Indian Art in Bombay. In reply I have received the following letter which I hope you will be kind enough to publish in your esteemed paper.

B. N. TREASURYVALA.

*5, Club Road, Byculla,
Bombay.*

And this is Mr. E. B. Havell's letter :

Dear Mr. Treasuryvala,—I was very glad to get your letter and to know that you have such clear and sound views on art in India. I have just read Capt. Solomon's lecture on the so-called revival of Indian Art in Bombay—which I am sorry the India Society thought fit to publish and I should like it to be known as widely as possible that I disassociate myself entirely both from Capt. Solomon's views and from the project of a "Villa Medici" at Delhi. As to the argument that the old-fashioned European academical prescription which has been taught in Indian Schools of Art for many years before Capt. Solomon came to Bombay does not "deorientalise" the Indian student the works of the school exhibited at Wembley are irrefutable proof to the contrary. This worn-out academic creed has denationalised art in England, and in the nature of things it cannot have a different effect in India. It was not until I swept away the whole system in Calcutta that any Indian school produced a real live artist. As to the "Villa Medici" and the "Prix de Delhi" the names alone are sufficient indication of the inevitable result of the misapplication of public funds for such projects. It would only lead to a widespread recrudescence of the Ravi Varma school of paintings which was so disastrously popular in India fifty years ago. The only hope I see for Bombay art students under present conditions is that the enthusiasm and devotion to which Capt. Solomon bears witness, will eventually help them to grow out of their academic swaddling clothes and find art for themselves. Then they will realise how useless and misleading the modern European scientific prescription of art really is.

Yours sincerely,

E. B. HAVELL.

A CENTRAL ART INSTITUTE AT DELHI

The Government of India have recently addressed a note to the Provincial Governments inviting their views on proposals for the establishment of a Central Art Institute at Delhi. This is doubtless a welcome move on the part of the authorities who seem now to recognise the necessity for such action. The attitude of the Government has hitherto been one of indifference in matters relating to art in India. The present measures for the advancement of Indian art, which seek to consult Indian opinion, show a change for the better, and the Government note should therefore be welcomed. The note affords a splendid opportunity to the people in the country for a clear statement of their needs and requirements.

The views of the Prize of Delhi Committee on the Government of India note are before the country, and those who have been working for a practical advancement in Indian art in various directions can also offer their own suggestions for consideration. The Prize of Delhi Committee's letter runs :—

"The Government of India have recently addressed a note to the Provincial Governments inviting their views on proposals for a Central Art Institute at Delhi. The Prize of Delhi Committee welcomes the note as the first definite step towards the conditions most likely to ensure the approximate

stability of aim in art instruction in the country. The note, rightly, recognises "the broad national character" of the past achievements in art. The character is sought to be maintained in the proposed Central Institute at Delhi where "specially promising students can go after they have graduated at the local schools of art, where they can rub shoulders with artists from other parts of the country, studying one another's methods and thus gradually breaking down the system of water-tight compartments which is at present retarding the development of Indian art, and where, in a word, they can pursue their studies on a broader and more stimulating lines. Any scheme adopted by the Government must, the note further suggests, take full account of the established centres of art activity whether official or private; and any additional machinery that might be set up must be designed to run in harmony with them. A natural fusion of several local styles will, it concludes follow in course of time and it would not be wise to endeavour to hasten this fusion artificially. The note, evidently following the suggestions outlined in the Prize of Delhi Scheme, is thus almost identical in the fundamental principles enunciated in the Prize of Delhi Scheme. It recognises the importance of the nation-wide demands, opportunities and inspiration, mentioned in the Prize of Delhi Scheme, necessary for the growing art consciousness of the country. The Provinces are, as they should be, evidently left free to formulate their own demands in conformity with their regional needs and advancement. The note thus accepts also the principle, in the Prize of Delhi Scheme, that all vital artistic growth must spring from the environment and needs of the people.

"But the proposal, in the note by the Government of India, to restrict the subjects in the proposed institute strictly to painting and sculpture is, clearly, inconsistent with the principle of provincial freedom and regional development accepted in the note. If some of the provinces are found to be less advanced in their needs, if some of them do not demand advanced training in architecture or the art-crafts they might restrict their claims accordingly. But their restricted wants should not be made the standard for limiting the demands of more advanced provinces. It is, moreover, precisely the regional character of the art-crafts that would provide guidance to the art-craftsmen who would gather at a central place like Delhi. And encouragement to Indian architecture is certainly a nation-wide demand.

"The Prize of Delhi Committee suggest that the President of the Governing Board at Delhi should not be, as suggested in the Government note, nominated by the Viceroy, but elected by the Board representative of the artistic interests and opinion in the provinces. The Board should not thus be composed merely of the Provincial Directors mentioned in the note. The Local Committee, referred to in the note, should be empowered not only with the selection of the candidates for Delhi, but with the conduct of the entrance examination for the proposed scholarships as well. Otherwise, the function of the Local Committee will be merely nominal. The Governing Board, on the other hand, may be directed towards the guidance, for example, of the exhibitions, the periodic arrangement of lectures, the provision and direction of an adequate art gallery and museum at Delhi.

"The note by the Government of India makes, evidently, no provision for the common facilities—library, art gallery, exhibition and lecture halls as well as a common hostel with sections set apart for the different provinces—mentioned in the Prize of Delhi Scheme. These facilities are essential if the proposed institute is to aim at effective encouragement of Indian art.

"This is probably the first time that the attempt has been made to ascertain the country's views and demands in art. The Government of India's note on the proposed Art Institute at Delhi invites the views of the Provincial Governments. The Government of Bombay have already announced their intention to co-operate and contribute to the proposed scheme for the Central Art Institute at Delhi. The Baroda Government have promised similar contribution. Other Governments are likely to decide their support. It is now for the workers and publicists in the different provinces who have been endeavouring to secure the future for Indian art to help and guide public opinion, the Prize of

Delhi Committee, the Government of India and the Provincial Governments with their suggestions and active support. The needs of Indian art are nation-wide. The demands must be equally so. They should be, in the circumstances, prompt and determined as well."

ROMAIN ROLLAND

Shama'a sends its heartiest greetings to M. Romain Rolland, the French savant, who celebrated his sixtieth birthday on 29th January last. It is on such men of vision as he, that the future hope of the world is built. In this age of discord, when Civilisation rushed headlong to the brink of ruin, during the last war, he, who had seen the "vision splendid," proclaimed to humanity the Unity of Life and the brotherhood of nations. On the occasion of the celebration Rolland was presented with a book containing messages, letters and drawings from those who "counted" in the world of letters and of art. Contributors to the book included Rabindranath Tagore and Mahatma Gandhi from this country.

The great dream of Rolland's life seems to have been to interpret humanity in terms of art, whether of music or of literature. That was his one passion and in spite of the tragic circumstance of his life, Rolland went on his spirit's adventure, always seeking the Supreme Harmony in life. While still a boy, Rolland would go everyday from Paris to Versailles to play on the piano of a friend (for he could not afford to have an instrument of his own), to find vent to his creative impulse in music. He cherished the dream of becoming a composer, and, though he could not fulfil that dream, he emerged as the greatest musical critic of his age, nay, a revealer, a creator. On being appointed a professor of Musical History, Rolland devoted some of his best years (1902—1912) to the interpretation and appreciation of music through his most illuminating lectures delivered to the University of Paris.

It is for *Jean Christophe*, a magnificent romance, that Romain Rolland was given the Nobel Prize for literature in 1915. This is a grand epic of modern life, unique in its range as well as in depth. He also wrote masterly critical biographies of Beethoven, Michael Angelo and Tolstoy. Shakespeare had exerted on him a profound influence, and he had actually planned to write a volume to the memory of the immortal poet at the time of the tercentenary of his death, but it seems not to have yet been completed. "Demain," the Swiss journal, published some portion of the study on Shakespeare in April 1916.

The immortal creator of *Jean Christophe* says :

"Thou shalt be born again. Take rest. There is nothing but one heart for all. The smile of the night and of the day embrace each other. O Harmony, August Marriage of Love and Hatred ! I sing to the God with the two powerful wings : Victory to Life ! Victory to Death !"

May we not gather some courage and hope from this message ?

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

The 2nd of April is the twenty-ninth birthday of Mr. Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, and on this occasion *Shama'a* offers him its hearty greetings and best wishes. The poet's work, so far, has been no inconsiderable achievement, but some of us value it more for the great promise it holds out for the future rather than for what it has already accomplished. It is gratifying to note—we are closely following his career—that his powers are fast unfolding into maturity, and the coming years will surely bring him a greater meed of recognition and fame than any he has hitherto had as his reward.

DWIJENDRANATH TAGORE

Dwijendranath Tagore, philosopher, poet, scholar and thinker, known in his retired life at Santiniketan as the "recluse poet of Bengal," died at his residence in January last, at the age of eighty-seven. He was the author of many philosophical as well as poetical works, in Bengali. Of his philosophical works the first was *Tattvavidya*, whose English version was named *Ontology*. Of his poetical works, the most well-known and perhaps the most considerable was *Svapna-Prayan* or *The Dream Journey*.

Dwijendranath was the eldest of the seven sons of *Maharishi* Debendranath Tagore, Rabindranath being the youngest. While he, like his famous younger brother, wrote much verse, he did not believe in publishing it, and in this he differed from Rabindranath, who published a great deal of what he wrote. Some passages in Rabindranath Tagore's "Reminiscences" refer to his eldest brother. Rabindranath relates with what eagerness he, in his youth, hovered about, out of sight, to hear his eldest brother declaim poems he had just before committed to paper. In a fine passage he says :

"My eldest brother was then busy with his master-piece *The Dream Journey*, his cushion seat placed in the south verandah, a low desk before him. Cousin Gunendra would come and sit there for a time every morning. His immense capacity for enjoyment, like the breezes of spring, helped poetry to sprout. My eldest brother would go on alternately writing and reading out what he had written, his boisterous mirth at his own conceits making the verandah tremble. My brother wrote a great deal more than he finally used in his finished work, so fertile was his poetic inspiration. Like the superabounding mango flowerets which carpet the shade of the mango topes in spring, the rejected pages of his *Dream Journey* were to be found scattered all over the house. Had any one preserved them, they would have been to-day a basketful of flowers adorning our Bengali literature."

Of *The Dream Journey*, Rabindranath writes :

"*The Dream Journey*, may be likened to a superb palace of Allegory, with innumerable halls, chambers, passages, corners and niches full of statuary and pictures, of wonderful design and workmanship ; and in the gardens around, gardens, bowers, fountains and shady nooks in profusion. Not only do poetic thought and fancy abound, but the richness and variety of language and expres-

sion, are also marvellous. It is not a small thing, this creative power which can bring into being so magnificent a structure complete in all its artistic detail, and that is perhaps why the idea of attempting an imitation never occurred to me."

The Barodada (elder brother), as he was affectionately called by everybody in Santiniketan, lived the last quarter of a century of his life in his cottage at the Santiniketan *Ashram*, which retreat reminded one of the *tapovanas* mentioned in ancient days as the fitting dwelling place of the great. There are many stories regarding the saintliness of his life and how the birds and squirrels used to play with him.

A GREEK TRAGEDIENNE

Miss Dorothea Spinney, the Greek Tragedienne, who is on a world-tour, was recently on a short visit to India and gave her wonderful recitals of ancient Greek classical plays, and of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," in some of the more important cities. Her "Alcestis" and "Hamlet" were particularly good, and they thrilled the audiences wherever given. The interpretation of "Hamlet" was something unique in the sphere of acting we have hitherto known. Miss Spinney has a voice of rare sweetness and melody, to which she combines remarkable powers of acting. On the stage, her personality has a lovely charm and strength, altogether superb. The total impression is one of rare treat to the æsthetics. The recitals of Miss Spinney have awakened in Indians a true appreciation of the "classics" of the West. By her art Miss Spinney has rendered valuable service both to Western classics and to Indians in particular.



DOROTHEA SPINNEY

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, with the tower adjoining, was destroyed by fire early in March last. Through early precaution the museum and the picture gallery were fortunately saved. These house a rare and precious collection of Shakespeare relics, such as early editions of the plays, autograph letters and also the original Droeshout portrait of the poet, which is considered as the only authentic likeness.

The Theatre has been condemned by all as a structure unworthy of the purpose, as a National Memorial to the poet of all the ages. The fire was, therefore, regarded by many as a blessing in disguise, and some of the relentless of the critics welcomed it as fire from heaven. Mr. Shaw called it "about the worst theatre in the world." Now is the opportunity for building a fine structure worthy of the poet. Many suggestions are being made as to what the new theatre should be. The suggestion

that it should be, as to its interior arrangement, an imitation of the kind of theatre for which Shakespeare wrote will, we hope, be realised. The present is a splendid opportunity to realise the old desire to have at least one theatre where Shakespeare's plays could be produced in the Elizabethan manner and setting. One hopes it will be carried out.

The Governors of the Memorial Theatre had, before the fire, prepared plans for a new theatre on another site, and this will now be built on or near the old site in the meadow by the Avon. An appeal for funds has been launched by the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Lord Oxford and Mr. Thomas Hardy.

By a sad coincidence the destruction of the Memorial Theatre follows quickly after another loss which Shakespeareans have just suffered in the death of Sir Sidney Lee, who gave the best of his intellect and industry to Shakespearean study and scholarship.

A GREAT SHAKESPEAREAN

By the death of Sir Sidney Lee, early in March last, the world of English letters loses one of its most prominent figures. For nearly thirty years he had held a unique position in literary circles as an acknowledged authority on Shakespeare, a fine scholar, a sound if cautious critic, and a great biographer. He was not, perhaps, an imaginative man, in the strictest sense of the word, but he marshalled and presented facts in an interesting way. He was generally cautious, sometimes even conservative, in weighing new evidence, and perhaps this characteristic it is that makes his standard life of Shakespeare so dependable.

Born just about the close of the fifties of the last century, Sidney (originally Solomon) Lee was educated at the City of London School, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated in modern history in 1882. His literary career was marked out, and its bent determined, when, as an undergraduate, he showed remarkable critical acumen and resource in certain papers on Shakespeare which he contributed to the "Gentleman's Magazine" in 1880. The fine union of literary and historical scholarship in Lee led to his selection, almost immediately after his taking the degree, for the place of the chief assistant to Mr. Leslie Stephen (as he then was), in the editing of the newly-established "Dictionary of National Biography." This early connection was destined to make him famous in the world of English letters.

In 1890 he became co-editor, and the next year sole editor, after the retirement of Stephen, until the completion of the work in 1901. Over eight-hundred articles in the Dictionary are from his pen, and this will give an idea of what a prolific writer he must have been. His contributions of course chiefly, but by no means solely, dealt with Elizabethan studies. The exacting work on the Dictionary, however, did not prevent Lee from producing a number of books. The more important of his books are: *A life of William Shakespeare* (1898); *Shakespeare and the Modern Stage* (1906); *The French Renaissance in England* (1910); *Principles of Biography* (1911); *Shakespeare and the Italian Renaissance* (1915).

Tremendous fuss was made by the publication of Lee's biography of King Edward VII in the Dictionary of National Biography. King Edward had been almost canonised as the ideal statesman, far-seeing Emperor. Lee portrayed him as "almost an agreeable nonentity," as was indignantly protested by some of Edward's close friends. So unpopular was Lee's estimate at the time. The explosion soon died down, and it was the peculiar privilege of Lee that he was requested by the King to write the official biography of his father, the second volume of which, it is announced, was completed by the author just before his death.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHICAL CONGRESS

The organisers of the Indian Philosophical Congress, which held its first session in Calcutta last December, deserve all praise for the success that attended their efforts. From almost all parts of India delegates attended, and there were also representatives of the different universities at the Congress. His Excellency Lord Lytton, the Chancellor of the Calcutta University, opened the Congress and said that poets and philosophers had this in common that they were both seekers after joy, and it was with great pleasure that he learnt that the most eminent philosophers of India had chosen Rabindranath Tagore, the greatest living Indian poet, to be the president of their conference. In his excellent speech, Lord Lytton discussed the aims and ideals of philosophy and emphasized the essentially complementary nature of the ideals of service and sacrifice. Sir Edward Greaves, the Vice-Chancellor and the Chairman of the Reception Committee, referred to his Oxford days, when, he said, strangely enough, the students never knew that there was such a thing as philosophical thought in India. He hoped that the Congress would bring a better understanding between Indian and Western philosophers. Rabindranath Tagore, the President of the Congress, delivered his address (see "The Philosophy of our People" in this issue of *Shama'a*), which expounded, not any system of philosophy gathered from the books, but the philosophy of the people of Bengal, which was a blend of poetry and philosophy, the result of spiritual alchemy, which Rabindranath was most qualified to expound.

Professors Formichi and Tucci of Italy took part in the Congress and contributed two learned and stimulating papers. The Indian Philosophy Section aroused much enthusiasm and, though the proceedings were mainly conducted in English, the discussions in Sanskrit by some Pandits gave additional interest to the proceedings.

A constitution of the Congress was adopted, and Professor S. Radhakrishnan, M.A., was elected Chairman, with Mr. N. N. Sen Gupta, M.A., Ph. D., as Secretary. The next session of the Congress will be held in Benares in December 1926.

THE BOMBAY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Bombay Symphony Orchestra Committee, which was started five years ago, in 1921, seem to have to a large extent realised the aim they had in view, that of bringing Western music forward in the East with a view to a better understanding between, and mutual advantage of, West and East. There has been greater appreciation of Western music by Indians than before. The founders of the movement aimed high from the beginning, with the result that an Orchestra of professional players was created, such as Bombay had never before known. The Committee have also occasionally provided concerts by European artists of repute. The record of five years, which is contained in a short report sent to us, shows that the movement has indeed been a success.

There is no fear that Western Orchestral Music will outdo the music of the East, because the two are different in their appeal. Their foundations are differently laid, the aim and structure are totally different. The former is for the masses, the latter for the individual.

REVIEWS

Human Shows, Far Phantasies—Songs and Trifles, by Thomas Hardy.
My Pilgrimage to Ajanta and Bagh, by Mukul Chandra Dey.
Jungle Days, by William Beebe.

Human Shows, Far Phantasies—Songs and Trifles, by Thomas Hardy (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

"Waiting Both"—that is the title of the first poem in the book, and it is very representative of the spirit and attitude of Mr. Hardy's work.

A star looks down at me,
And says: "Here I and you
Stand, each in our degree:
What do you mean to do,—
Mean to do?"

I say: "For all I know,
Wait, and let Time go by,
Till my change come."—"Just so,"
The star says: "So mean I:—
So mean I."

But if the book is pervaded by Mr. Hardy's strong sense of the inscrutability of human existence, that does not decrease his deep interest, one could almost say delight in the "Shows" and "Trifles" that make up this existence. For this first poem is almost immediately followed by another—

"Any little old song
Will do for me,
* * *
I only need the homeliest
Of heartstirrings."

The homeliest of heartstirrings is what Mr. Hardy has always held by, and therein lies his chief strength. This book, produced in his eighty-sixth year, has the themes and atmosphere of "Time's Laughing Stocks" and "Satires of Circumstance." But new themes the reader does not ask from Mr. Hardy. The old ones are the sort that wear very well.

With all its questioning the book impresses one with a sense of the author's faith in life,—a faith all the more enduring because it is not blind; it has not come on easy terms, but has had to be wrested from life; the faith of a man, in the words of another poet "a scarred man among men."

Mr. Hardy's best answer to his own problems lies not so much in those poems where he assays direct question and answer, not so much in the Phantasies, as in the Shows, the more dramatic objective poems with their deep underlying compassionateness,—not so much in "The Great Adjustment" or in "The Absolute Explains," as in the humanity of "Ice on the Highway."

"Seven buxom women abreast, and arm in arm,
Trudge down the hill, tip-toed,
And breathing warm;

They must perforce trudge thus, to keep upright
 On the glassy ice-bound road,
 And they must get to market whether or no,
 Provisions running low
 With the nearing Saturday night,
 While the lumbering van wherein they mostly ride
 Can nowise go :
 Yet loud their laughter as they stagger and slide."

It is this humanity, this compassion, which gives so warm a glow to Mr. Hardy's poetry. It is unfailing and very varied in its expression. One finds it in the "Portrait of a Woman about to be Hanged," a poem which shows also Mr. Hardy's skill in metre and vowel music and alliteration.

"Comely and capable one of our race,
 Posing there in your gown of grace,
 Plain, yet becoming ;
 Could subtlest breast
 Ever have guessed
 What was behind that innocent face,
 Drumming, drumming !

It is the same compassion and humanity which find a very different manifestation in "A Popular Personage at Home."

"I live here : ' Wessex ' is my name :
 I am a dog known rather well :
 I guard the house ; but how that came
 To be my whim I cannot tell.
 "With a leap and a heart elate I go
 At the end of an hour's expectancy
 To take a walk of a mile or so
 With the folk I let live here with me."

The dramatic monologue is, as always with Mr. Hardy, a favourite form, especially in the love poems, always unhappy, unfulfilled, and in their restless questioning and dissection combining the passionate and the intellectual in a manner very reminiscent of Browning. If the irony is a trifle forced in some, in others, as in the "Tragedian to Tragedienne" it is entirely unforced.

"Shall I leave you behind me
 When I play
 In earnest what we've played in mock to-day ?"

Last but not least come the songs, wistful, whimsical, perfect in form and in diction. Here is one of the loveliest. "The Echo-Elf Answers."

How much shall I love her ?
 For life, or not long ?
 "Not long."

Alas ! When forget her ?
 In years, or by June ?
 "By June."

And whom woo I after ?
 No one, or a throng ?
 " A throng."
 Of these shall I wed one
 Long hence, or quite soon ?
 " Quite soon."
 And which will my bride be ?
 The right or the wrong ?
 " The wrong."
 And my remedy—what kind ?
 Wealth-wove, or earth-hewn ?
 " Earth-hewn."

My Pilgrimage to Ajanta and Bagh, by Sri Mukul Chandra Dey (Thornton Butterworth, 21s.)

The Ajanta caves with their treasures of ancient Buddhist art in the heart of the lovely Bindha Hills in Western India, are by now fairly well-known to the public. There are twenty-nine of these marvellous cave-temples and monasteries, hewn out of pieces of solid rock, now the home of wild beasts and bats, dating from a little before the reign of the Great Buddhist Emperor Asoka (272—231 B.C.) to just before the expulsion of Buddhism from India about 600 to 700 A.D. Since the publication by John Griffiths of two folio volumes in 1897, there has existed a need for a more popular book on the subject. The present book by Mr. Mukul Dey, a young Bengali artist, does a great deal to supply this need. The book is illustrated by numerous copies of the frescoes made by the artist himself, many now reproduced for the first time.

It is a book written perhaps more for the European reader, since incidents on the way, details of Indian life, jattras and tongas, fairs and monkeys, occupy as much space as the frescoes and the caves, but the humour and colour of Mr. Dey's writing makes these excursions a delight even to the Indian reader. Here is Mr. Dey's account of his arrival at Bagh.

" At length we drove up to a brick and stone slab lime-white washed, which stood up among rows of bamboo bushes. It was distinguished by the symbolical sign of the Gwalior State, two fine black cobras enclosing a crude outline drawing of sun with eyes, nose and mouth painted upon it, and below—

BAGH INSPECTION BUNGALOW.

was written in English, Hindustani and Mussalmani language. Perhaps I can best convey its appearance by saying that it resembled most closely a typical English war memorial tablet."

In a very different key is Mr. Dey's description of his first sight of the Ajanta Caves.

" The natural splendour of the scene, its utter seclusion, the amphitheatre of hills enclosing the glen with a rugged rampart, shaped like a crescent moon, the little murmuring stream which flowed so gently through a landscape of such wild grandeur—all affected me deeply. As I looked more closely I perceived that of the stone, which was of a glorious tinge of bluish mauve, had been hewn into richly carved arches and columns, and that these formed the entrance to a series of cave-temples surpassing all that I had imagined."

Mr. Dey gives a beautiful legend about the caves that he has heard in Ajanta village. Once the gods and goddesses, tired of the monotony of heaven, begged leave to go down to earth for one night to enjoy themselves. After many entreaties, Indra, God of Heaven, granted their request with the condition, however, that they should return before the cock's first crow or be banished from heaven for ever. They came to the earth dancing and singing for joy, and as soon as they saw the beautiful gorge of Ajanta, chose it for the scene of their night's entertainment. They hallowed halls and chambers out of the hill-side and were so absorbed in their revelry that they missed the cock's first crow: then knowing themselves banished from heaven for ever, they transformed themselves into beautiful sculptures and painting. The legend reflects the overpowering impression of exuberance, glow, diversity and animation conveyed even by the reproductions given in the book.

Mr. Dey had many adventures, pleasant and otherwise, during his devoted work in the caves. His servant shammed cholera, he was stoned by monkeys, and had a narrow escape from poison bees and a tiger. In the monsoon he had a wonderful time, wrapped up in the glorious old paintings within the caves, hearing all day and night the thundering of the waterfall without and the sounds from the forests around, alive with monkeys, peacocks, porcupine and mongoose.

The reproductions throughout the book are of great interest, in particular the one of the glorified Buddha returning to his wife and child, the first complete copy that has been made of this magnificent painting. Another very interesting one is a group, from cave 17, of musicians passing through the air, showing a remarkable mastery of complex movement.

The book is fascinating, both in its descriptions and illustrations, and should do a great deal to make the paintings known as they should be.

Jungle Days, by William Beebe (Putnam's).

Somewhere in his book, Mr. Beebe speaks of the kind of treatise on Natural History which consists solely of astringent, unadulterated facts that serve as a sort of mental tanning. His fascinating account of jungle life is pre-eminently not one of that kind. With the scientist's spirit of investigation and observation, it has also the artist's joy in the fullness of life and the artist's sense of the mystery of it. It is full of pulsating life, of sensitive and delicate experience,—from the strange restlessness of an apparently calm moonlit beach at midnight with its unexpected revelations of hundreds of thousands of denizens, to the wind-song of fallen leaves when the ear is held close to the ground,—or the marvels of the mangrove tangle "*alias* R. Mongle" (*Rhizophora Mongle*), with its sunshine and warmth, its swaying leaves and sturdy arms with the fairy-homes of humming birds, and its grim tragedies, its parasites gently inserting threads of death into the heart of their supporter.

There is a fascinating chapter on "Old Time People"—Monkeys—divided into "Feet" and "Theory." And the second section contains a vivid, if purely imaginary excursion into the possible periods of transition from apes male and female to ape-man and ape-woman. Here is part of Mr. Beebe's account of how it might have been. A little monkey, smaller and weaker than the rest, came down to the water to drink and seeing the monkey in the water, chattered and grimaced at him. Now all the monkeys had chattered and grimaced at the monkey in the water, and finally snatched at him, and as they touched the water, the water monkey would vanish and they would drink and forget him. But this time the little monkey stopped chattering and looked again. He put his little paw over his eyes and took it away. He forgot his thirst and remained very still for some time, his brows puckered. "But that night, when the little monkey, having long forgotten his abstraction, was curled into a slumbering ball high up among the dense foliage of a jungle-tree, the night wind carried with it,

along with the scent of the orchids and the call of the night-folk, the prophecy of the end of a great régime. The dominance of animals was tottering; a momentary flash of self-consciousness had taken place,—and the end of this realization was to be man."

Mr. Beebe's sympathy with the myriads of little folk he has watched, is intense and very communicable,—as in his description of the adorableness of the baby sloth. The sloth is a most remarkable inhabitant of the jungle, for he lives hanging up-side down from the trees and his inertia is astounding. You can fire a gun close to the ear of the sloth and arouse no tremor. But the young sloth is a most adorable ball of fuzzy fur, in its infantile trustfulness and helplessness. He will hook his small self on to one's clothing and clamber about for hours in among it in supreme contentment. Disentangle a small sloth from his mother and hook him on to a branch. He will reach about clumsily with his paw until he manages by accident, to grasp his own body or limb. Then, convinced that he is back safe with his mother, he will let go with all his other claws and tumble to the ground!

A great contrast to this superlative of negative natures, as Mr. Beebe defines the sloth, is the thrips—a name that, according to Mr. Beebe, should come "thrippingly" to the tongue if you are a lover of animals. A thrips may vary in size between a fifth and a third of an inch, but he has a most infectious joy of life. In the mid-day sun Mr. Beebe has seen countless numbers of these little bits of life, doing a frantic dervish dance for hours, looking like a whirling string of scarlet buttons. The thrips are unique in their *joie-de-vivre*; most insects of that age being uniformly occupied in eating and sleeping.

Mr. Beebe describes the three-fold charm of the scientist's labour as lying in its unexpectedness, its mystery, and the eternal march of its phenomena,—the unexpectedness and then the law behind the unexpectedness. In the heart of the mangrove tangle and the calm of the moonlit beach, he finds tales worthy to fill volumes of Carroll and Dunsany, scenes to equal Rackkon and Heath Robinson. To listen and watch, to marvel and to love, that seems to be the spirit of the scientist's vocation and it is perfectly communicated to the readers of this book.

M. J. B

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Some Appreciations

Sri Aurobindo Ghose in *Arya*—"Here perhaps are the beginnings of a supreme utterance of the Indian soul in the rhythms of the English tongue . . . The genius, power, newness of this poetry is evident . . . We may well hope to find in him a supreme singer of the vision of God in Nature and Life and the meeting of the divine and the human which must be at first the most vivifying and liberating part of India's message to a humanity that is now touched everywhere by a growing will for the spiritualising of the earth-existence."

Rabindranath Tagore—"I feel sure you have all the resources of a poet in lavish measure."

Æ—"People can learn to write quite excellent prose in a language not their own, but poetry is built on refinements in expression which are rarely learned by any except those who have heard the language spoken around their cradles. I am astonished that in spite of this you have attained such a power of expression. Your verse has beautiful things in it."

Alice Meynell—"It is exceedingly interesting to me to see such a meeting of Eastern and Western imagination as I think your poetry brings about."

Laurence Binyon—"Your verse will find its way because it is truly poetical—'The Fountain' is a beautiful poem and in 'Freedom,' 'The flowers wild root in the cold grey clod' is lovely. These are things that proclaim you a poet—I think your command of English is wonderful."

Yone Noguchi writes:—"DEAR POET,—I thank you for your welcome gift—those two books of your new poems are so delightful. Your youthfulness in poetry inspires me, and makes me live in a new world of fire and wisdom."

Padraic Colum—"Every poem in the book (*Perfume of Earth*) has given me great delight. 'The Marriage of the Rat' has vigorous imagination in it, and besides imagination it has a delightful humour. And the poem about 'the Peacock' pleased me so much that I now know it by heart. All the poems in the book are delightful and it is amazing to me that you, coming out of another tradition, have been able to get such spontaneous verse-forms in English."

Harold Child—"('The Magic Tree.') 'You do not need now to be told that your use of English is really remarkable and that you make of it a live language to which you can add something of your own which perhaps no Englishman born could contribute. The profound concepts of physical and spiritual life which the poems suggest or state so musically, simply and with such beautiful imagery . . . I cannot help saying that to me personally they appeal with very great sympathetic force. 'Dust and Star' especially is full of wisdom not easily come by outside poetry. (On *Perfume of Earth*)—"The poems gave me great pleasure—both the sweet pure music of them and the great thoughts which you express with such admirable simplicity and profound implication. Work like yours is specially refreshing and cheering at a time when very much English poetry is confined to a rather harsh and defiant materialism. I keep opening the book anew and always light on something beautiful and deep."

James H. Cousins—"This young Indian poet . . . shows the way at the beginning of this century out of the deep valleys of gloom and uncertainty into the sunlight and elevation of inner realisation of divinity."

B. Fowler Wright, Editor, "*Poetry*" (England) in his review of *Pundalik*, a Verse-Play, says:—"It is the work of a poet whose reputation is already established among those who can recognise good work before the time of popular acclamation."

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OUR FRONTISPIECE

THIS image represents the Buddhist Jambhala, the god of riches. We thank Mr. N. C. Mehta for the photograph and also for the descriptive note which appears as our first article.

IN spirituality lies then the ultimate, the only hope for the perfection whether of the individual or of the communal man ; not the spirit which for its separate satisfaction turns away from the earth and its works, but that greater spirit which accepts and fulfils them. A spirituality taking up into itself man's rationalism, æstheticism, ethicism, vitalism, corporeality, his aim of knowledge, his aim of beauty, his aim of love and perfection, his aim of power and fulness of life and being, revealing to them their divine sense and the conditions of their Godhead, reconciling them all to each other, illuminating to the vision of each the way which they now tread in half-lights and shadows, in blindness or with a deflected sight, is a goal which even man's self-sufficient reason can accept ; for it reveals itself surely in the end as the logical, inevitable development and consummation of all for which he is individually and socially striving. The evolution of the inchoate spirituality in mankind is the possibility to which an age of subjectivism is the first glimmer of awakening or towards which it at least shows the first profound potentiality of return. A deeper, wider, greater, more spiritualised subjective understanding of the individual and communal self and life and reliance on the spiritual light and the spiritual means for the solution of its problems are the only way to true social perfection. The free rule, that is to say, the predominant leading influence, guidance of the developed spiritual man—not the half-spiritualised or the raw religionist—is our hope for the divine guidance of humanity. A spiritualised society is our hope for communal happiness, or in words which, though liable to abuse by the reason and the passions, are still the most expressive we can find, a new kind of theocracy, the Kingdom of God upon earth, a theocracy which shall be the government of mankind by the divine in the hearts and minds of men.

SRI AUROBINDO GHOSE

(From the "Arya.")

JAMBHALA

*The Buddhist god of Riches**

BY N. C. MEHTA

Buddhism is the only species of Hinduism which considerably developed and enlarged its mythology and added a great deal to its crowded pantheon of gods and goddesses. The austere figure of Gautama himself became the starting point of five and later six elemental Dhyāni-Buddhas, who in their turn gave rise to numerous progeny, varying to some extent in kind, number and form according to the climes and countries of their migration. Jambhala is a deity of ancient lineage and is the name used in Buddhist iconography to designate the old Hindu god of wealth—Kubera. Later Buddhism added to the definition of his lineaments by associating him with a mongoose, which is generally shown either in his lap or on his left side. With the innate love of classification the Indians treated the god as an emanation of the Dhyāni-Buddha Ratna Sambhava † born of jewels, who was historically younger than his supposed off-shoot. Everything including the world of gods and goddesses must in India be properly defined, classified and suitably labelled ; and so Jambhala was given an appropriate parentage and incorporated in the Buddhist hierarchy of subordinate deities. The beautiful image illustrated here comes from the village Pabhosa in the Tahsil Manjhanpur of the Allahabad District and measures 2 feet 6 inches by 1 foot 8 inches by 6 inches. The god is seated on a substantial cushion in *lalitāsana*—the posture of ease, with the right foot resting on a pot of jewels. Besides the usual necklaces, bracelets and anklets he wears an elaborately decorated headgear, and a pair of earrings, each of which is of a different design. In the left hand is held a sleek mongoose looking up to its master, while in the right hand is held a flask—probably a receptacle for all the jewels and riches which the mongoose when pressed on the sides is said to emit. Why of all the animals the silly mongoose should have been chosen as the source of wealth—something in the form of the traditional hen laying golden eggs, is a mystery. Probably it was intended as a joke or a satire on the grossness of worldly gods ; for the Lord of Riches himself is by no means an attractive figure and is generally depicted as a self-satisfied individual with a ‘pendent’ belly,—the outward sign of a leisurely existence. The thick, somewhat sensual lips, and the prominent chin emphasize the worldly character of the deity, wearing an aureole in the shape of an expanded lotus. A

* I am indebted to Babu Prayag Dayal, Curator of the Lucknow Museum, for the beautiful image and the particulars about it. I believe it was he who discovered the image.

† See pages 113—115 of Bhattacharya's Indian Buddhist Iconography.

pair of divine spirits—Kubera is the Lord of the northern regions and also of all the non-descript gods and demi-gods, is noiselessly moving in the air above, while a male and a female attendant with money bags and a pot of jewels respectively are shown on either side of the seated figure of Jambhala.* The type represented here is more like the Javanese specimen shown in Plate No. 199, page 264 of Vincent Smith's *History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon*, wrongly described as Sarasvati, than any of the Indian figures hitherto published. The abstract notion of material prosperity is realistically treated by a clever combination of artistic treatment and general data of every-day life. While Kubera and its Buddhist namesake Jambhala have always remained in the category of minor divinities, the pot-bellied and elephant-headed Ganesha with the contemptible rat as his charge may be said to have attained the status of a major god in mediæval and modern India. The apotheosis of worldly goods retains his essential characteristics of rounded outlines and the expression of self-complacence and sensuality, whether the concrete form is the naturalistic Jambhala or the half-human, half-animal shape of Ganesha. Indian iconography is the synthesis of diverse cultures and different, at times conflicting ideas of peoples in varying stages of civilisation.

* See for an adequate iconographical account of Kubera, pages 139—141-A, Getty's *gods of Northern Buddhism*.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HINDU RELIGIOUS RITUAL

Lecture delivered before the India Society on June 24

BY SIR JOHN WOODROFFE

The word "religious" in the title of this lecture has been inserted in order to exclude magical ritual, with which I do not deal, though I have a word or two to say on the subject.

As regards the word "Hindu," it must be remembered that there is considerable variety of doctrine and ritual, for there are a number of communities of Indian worshippers. Though, perhaps, too much stress is generally laid on these differences, and sufficient notice is not taken of fundamental points of agreement yet there are differences, and if we are to be exact, we must not forget that fact. It is not, of course, possible, during the hour or so at my disposal, to treat of all these differences. I have, therefore, selected the ritual of one of these communities called *Shāktas*. These worshippers are so called because they worship the great Mother-Power or *Mahāshakti*. Their doctrine and practice is of importance, because, as an Italian author has recently observed, of its accentuation of Will and Power. He describes it as a magnificent ensemble of metaphysic magic, and devotion raised on grandiose foundations. And so, whether it be acceptable or not, I think it is. The title, therefore, is, in this matter, not exact. Some of what is here said is of common application and some is peculiar to the *Shāktas*.

Now as to the word "Ritual." Ritual is the Art both of Religion and Magic. Magic, however, is more completely identified with ritual than is religion ; for magic is ritual, using the latter term to include both mental and bodily activity ; whereas religion, in the wide sense of *Dharma*, is not merely ritual-worship, but covers morality also. And so, it is finely said : "The doing of good to others is the highest *Dharma*." In this sense of the term *Dharma*, we are not concerned with ritual. Ritual has been the subject of agelong dispute. Whilst there are some who favour it, others are fanatically opposed to it. In this matter, India, as usual, shows her great reconciling wisdom. She holds (I speak of those who follow the old ways) that ritual is a necessity for the mass of men. To this extent she adopts what I may call the "Catholic" attitude. She makes, however, concession on the other hand to the "Protestant" view, in holding that, as a man becomes more and more spiritual, he is less and less dependent on externals, and therefore on ritual, which may be practically dispensed with in the case of the highest.

Then as to the word "Psychology." In order to understand the ritual, one must know the psychology of the people whose it is ; and in order to know and to understand their psychology, we must know their metaphysic. There are some who claim to dispense with metaphysic, but the Indian people have been, throughout their history, pre-eminently thinkers. The three greatest metaphysical peoples have been, in the past, the Greeks and the Indians, both Brahmanist and Buddhist, and, in modern times, the Germans. The Greek, Sanskrit, and German languages are pre-eminently fitted for metaphysical use. We must then deal with metaphysic when treating of Hindu ritual. I do not propose, however, here to enter upon the subject more than is absolutely necessary to understand the matter in hand.

Now when we look around us, we see everywhere Power, or *Shakti*. The world is called *Jagat*, which means "the moving thing," because, anticipating modern doctrine, the Ancient Hindus held that everything was in a state of ceaseless activity, which was not the Brahman in Itself (*Svarūpa*). Such movement is either due to the inherent power of mind and matter, or to a cause which, though immanent in the universe, yet is not wholly manifested by, but transcends it. This latter alternative represents the Indian view. Power (*Shakti*) cannotes a Power-holder (*Shaktimān*). Power as universe is called *Sangsāra*. The state of power, as it is in itself, that is, the state of Power-holder, is (to use one of the better-known terms, though there are others) *Nirvāna*.

What, then, is the nature of experience in the *Sangsāra* ? The latter is the world of form, and *Dharma* is the Law of Form. Form necessarily implies duality and limitation. Therefore experience in *Sangsāra* is an experience of form by form. It is limited, dualistic experience. It is limited or *Apūrṇa* (not the whole or complete), relative to the state of *Nirvāna*, which is the whole (*Pūrṇa*) or complete or Perfect Experience. Therefore, whilst the latter is a state of all-knowingness and all-mightiness, man is a contraction (*Sangkoṣa*), and is a "little-knower" and "little-doer." The Power-holder is called *Shiva-shakti*—that is, the supreme *Shiva-shakti*, for the universe, being but the manifestation of the transcendent *Shiva-shakti*, is also itself *Shiva-Shakti*. The names *Siva* and *Shakti* are the twin aspects of one and the same Reality. *Shiva* denotes the masculine unchanging aspect of Divinity, while *Shakti* denotes its changing feminine aspect. These two are *Hangsah*, *Hang* being *Shiva* and male, and *Sah* being *Shakti* and female. It is this *Hangsah*, or legendary "Bird," which is said, in the poem called "Wave of Bliss," "to swim in the waters of the mind of the great." The unmanifest *Shiva-shakti* aspect is unknown, except in the *Samādhi* or ecstasy of Yoga. But the *Shakti* aspect, as manifested in the universe, is near to the *Shākta* worshipper. He can see Her and touch Her, for it is She who appears as the

universe, and so it is said : " What care I for the Father, if I but be on the lap of the Mother ? " This is the Great Mother, the *Magna Mater* of the Mediterranean civilization, and the *Mahadevi* of India—that August Image whose vast body is the universe, whose breasts are Sun and Moon. It was to Her that the " mad " wine-drinking *Sadhu* Bhāma referred, when he said to a man I knew who had lost his mother : " Earthly mothers and those who suck their breasts are mortal ; but deathless are those who have fed at the breast of the Mother of the Universe." It is She who personalizes in the form of all the beings in the universe ; and it is She again who, as the essence of such personalizing, is the Supreme Personality (*Parāhantā*), who in manifestation is " God in Action." Why, it may be asked, is God thought of as Mother ? This question may be countered by another—" Why is God called Father ? " God is sexless. Divinity is spoken of as Mother because It " conceives, bears, gives birth to, and nourishes the Universe." In generation man is said to be a helper only. The learned may call this mother-notion " infantilism " and " anthropomorphism." But the *Shākta* will not be afraid, and will reply that it is not he who has arbitrarily invented this image of the Mother, but that is the form in which She has herself presented Herself to his mind. The great *Shākta* poet, Rāmaprasāda, says : " By feeling (*Bhāva*) is She known. How then can *Abhāva* (that is, lack of feeling) find her ? " In any case he may recall the lines of the Indian poet : " If I understand, and you understand, O my mind, what matters it whether any other understand or not ? "

Viewing the matter more drily and metaphysically, we have then to deal with two states. Firstly, the limited experience of *Saṅsāra* the *Becoming*, and the Perfect Experience or transcendent *Being*, which is *Nirvāna*. This last state is not for the *Shākta* mere abstract Being. This is a fiction of the ratiocinating intellect. It is a massive, rich, and concrete experience, a state which—being powerful to produce from out itself the Universe—must therefore hold the seed or essence of it within itself. It is a mistake on this view to suppose that those who attain to it will lose anything of worth by so doing.

The first point which is therefore established is that there are these two states. Both are so established by experience—the first by the ordinary experience man has of this world, and the second by spiritual experience. For the Hindu holds that the Supreme State is proved not by speculation or argument (which may yet render its support), but by actual spiritual experience.

The second point to remember is that *these two states are one*. We must not think of " creation " in its Christian sense, in which there is an infinite break between man and God, and therefore man cannot become God. Man, in this system of *Vedānta*, is, though a contraction of Power, nevertheless in essence the self-same Power which is God. There is unity (*Abheda*) as Essence, and difference

merely used in contradistinction to the word "subtle." Thus a worshipper who is doing his *Sādhana* before an exterior image is performing gross worship, whereas he who worships a mentally conceived image is doing subtle worship. A man who offers real flowers is doing a part of gross worship. Subtle worship in such a case would be the offering of flowers of the mind.

I will now shortly examine the Vedantic theory of Mind, which must be known if the ritual is to be understood. There is no Mind without Matter or Matter without Mind, except in dreamless sleep, when the latter is wholly withdrawn. The Mind has always an object. In a literal sense there is no vacuous mind. It is not aware, of course, of all objects, but only of those to which it pays attention. Nextly, Mind is not Consciousness (Chit) which is immaterial. Mind, on the contrary, is a quasi-material principle of Unconsciousness, which, on one view, appears to be conscious by reason of the association of Consciousness with it. According to the *Shākta Shāstra* view, Mind is an unconscious quasi-material force, being the power of Consciousness to limit itself, and to the extent of such limitation to appear as unconscious. How then does Mind operate? A Mind-Ray goes forth to the object, which in its turn *shapes* the mental substance into the form of the object. Thus, when a man thinks of an image of Divinity intently and without distraction, his mental substance takes the form of the image. The object which is perceived leaves an impress on the mind, and this impress, if repeated, sets up a tendency or *Saṅskāra*. Thus a man who repeatedly thinks good thoughts has a tendency towards the thinking of such thoughts, and by continued good thought character is moulded and transformed. As the Chhandogya Upanishad says: "As a man thinks that he becomes." Similarly, the Gandharva Tantra says: "By meditating on anything as the self, one becomes that thing." A man can thus shape his mind for good or bad.

The mind affects the body. As it is said in the West, the "soul is form and doth the body make." Every thought has a corresponding change in the material substance of the brain.

Well, then, as the mind must have an object which again shapes the mind, the ritual selects a good object, namely, the Divinity of worship with all good attributes.

The *Sādhaka* meditates on and worships that. Continued thought, repetition, the engagement of the body in the mental action co-operate to produce a lasting and good tendency in the mental substance. Sincere and continued effort effects the transformation of the worshipper into a likeness with the Divinity worshipped. For as he who is always thinking bad thoughts becomes bad, so he who thinks divine thoughts becomes himself divine. The transformation which

is commenced in *Sādhana* is completed in *Yoga*, when the difference between worshipper and worshipped ceases in that unitary consciousness which is ecstasy or *Samādhi*, or transcendent perfect experience.

Let us now examine some illustrations of the psychological principles stated.

Divinity as it is in Itself cannot (as an Indian writer has said) be seized by the mind any more than air can be grasped by a pair of tongs. It is necessary, therefore, to have something placed *before* one as a *representative* of something else, which is what the Sanskrit terms, *Pratika*, *Pratimā*, for the object worshipped, mean. This may be an external object or a mental one. As regards the former, there are varying degrees of grossness and subtlety. The grossest is that in which there is no call upon imagination that is, the Image of three dimensions. Less so is the painting on the flat; then comes the emblem, which may be quite unlike the *Devatā* or Divinity, of which it is an emblem, such as the *Shālāgrāma* stone in the worship of Vishnu, and, lastly, the *Yantra*, which is the diagrammatic body of a *Mantra*.

Worship is outer—that is, an outer object with physical acts, such as bodily prostrations, offering of real flowers, and so on: or it may be partly or wholly mental, as in the latter case, where both the form of the Divinity is imagined (according to the meditational form or *Dhyāna* given in the Scriptures) as also the offerings.

The forms of worship vary according to the capacity of the worshipper. In the simplest form the worshipper draws upon the daily life and treats the Divinity whom he invokes as he would a guest, welcoming It after its journey, offering water for the dusty feet and the mouth, presenting It with flowers, lights, clothes, and so on. These ingredients of worship are called *Upāchārā*. In the psychophysiological rites of some *Shāktas*, the abuse of which has brought them ill-fame, the *Upāchārā* are the functions of the body. In image-worship the mind is shaped into the form of the object perceived. But the perception of a material image is not enough. The worshipper must see Divinity before him. This he invokes into the image by what is called the welcoming (*Avahana*) and Life-giving (*Prāṇapratiṣṭhā*) ceremonies, just as at the conclusion of the worship he bids the Deity depart (*Viśarjana*). Uncomprehending minds have asked: "How can God be made to come and go?" The answer is that He does not. What come and go are the modifications, or *vr̥ttis*, of and in the mind of the *Sādhaka* or worshipper. To invoke the Deity means, then, a direction not to Deity, but by the worshipper to himself to understand that the Deity is there. Deity which is omnipresent is in the Image as elsewhere, whatever the *Sādhaka* may do or not do

The *Sādhaka* informs his own mind with the notion that the Deity is present. He is then conscious of the presence of and meditates on Divinity and its attributes, and, if he be undistracted, his mind and its thought are thereby divinely shaped. Before the Divinity so present, both objectively and to the mind of the *Sādhaka*, worship is done. It is clear that the more this worship is sincerely continued, the greater both in degree and persistence is the transformation effected. The body is made to take its part either by appropriate gestures, called *Mudrā*, or other acts such as prostrations, offerings, libations, and so forth. By constant worship the mind and disposition become good, for good thoughts repeated make a man good. Ritual produces by degrees transformation, at first temporary, later lasting. "Bidding the Divinity depart" means that the mind of the *Sādhaka* has ceased to worship the Image. It is not that the Deity is made to retire at the behest of his worshipper. A true *Sādhaka* has divinity ever in his thoughts, whether he is doing formal worship or not. "Invitation" and "Bidding Depart" are done for the purposes of the worship of the Image only. Personally, I doubt whether idolatry exists anywhere in the sense that a worshipper believes a material image as such to be God. But, in any case, Indian image-worship requires for its understanding and practice some knowledge of *Vedānta*.

Transformation of consciousness-feeling by ritual may be illustrated by a short examination of some other of its forms.

Gesture of the hands, or *Mudrā*, is a common part of the ritual. There is necessarily movement of the hands and body in any worship which requires external action, but I here speak of the specially designed gestures. For instance, I am now making the Fish gesture, or *Matsya Mudrā*. The hands represent a fish and its fins. The making of this gesture indicates that the worshipper is offering not only the small quantity of water which is contained in the ritual vessel, but that (such is his devotion) his intention is to give to the Deity all the oceans with the fish and other marine animals therein. The *Sādhaka* might, of course, form this intention without gesture, but experience shows that gesture emphasizes and intensifies thought, as in the case of public speaking. The body is made to move with the thought. I refer hereto ritual gestures. The term *Mudrā* is also employed to denote bodily postures assumed in *Hathayoga* as a health-giving gymnastic.

Asana, or seat, has more importance in *Yoga* than in *Sādhana*. The principle as regards *Asana* is to secure a comfortable seat, because that is favourable to meditation and worship generally. If one is not comfortable there is distraction and worry. Both *Mudrā* and *Asana* are therefore ancillary to worship as *Pūjā*, the principle of which has been described.

Japa is recital of *Mantra*, the count being done either on a rosary or the phalanges of the fingers. What is a *Mantra*? A *Mantra* is Divinity. It is Divine Power, or *Daivi Shakti*, manifesting in a sound body. The *Shāstra* says that those go to Hell who think that an image is a mere stone, that *Mantras* are merely letters, and that a *Guru* is a mere man, and not a manifestation of and representative of the Lord as Supreme Teacher, Illuminator, and Director. The chief *Mantra* is *Om*. This represents to human ears the sound of the first general movement of Divine Power towards the manifestation of the Universe. All other *Mantras* are particular movements and sounds (for the two co-exist) derived from *Om*. Here the *Sādhaka* strives to realize his unity with the *Mantra*, or Divinity and to the extent that he does so the *Mantra* Power (*Mantra-Shakti*) supplements his worship-power (*Sādhana Shakti*). This rite is also an illustration of the principle that repetition makes perfect, for the repetition is done (it may be) thousands of times.

Japa is of three kinds—gross, subtle, supreme. In the first the *Mantra* is audibly repeated, the objective body aspect or sound predominating; in the second there is no audible sound, the lips and other organs forming themselves into the position which, together with contact with the air, produce the sound of the letters; in the third the *Japa* is mental—that is, there is emphasis on the Divine, or subjective, aspect. This is a means for the ritual realization—that is, by mind—of the unity of human power and Divine Power.

Nyāsa is an important rite. The word means “placing”—that is, of the hands of the *Sādhaka* on different parts of his body, at the same time saying the appropriate *Mantras*, and imagining that by his action the corresponding parts of the body of the Deity are placed there. The rite terminates with a movement of the hands, “spreading” the Divinity all over the body. It is not supposed that the Divinity can be spread like butter on bread. The Supreme Mother-Power is the Brahman, or All-Pervading Immense. What is all-spreading cannot be moved or spread. What can, however, be “spread” is the thought of the worshipper, who, with appropriate bodily gesture, imagines that the Deity pervades his body, which is renewed and divinized. By imagining the body of the Deity to be his body he purifies himself and affirms his unity with the *Devatā*.

An essential element in all rites is *Bhūtaśuddhi*, which means the purification of the elements of which the body is composed. Man is physical and psychical. The physical body is constituted of five modes of motion of material substance, which have each, it is said, centres in the spinal column, at points which in the body correspond to the position of various plexuses. These centres extend from the base of the spine to the throat. Between the eyebrows is the

sixth or psychical centre, or mind. At the top of the brain, or cerebrum, is the place of consciousness ; not that Consciousness in itself—that is, as distinct from Mind—can have a centre or be localized in any way ; for it is immaterial and all-pervading. But at this point it is the least veiled by mind and matter, and is, therefore, most manifest. This place is the abode of transcendent *Shiva-Shakti* as Power-holder. In the lowest centre (*Mūlādhāra*), which is at the base of the spine, there sleeps the Immanent Cosmic Power in bodies called *Kundalini Shakti*. Here She is ordinarily at rest. She is so so long as man enjoys limited world-experience. She is then roused. "*Jāgrahi Janani*" ("Arise, O Mother!"), calls out the *Sādhaka* poet, Rāmaprasāda. "How long wilt thou sleep in the *Mūlādhāra*?" When so roused, She is led up through the spinal column, absorbing all the physical and psychical centres, and unites with *Shiva* as consciousness in the cerebrum, which is known as the "thousand-petalled lotus." The body is then drenched with and renewed by the nectar which is the result of their union and is immortal life. This is the ecstasy which is the marriage of the Inner Divine Man and Woman. Metaphysically speaking for the duration of such union there is a substitution of the Supreme Experience for World-Experience.

This is a real process in *Yoga*. But in ritual (for all are not *Yogis*) it is imagined only. In imagination the man of sin (*Pāpapurusha*) is burnt in mental fire, *Kundalini* absorbs the centres, unites with *Shiva*, and then, redescending, recreates the centres, bathing them in nectar. By the mental representation of this process the mind and body are purified, and the former is made to realize the unity of man and the Supreme Power, whose limited form he is, and the manner whereby the Universe is involved into and evolved from *Shiva-shakti*.

All these, and other rituals which I have no time to mention, keep the mind of the *Sādhaka* occupied with the thought of the Supreme Power and of his essential unity with It, with the result that he becomes more and more that which he thinks upon. His *Bhāva*, or disposition, becomes purified and divinized so far as that can be in the world. At length practice makes perfect in *Sāadhanā*, and on the arising in the so purified and illuminated mind of knowledge and detachment from the world there is competency for *Yoga*. When in turn practice in *Yoga* makes perfect, all limitations in experience are shed and *Nirvāna* is attained.

Ordinarily it is said that enjoyment (*Bhoga*) only enchains and *Yoga* only liberates. Enjoyment (*Bhoga*) does not only mean that which is bad (*Adharma*). Bad enjoyment certainly enchains and also leads to Hell. Good—that is, lawful—enjoyment also enchains, even though Heaven is its fruit.

Moreover, *Bhoga* means both enjoyment and suffering. But according to the Bengal *Shākta* worshippers, Enjoyment (which must necessarily be lawful) and *Yoga* may be one. According to this method (see Masson-Oursel, "Esquisse d'une Histoire de la Philosophie Indienne") the body is not of necessity an obstacle to liberation. For there is no antimony, except such as we ourselves fancy, between Nature and Spirit, and therefore there is nothing wrong or low in natural function. Nature is the instrument for the realization of the aims of the Spirit. *Yoga* controls, but does not frustrate enjoyment, which may be itself *Yoga* in so far as it pacifies the mind and makes man one with his inner self. The spontaneity of life is under no suspicion. Supreme power is imminent in body and mind, and these are also forms of its expression. And so in the psychophysiological rites of these *Shāktas*, to which I have referred, the body and its functions are sought to be made a means of, as they may otherwise be an obstacle to, liberation. The *Virā*, or heroic man, is powerful for mastery on all the plains and to pass beyond them. He does not shun the world from fear of it, but holds it in his grasp and learns its secret. He can do so because the world does not exist in isolation from some transcendent Divinity exterior to Nature, but is itself the Divine Power inseparable from the Divine Essence. He knows that he is himself as body and mind such power, and as Spirit or Self such essence. When he has learned this he escapes both from the servile subjection to circumstance and the ignorant driftings of a humanity which has not yet realized itself. Most are still not men but candidates for Humanity. But he is the illumined master of himself whether he is developing all his powers in this world, or liberating himself therefrom at his will.

I conclude by citing a verse from a Hymn in the great "Mahākāla Samhitā," by a *Sādhaka* who had surpassed the stage of formal external ritual, and was of a highly advanced devotional type. I first read the verse and then give a commentary thereon which is my own.

"I torture not my body by austerity."

(For the body is the Divine Mother. Why then torture it? The Hymnist is speaking of those who, like himself, have realized that the body is a manifestation of the Divine Essence. He does not say that no one is to practise austerities. These may be necessary for those who have not realized that the body is divine, and who, on the contrary, look upon it as a material obstacle which must be strictly controlled. It is a common mistake of Western critics to take that which is meant for the particular case as applying to all.)

"I make no pilgrimages."

(For the sacred places in their esoteric sense are in the body of the worshipper. Why should he who knows this travel? Those, however, who do

not know this may profitably travel to the exterior sacred places, such as Benares, Puri, Brindabun.)

"I waste not my time in reading the *Vedas*."

(This does not mean that no one is to read the *Vedas*. He has already done so, but the *Kulārṇava Tantra* says: "Extract the essence of the Scriptures and then cast away the rest as chaff is separated from the grain." When the essence has been extracted what need is there of further reading and study? Moreover the *Veda* recalls the spiritual experiences of others. What each man wants is that experience for himself, and this is not to be had by reading and speculation, but by practice, as worship or *Yoga*.)

But, says the author of the Hymn, addressing the Divine Mother :

"I take refuge at thy Sacred Feet."

(For this is both the highest *Sādhana* and the fruit of it.)

In conclusion, I will say a word upon the *Tantra Shāstra* to which I have referred. The four chief Scriptures of the Hindus are *Veda*, *Smṛiti*, *Purāna*, and *Āgama*. There are four Ages, and to each of these Ages is assigned its own peculiar Scripture. For the present Age the governing Scripture is the *Āgama*. The *Āgama*, or "traditions," is made up of several schools, such as *Vaiṣṇava*, *Śaiva*, and *Śākta*. It is a mistake to suppose that *Āgama* is a name given only to the Southern Scriptures, and that *Tantra* is the name of the Scriptures of the Bengal School of *Śāktas*. The Scripture of all these communities is the *Āgama*, and the *Āgama*, is constituted of Scriptures called *Tantras* and other names. To these *Tantras* titles are given just as they are given to chapters in a book, such as the *Lakṣmī Tantra* of the *Vaiṣṇava Pancharātra*, *Mālinīvijaya Tantra* of the Kashmir *Śaiva Āgama*, and the *Kulārṇava Tantra* of the Bengal *Śākta Āgama*. These four Scriptures do not supersede or contradict one another, but are said to be various expressions of the one truth presented in diverse forms, suited to the inhabitants of the different Ages. As a Pandit very learned in the *Āgama* told me, all the Scriptures constitute one great "Many-millioned Collection" (*Shatakoti Samhita*). Only portions of the Vaidik Ritual have survived to-day. The bulk of the ritual which to-day governs all the old schools of Hindu worshippers is to be found in the *Āgamas* and their *Tantras*. And in this lies one reason for their importance.

SIR JOHN WOODROFFE

METAMORPHOSIS

If those shape-changings yet are made
That Ovid sang in days gone by,
Take me, and in a flowery glade
Turn me into a butterfly.
There let me all the sunny days,
A shuttle flickering right and left,
Through the hued warp that Eros lays
Weave the white thread of Psyche's weft.

Let beauty still with beauty wed,
While I, the priest that bless the rite,
Shepherd through seasons far ahead
The generations of delight.
Though from their joy I move apart,
Our dreams shall fill with ancient things ;
I find their honey in my heart,
And they my troubling touch of wings.

JAMES H. COUSINS

SANTINIKETAN,
12th July, 1926

THE TWO STRAINS

BY "SCRAPS"

It was a strange conversation,—strange, that is, because it seemed to be so utterly out of keeping with its surroundings. In the business quarters of a busy Indian city, in the offices of a well-known Indian criminal lawyer, sat the man himself talking to his son who had come back, six months before, from England. And he was announcing to his son his final decision, after thirty years of a famous practice, to leave his home, to leave the city, and his friends and the reputation he had built up, for the yellow robes of a Sanyasi and a little shrine in the hills.

It was his private room in the office, with a very business-like atmosphere and very Western furnishings; a reprint of a book illustration from Don Quixote hung on the walls along with one or two modern etchings. And that perhaps was why the conversation seemed so strange. For an hour now they had argued, or rather the son had, and with a man he hardly recognized. For the keenness had left his eyes,—light brown eyes that had always been remarkable for the piercing quality of their glance,—and it made a tremendous difference to his face. He seemed to see nothing of the things around him, and his son found it almost hopeless to try to reach him, as he repeated wearily for the twentieth time—"But do you know what you want—do you know it? What do you think you will get from it?" And the answer came in slow level tones; "I know what I do not want, this everlasting human tangle, this pettiness, ugliness." "I simply can't understand you," the young man burst out; "if only I could understand! It might be all very well for the mystic,—but you!" "What do you mean by a mystic?"—The question came with a touch of the old swiftness; "you can't put people into compartments like that;" then his voice regained its level composure; "you are young and have only just returned from England; but you will understand some day; it's in our blood." "Where?" came the impatient exclamation, "grandfather was a surgeon, fairly hard-headed by your own account. Where does the strain come in?" "It was in him, part of him, all the time, in operation theatre and research laboratory; and your great-grandfather went away, left everything." "But why, why, why?" repeated the younger man hopelessly; "what is the matter with this? What's wrong?" "Nothing is the matter," he answered with a half-smile playing about his lips; "it doesn't matter, that's all." Stung by the remoteness of one who had always been so near the young man spoke angrily, "renunciation, asceticism, all that was antiquated by now, I thought;—for us, at least." He smiled again; "you do not understand what you are talking

about. And Sanyas is not renunciation, not necessarily ; it is a state of mind,—detachment.” “It sounds cold, remote,” then, lowering his voice, “as you seem, now.” But at this the smile became tender,—“Oh no, detachment and sympathy can go together.” “How? for any sake, tell me,” the young man broke out. “I am sorry, but there is no formula for it,—it takes time and experience to attain.” He flushed,—he was young ; but after all one is not the son of a famous criminal lawyer for nothing, and the next question was more searching. “If it’s a state of mind, why must you go away—unless you are only going temporarily. And particularly why must you go to the hills? For I notice it is not any shrine that will do for you. It is the hills that you want and wanting, surely, is not detachment.” For the first time his lips became a shade unsteady, he frowned. “Are the two things absolutely different? Would not the hills help one in finding detachment? Yes, perhaps, partly it is the hills that call me. We have hill-blood in our veins, you know.” “Two strains, father,—that makes the whole thing much more complex. And there’s a third, too,—what you have lived by for the past thirty years,—interest in human problems. Are you sure which strain will win in the end? Have you thought?” Perhaps he wasn’t sure. The frown deepened ;—but at last the lips steadied again and the perplexity cleared from his eyes. “I don’t think, this time ;—I feel—” his voice died away. “What do you feel?” Asked his son with slight exasperation. “I feel that I am going home at last.” And so they left it at that.

He had been making his preparations for a long time, and it was only a few days later that he was ready to depart. They were in his room, the evening before he was to go. A case had come up that day,—murder, a man and a woman involved ; it would go up to the next Sessions. And the son was full of it. “It is a strange case, interesting,—it needs handling,” he said ; his eyes were keen, his face lit up ;—“would you care to hear about it?” He did not, really ; he had heard so many. He knew this keenness in his son’s face,—the surgeon’s interest, the scientist’s interest,—he had felt it so often ; getting at the facts, cutting through to them, digging for them, behind fear and dirt and lies and passion.—But no more of that soon. His son, watching, wondered if it was worthwhile going on with his story. This strange, detached figure in the yellow robes, with its unseeing eyes, its unchanging expression, was not his father ; he missed the searching comments, the sudden flashes of insight ; was he listening at all? He went on, putting the thing into words for his own sake. “With the Court vacation coming on, we shall have plenty of time,” he ended up, “perhaps—perhaps you may come back to see it through.” But the figure in the yellow robes heard nothing ; he did not seem to have listened at all.

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A month had passed. It was a little broken-down stone shrine in the Ghauts to which he had made his way. He had seen it, on a walking tour fifteen years ago ; had forgotten it, and then remembered. He had had no fear of not finding it. Though fifteen years had passed, he had been quite sure that it would be there and that it would be unoccupied. And in fact the people in the village at the foot of the hill had told him that the shrine had been occupied by a holy man for the last eight years, and that he had left it and gone on only a fortnight before. The mountains stretched around him in black tremendous slopes. The kites called down the wind about him ; flocks of swifts swept past him : and at night, hundreds of them nested in the holes in the rock above till it seemed alive with birds. Every other day, some one from the village would climb the four miles to the shrine, men, women with little babies on their backs, young girls, sometimes to bring him food, sometimes only to look at him and go away. The monkeys came and chattered round him. The wind rose and raged and tore down the hill-side. At times, on a very still night, or at noon, sounds floated up to him from the little village at the foot of the hill. But consciously it seemed to him that he saw and heard nothing. The mists gathered and scattered ; sunrises and sunsets, wonderful morning and evening lights came and went, and he hardly knew it. Only the burden of things seemed passing from him, and the veil that is reality was lifting.

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The rains were coming. He had lost count of the days, but before he could feel the wet in the air, the other things felt it. On the bare black hill-side, scorched by sun and wind, the rosy wild-arrowroot was springing. Little white lilies were coming up in the crevices of the rock. The wild duck had come with its mate to the lake on the hill-side. All about him, the little wild things, the mongooses and the squirrels, were scurrying faster than ever, busy with preparations. And things came back to him,—queer unexpected things, strange things to come back to a man who has found peace among the hills. For the case *must* have come on,—would they know how to handle it?—The woman's dead-white face, the story,—he had thought he had not listened to it at the time ; yet he could remember every detail now ; he could fill up the gaps ; the human tangle,—his mind had been trained to it,—was there any interest quite like that ? He struggled against the waves of consciousness that were sweeping back over him. But he found himself listening now for those still nights and noons when he could hear faint echoes of the bustle of the village below. He had no thought of going back,—no thought at all ; until one morning in the early dawn there floated up to him the tinkle of the bells of long lines of bullock-carts going past the village,—and suddenly he arose and started to go back.

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It was a month later. He was back in his old room at the office. He could hear the sound of the typewriters all around him, the click of the electric fan overhead ;—familiar surroundings, busy, business-like, after the strange sounds and stranger silences of the hills. For an instant, he looked up from his papers, and away. His son, entering at the moment, saw the look in his eyes and came to him anxiously. He caught the glance, and understood the anxiety. "I feel," he said, and stopped,—smiled with the corners of his eyes wrinkling the way his son loved,—“I feel I am *back* home.” But even as he spoke, the sound of the trams and cars outside his window ceased, the whirr of the typewriters stopped,—he saw the hills and the scurrying mongoose,—he heard the voice of the stream and the call of the kite ; it called—for two seconds—and then passed.

“SCRAPS”

TWO HERALDS IN JAPANESE LITERATURE

Ariwara No Narihira and Ki No Tsurayuki

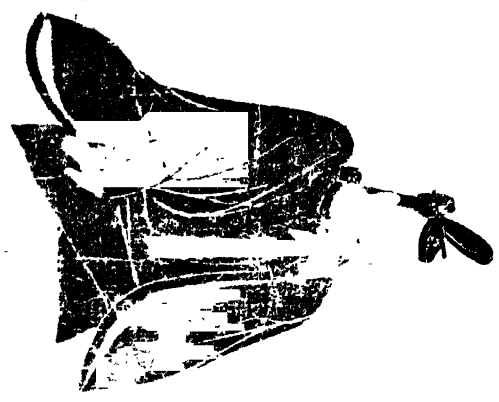
BY W. G. BLAICKIE MURDOCH

The history of the fine arts is eminently a history of individualities. As with those who paint pictures, or composed music, so also with the men or women who write, there is in general a readiness to work merely in the way, current with their generation. Uncommon indeed are those who, dowered with strength of personality, tread forward on a new path. Nevertheless, in all works which are truly great, winning an enduring place, there are constituents, which are precisely the antithesis of novelty. For remember, certain elements pertain and have pertained, to the people of all times and climes, fundamental as those elements are in human nature. And if, in appraising an artist, whatever his medium, it is of profound importance to look for the new or individual, it is of no less importance to scan his work, for the utterance of those emotions which are familiar to every generation.

The literary activities of Japan date from the 8th century A.D. Notable histories in prose were written at the outset of that cycle, and presently there was abundant composing of verse. There is no rhyme in Japanese literature, and a poem is simply a piece of writing in a prescribed arrangement of accents. In the seven-hundreds, wide vogue was acquired by the *tanka* a formula in which there are five lines, the first and third containing five syllables, and each of the others, seven. The *tanka* was in Japan then, and through long ages subsequently, what the sonnet has been in the Occident. In 794, Kyoto was chosen as capital, and during say 300 years thereafter, a phenomenal refinement obtained, with the people about the imperial court. At this era, the Mikado's palace was the recognised centre of literature, and of scholarship. But along with their love of the fine arts, the courtier class were markedly loose in morals. And it was into this artistic yet depraved noble caste, that both Narihira and Tsurayuki were born. Each of them wrote alike prose and verse, and either man in his poetry, confined himself always or seemingly always to the *tanka*.

The family of Ariwara were descended from the Emperor Heijō, who ruled from 806 to 809. It was in 825 there occurred the birth of Ariwara No Narihira, who joined the Imperial Lifeguards, a regiment recruited from the aristocracy. He rose to high rank, and his duties as a Guardsman officer entailed

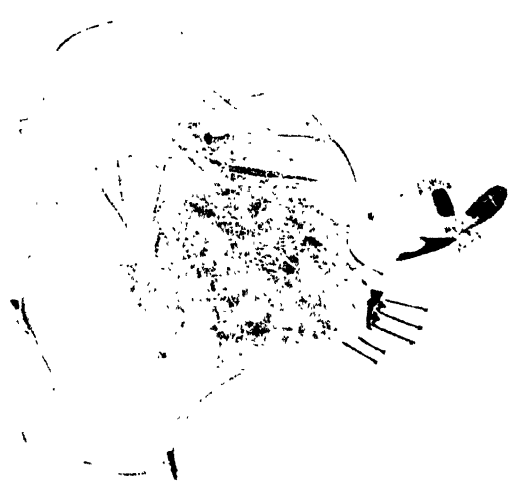
紅梅
 一枝
 春風
 吹綠
 柳絲
 燕子
 剪輕
 盈



ARIMURA NO NAOHIME

[Portrait in the Museum of fine Arts, Boston, Massachusetts, United States of America]

紅梅
 一枝
 春風
 吹綠
 柳絲
 燕子
 剪輕
 盈



KI NO TSURATSUNE

[Portrait in the Museum of fine Arts, Boston, Massachusetts, United States of America]

his living generally if not exclusively in Kyoto. He had a close friend in Prince Korētaka, a son of the Mikado Montoku, the former winning distinction as a poet, and eventually becoming a Buddhist priest. While there do not appear to be extant, any pictures by Narihira, tradition maintains that his high celebrity at court was gained by his skill with the brush, in addition to his literary talents. There is heard yet, across the sea of ages, the tale that his love-affairs were particularly numerous, and that they were always of a specially romantic kind. He died in 880, and it was in 883 that Ki No Tsurayuki was born. Several of his relations enjoyed repute as scholars; two of his kinsmen were outstanding members of the Civil Service of the Government; and Tsurayuki entered that same department. He was appointed in 930, Governor of the province, Tosa, in Shikoku Island, which lies in the south of the Japanese archipelago. He held this office for five years, the rest of his life being spent chiefly at Kyoto. He acquired renown with the court circle, not through his own writings purely, but also by his scholarship, and he died in 946. At this date, though printing had already been essayed in Japan, it was not yet customary to print books. And the things by Tsurayuki, like those by Narihira, were circulated in the era of those men, simply in manuscript.

The literature of the Sunrise Land embodies quite a large number of fine items, in the autobiographic form. It may be, that Narihira was not the first Japanese to keep a diary. But he was the first whose diary survives, which statement calls sharply for a reservation, however. The herald among Japanese novels is *Isē Monogatari*, or Tales of Isē Province, the scenes of this book being laid in the 9th century. It is sometimes held that it was written by the Mikado Kwazan, who reigned from 985 to 986; and it is sometimes contended, that he drew his material from a diary by Narihira, which has since vanished. People just after the Guardsman officer's day, it may readily be assumed, would have been careful to preserve any autobiographic writing which had been left by a person of his fame. It is easy to conceive, even such a precious document as this perishing, in the long civil-wars subsequent to Kwazan's time, for Kyoto underwent terrible sacking in the hostilities. And, as will transpire in a moment, the temper of *Isē Monogatari* conduces to strengthen the contention, that the novel is virtually Narihira's personal memoirs.

They are the escapades, a hundred and twenty-five in number, of a Japanese Don Juan, which are recounted in the Tales of Isē. There is a part in which he abducts a lady, who is of so high a rank that she later becomes Empress. There he is in contrast a part, in which his attentions are engaged by a fisherman's daughter. There is not lacking a passage, in which the son is visited by one of his cast-off loves, who brings her child with her. Nor is there lacking a passage, in

which an old sweetheart of his contemplates suicide. And there duly occurs a chapter, in which the amorist promises a young lady, that he is done for ever with intrigues. How thoroughly modern all this sounds, how like some novel of yesterday or to-day, and memorable pages in the *Monogatari* are those, in which the son, lingering at a place "where rises bloomed in a charming manner," has a little afterwards a specially fine view of Mt. Fuji. Beyond question, the Japanese as a nation, have a singularly keen fondness for the beauties of nature. And these pages, in the Tales of Isé, are apparently the earliest thing in the literature of Japan, in which that fondness is set forth in prose.

In 905 Tsurayuki, at the request of the Mikado Daigo, began to compile an anthology, *Kokinshu*, or the garner of Old and New Poems. The pieces in it are arranged, according to their subjects; there is a great number of those *tanka*, whereby Narihira had won his distinction in his lifetime. Things by him figure under the headings, spring and summer and autumn; inevitably, things by him figure too, under the headings, Parting and Love. In *Isé Monogatari*, the text is spangled with *tanka*, this mingling of verse and prose being greatly common in Japanese literature, notably in the diaries. Of the poems which are given in the *Kokinshu*, with Narihira's name appended, there are several which occur also in the novel. And their dual appearance thus is significant, tending as it does to support the theory, that the novel was based on the Guardsman's diary. In *Isé Monogatari* there is a part about the Don, estranged from his mistress, going in spring to view the plum-blossoms by moonlight, just as he had done the previous year, when the lady was still kind. And, in the poem which he is represented, as writing on this occasion, he sadly expresses wonder as to whether there is no spring, no moonlight. This pensive little song is among the things by Narihira, which are included in the *Kokinshu*. In another piece by him in that book, he exclaims: "Delightful indeed would be the springtide, if only there were no cherry-flowers to fall." That is, did the vernal season hold no reminder, of the fleeting character of whatsoever things are lovely. In still another poem by the Guardsman, which likewise figures in Tsurayuki's anthology, he sings to the effect that, while he knew well that death lies in wait for all men, yesterday he had never dreamt that this day would be his last! Here assuredly, in these various poems, as in sundry further ones by Narihira, the feelings crystalised are of the sort, which are known in every time or clime. And, if not absolutely the pioneer, the Guardsman certainly came near having priority, in point of time, among those Japanese poets who thus struck a responsive chord in the universal heart.

Tsurayuki contributed to the *Kokinshu* a preface, being a critique of Japanese poetry. It is very likely that, scholar that he was, his critical pages were in some degree inspired, by previous Chinese writings of that class. But his

Kokinshu introduction would seem, to constitute the dawn of Japanese literary criticism. There is finely conspicuous by its absence from his study, talk about the mere technicalities of verse. He had a considerably philosophic mind, and he reflects a true concern to search for the very bases of poetry, the mysterious source from which the art emanates. Men and women have sung, he writes, because their hearts were full of happiness; men and women have sung, he adds, because they felt in so poignant way, the adumbration around them of mutability. Recalling what has been said, about the Japanese people having a signally keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, it is not surprising to find, that Tsurayuki descants on poetry having been evoked, "by joy in the loveliness of flowers, by wonder at the song of birds, and by tender welcome of the mists of springtide." He enumerates what he regards, as the prime qualities in the outstanding singers of the past. And he speaks of Narihira's opulence in emotional feeling.

It is to Tsurayuki that gratitude is due, for the oldest of those Japanese diaries which have survived in their original form. This book by him might further more be called, the oldest of Japanese works on travel. For it is not a record, of the whole of the author's life; it recounts his voyage home to Kyoto, after his term of office, as Governor of Tosa; and its title is therefore *Tosa Nikki*, which latter word means journal. True son of Nippon that he was, the writer expatiates repeatedly on the beauty of the places where his junk cast anchor. In the *Tosa Nikki*, as in the *Isi Monogatari*, the prose is spangled with verses. Some are by the Governor himself, and some are by the people with whom he was brought in contact when travelling with his ever-present critical instinct, he is apt to be severe on these people's efforts in song. He speaks of one poem as "dragged out," of another as being "heavy as a net filled with fish." And he evinces great pride, when his own child daughter succeeds in composing a *tanka*, which same he commits to his *Nikki*. Shortly before his journey, the Governor had lost another little girl; he writes much and tenderly, alike in verse and prose, on his bereavement. And his journal enshrines a remarkably impressive little allusion to the emotional consanguinity of mankind the world over. The part at issue is about a poem on the moon, which was written by a Japanese poet, Abé No Nakamaro (701-770), when tarrying in China. And quoting the poem, Tsurayuki continues: "In that far-off realm, the language was different from ours, but the moonlight was the same, and would not the hearts of men be the same also?"

Besides the verses by the Governor diarist in his *Tosa Nikki*, there are *tanka* by him in his own collection, *Kokinshu*. He is represented there, under the headings of the four Seasons; he appears in the categories, Sorrow and Love, likewise there is verse by him in subsequent anthologies, for example the *Gosen*, on Later Choice, compiled in the mid-10th century. As in his prose, so in his *tanka*,

Tsurayuki is frequently concerned with describing beauties of nature. Now his topic is moonlight; now the waves with white crests; now again the sandy shore, or the pine-trees. And singing of these last he exclaims, that they are evergreens, whereas the poet must pass away. In another piece he observes that, knowing though he does that Spring will come once more, he knows too that he may be dead ere that, wherefore it is well to take delight in the Season. And "The song of the Crane" is the title, of yet another poem by him :

"Mournful indeed the notes of the crane,
Winging across the reed, grown plain.
Surely the thoughts of the bird are set,
On something, alas, it would fain forget."

It will be clear now that, scholar though Tsurayuki was, in his writings, as in Narihira's, there is abundant human interest.

If in Japan, painters never wrought portraits from actual sittings, it was long customary, when a celebrity died, to fashion straightway a memorial likeness of him. This would almost certainly be done, on the death of the Guardsman author, and on that of the father of Japanese criticism. Whence it is probable it was on memorial likenesses, now vanished, that there were based the paintings of the two writers which are shown here. The presentment of Narihira, by Iwasa Matavei (1578-1650), is an item in a series by that painter, depicting the outstanding poets of the Sunrise Land. The other picture of Narihira would seem, from its style, to have been executed about the same time as the Matavei work. This other picture is a unit in a pictorial album, entitled *The Thirty-six Immortal Bards*, the identity of



ARIWARA NO NARIHIRA By Iwasa Matavei
[Painting at the Shinto Temple, Toshogu, Karcagoe, Japan.]

the painter involved being matter of debate. In either presentment, the subject is figured, wearing his uniform as a soldier in the Imperial Lifeguards. On either painting, the same poem by the Guardsman is inscribed, being that which has been quoted earlier, about the sweetness which Spring would have, if only there were no blossoms to fall. The effigy of Tsurayuki is also an anonymous unit in the pictorial album aforesaid, *The Thirty-six Immortal Bards*. And in the poem by him, which is inscribed above his likeness, he compares the fluttering cherry-flowers to snow-flakes.

Readers may decide for themselves, whether these portraits give an idea of the aspect of the two men, such as is logically expected, considering the character of their respective literary achievements. In the 15th century there were written several plays, in which incidents from *Isë Monogatari* are dramatised. And an edition of the novel, published in 1608, is of secular books printed in Japan, one of the very earliest containing woodcut illustrations. If the memory of Narihira, and of Tsurayuki, is still fondly cherished by their country, how could this have been otherwise, when each of the two writers is so rich in that union of the new and the old, which is among the prime traits of enduring art?

Three Poems.

CONTEMPLATION.

Even the most insensate clod
Holds shapes of beauty to the seeing eye ;
Nothing is soul-less.
All lovely things, like flowers, birds and trees,
Pulse with the common breath of life ;
Nothing is too small to hold this glory—
The most minute creation,
Even though invisible to man,
Throbs with the self-same force
That stirs our hearts in mightier forms.
To me there is no single thing so mean
That it is not graced with charm
If one looks deep enough within—
All lovely things have souls
For are they not all born of God ?

LOST WISDOM.

What does a baby see when it smiles,
Or laughs in elfin glee ;
Or stares with eyes that look beyond our ken ?
Visions that we have lost long since awhile ?
We are obscured in flesh, and deaf
To music such as babies hear—
Perhaps they have not lost the legacy
They brought with them from distant stars ;
Alas, that all those visions should grow dim
And fade, and we be deaf to fairy music in the air—
What have we now, so rare,
So exquisitely pure, as thoughts
That hold an infant captive in their thrall ?

CAPTIVES.

Have you ever stood before the bars of a cage
In a zoo, and watched the endless swing
Of captive beasts, whose sorrows knows no voice,
But who in motion only give eloquence to grief?
Have you ever watched the brief wild flight
Of shut-in birds, that beat against the
Narrow confines of their jail? How they
Flutter blindly towards the light,
Only to strike their bruised wings
Against relentless walls that hold them
Prisoners from their true heritage, the sky?
So God must watch us as we grope
With hearts insurgent, but enchained.
We, who would fly on wings and sing;
Or roam the world at will, His captives too, and mute,
Half beast, half angel, waiting for release!

LILY S. ANDERSON

AVIMĀRAKA

ACT VI

(Then enter the Nurse)

NURSE

Alas for the fickleness of Fate ! At first the princess was chosen by king Sauvira for his Viṣṇusena but later she has been wedded to one of unknown lineage yet of more than human loveliness. And now there has been brought Jayavarma, son of the king of Benares, with the queen, Sudarsana, by the minister Bhūtika and they are now in the palace, though the king has not appeared under the pretext of a sacrifice. (I wonder) what will happen.

(Then enter Vasumitrā)

VASUMITRĀ

Queer are the ways of astrologers ! They think only of their own good luck ; but never care to realise the seriousness of their action. The prince has arrived to-day and to-day the marriage is to be celebrated. (*Walking about.*) Ha ! This is Jayada, she appears lost in thought and looks anxious and unhappy. Jayada ! The Queen says—‘ come.’

NURSE

Friend, do you know why ?

VASUMITRĀ

For what else but to think of what is to be done in this affair ?

NURSE

What does the Queen say about it ? ⁽¹⁾

VASUMITRĀ

She does not want to give her daughter to Jayavarma, till she knows something of Viṣṇusena, her relative ; and the king himself is in great sorrow on account of the ignorance of his whereabouts.

(Entering)

NALINIKĀ

All our sorrows now seem to have come to a crisis. (*Walking about and looking*) why, here’s my mother, consulting Vasumitrā. I’ll approach them and learn the sad news.

(1) The proposed alliance with Jayavarma.

VASUMITRĀ

Ha ! Nalinika, come up. Because you are with the Chamberlain, you must be aware of the news in the court.

NALINIKA

(There is) very good news ! and I have come to tell you of it.

VASUMITRĀ

Speak, dear.

NALINIKA

An ambassador has come from the ministers of king Sauvira. "Know, lord, that we have learnt through our spies that our lord is living in disguise in your kingdom with his wife and son."

BOTH

Why, living in disguise ? then, then—

NALINIKA

Hearing this and reading through the whole communication, the king has gone out in search of him accompanied by the worthy sire, Bhūtika.

NURSE

What will happen now ?

VASUMITRĀ

Nalinika, you will now go in.

(Exit Nalinika)⁽²⁾

VASUMITRĀ

Come now ; we will go to the queen.

NURSE

So be it.

(Exeunt)

INTERLUDE

(Then enter Kuntibhoya accompanied by king Sauvira and Bhūtika)

KUNTIBHOYA

Friend !

(We have) met after a long time why do you stare at my face ? Embrace me closely, friend, and remember our youth.⁽³⁾ Our friendship seems now to have been renewed as it were and I am now gladly looking at you with unwinking eyes. (1)

⁽²⁾ The speech of Nalinika is not found in our text.

⁽³⁾ The verse does not yield any good idea as it stands, since the first part does not run on with the second ; and nothing can be said until a better reading is available. (Our text reads *dr̥ṣṭhah* for *dr̥ṣṭhah* and *adya* for *asya*) but nothing more material.

As you wish.

(*Both embrace*)

KUNTIBHOYA⁽⁴⁾

Your mind seems to be lost in thought ;⁽⁴⁾ your words are faltering with sighs, your eyes are filled with tears and your face is sad. Why this change, when you ought to be happy ?

KING SAUVĪRA

Not that I am not glad of your companionship, but ⁽⁵⁾

Sorrow for my son which has been smouldering in my breast is now come out in shape of tears on its getting a friend in thee. (2)

KUNTIBHOYA

What, sorrow for your son !

BHŪTIKA

May it please, my lord, the prince has not been seen for the last⁽⁶⁾ one year.

KING SAUVĪRA

Strong is my sorrow for my child. See, friend ! I am now thinking of my son Avimārika, who is of rare strength and valour and beauty. I shall have the tuft of my hair adorned with the dust of your feet, if my son happens to be here.

BHŪTIKA

(*to himself*)

Great indeed is his sorrow for his child and it is only growing. I shall turn away his thoughts.⁽⁷⁾ (*Aloud*) whence is this adversity⁽⁸⁾ for my lord ?

KUNTIBHOYA

Lost in this talk, I also forgot to ask you about it.

KING SAUVĪRA

Listen, why Bhūtika knows it ! Perhaps you desire to know it from my own lips ?

KUNTIBHOYA

We are attentive.

(4) In the second para. our text reads *te* for *c'a*

(5) The sentence following is omitted in our text.

(6) Our reading words *atete* after *asmin*.

(7) Our reading runs " Vilobhayāmyenam."

(8) The adversity referred to is the life of disguise he was leading.

KING SAUVĪRA

You have heard of the very angry Brahmarṣi Caṇḍa Bhārgava by name?

KUNTIBHOYA

The worthy sage is well known.

KING SAUVĪRA

He came to my kingdom and had his disciple attacked and killed in the forest by a tiger.

KUNTIBHOYA

Then, then?

KING SAUVĪRA

At that time I also happened to go there by chance in the course of my hunt.

KUNTIBHOYA

Then, then?

KING SAUVĪRA

Then on seeing me, his anger knew no bounds! His face became harsh with darting brows and his matted hair fell loose; and with his hand placed on the body of the disciple, the angry sage, showing no inclination to listen to me and burning with the fire of anger, began to revile me in words faltering with emotion.

KUNTIBHOYA

Then, then?

KING SAUVĪRA

And then, alas for the strong arm of fate, I also lost my temper and angrily said: "Thou knowst not the truth; thou art reviling me for nothing."

"Thou speakest not the truth but got into anger and revilest me as you please without cause. Thou art no receptacle for penance; thou art but a hunter in the guise of a Brahmarṣi." (5)

KUNTIBHOYA

Unlike yourself were your words. Then, then?

KING SAUVĪRA

Then on hearing this he flared like fire when oil is poured upon it and with fiery eyes he shook his head exclaiming 'how,' 'how' and then cursed me thus: since thou hast called me, a Brahmarṣi, a hunter, thou shalt with thy wife and child become a hunter. (6)

KUNTIBHOYA

Alas, how insignificant the cause and how serious the effect of adversity.

BHŪTIKA

Fortunate, indeed, is the family of king Sauvira. For, when that angry Brahmaṛṣi cursed you to be a hunter, he did not in that form reduce everything to ashes. (7)

KUNTIBHOYA

Well has Bhūtika said. Then, then?

KING SAUVĪRA

Then being confounded with that curse,

I long tried to please him, and at last he became himself and then blessed me thus :

“ When thou hast lived in disguise for one year, thou shalt, when the year is complete, be freed of the curse.” (8)

Saying this, he called out with a pleasant face, ‘ come, oh, Kāśyapa ’ and then he who was killed by the tiger followed him. And I have now finished the one year of hunter’s life and am freed of the curse.⁽⁹⁾

KUNTIBHOYA

Now, then, how is it that Viṣṇusena is become Avimāraka.

BHŪTIKA

Listen, my lord. There is an *asura*, named Dhūmaketu. But upon destroying the whole world he was wandering and came to the kingdom of Sauvira to destroy it.

KUNTIBHOYA

This is news to me. And then?

BHŪTIKA

Then on seeing the distress of the people and finding no remedy against the Rākṣasa, the king became very sad.

KUNTIBHOYA

Then, then?

BHŪTIKA

Then knowing all this, the young prince Viṣṇusena, with his body covered with dust, and his hair falling loose on either side came playing by chance to where the Rākṣasa stood, thanks to the carelessness of the guard.

(9) The portion following as far as the next speech is found omitted in our text.

KUNTIBHOYA

Then, then ?

BHŪTIKA

Then that Rākṣasa, in the form of *Avi*,⁽¹⁰⁾ approached the prince and was about to begin his work, as if he was a piece of excellent food.

KUNTIBHOYA

Alas for the cruelty of the Rākṣasa ! Then, then ?

BHŪTIKA

Then the prince smiled awhile ;

And unarmed he killed in battle, as if it was a mere sport for him, the wicked Rākṣasa, as the falling lightning destroys the mountain and the forest fire the forest. (9)

KUNTIBHOYA

Have I not said even at the time when the elephant ran amock that he is not a mere human being but of divine lineage.

KING SAUVĪRA

What do you think, my lord, of Avimāraka with your thousand eyes of spies ?

BHŪTIKA

All accessible places have been searched by me but the prince is nowhere to be seen by my spies. We still desire to discover him but he seems to be wrapped in Māya. (10)

(Then enter Nārada.)

NĀRADA

I do please the Pitāmaha⁽¹¹⁾ with the Vēdas, put Viṣṇu into ecstasies with my music. In some way or other every day I produce music in my instrument and quarrel in the world. (11)

Ah ! Kuntibhoya's father, Duryodhana, was for long my devotee ; when he died, his son has continued in that and is a servant of mine.

Kuntibhoya and king Sauvira are now in great misery because Avimāraka is not seen. Hence I have now come down to the earth to show them Avimāraka and thus ease their minds.

(Stand before Kuntibhoya and king Sauvira.)

⁽¹⁰⁾ *Avi* means sheep. The demon put on the guise of a sheep and attacked him. Are we to find in this a reference to the '*otyan*' once so common in Kerala ?

⁽¹¹⁾ Pitāmaha means Brahma.

KUNTIBHOYA

Ha ! here's the benign Devarṣi Nārada !
Sire, I bow to thee.

NĀRADA

All hail to thee !

KUNTIBHOYA

Blessed am I.

KING SAUVĪRA

Sire, I bow to thee.

NĀRADA

Peace be to you !

KING SAUVĪRA

Blessed am I.

KUNTIBHOYA

Bhūtika, honour the worthy sire by offering *Arghya* and *Pādya*.⁽¹²⁾

BHŪTIKA

As it pleases, my lord. (*Going out and coming in*) worthy sire, here are
Arghya and *Pādya*.⁽¹³⁾

KUNTIBHOYA

(*Honouring him*)

Sanctified, indeed, is this abode by my sire's presence here.

KING SAUVĪRA

Now am I freed of my curse, thanks to the sight of a Devarṣi.

NĀRADA

I have come here not merely for seeing you, but on learning your sorrow
on not seeing Avimāraka

BOTH

If so, we are no longer sad.

NĀRADA

Bhūtika, go bring Sudarsana

BHŪTIKA

As my sire orders. (*Going out*)
(*Then enter Bhūtika accompanied by Sudarṣana.*)

⁽¹²⁾ The reading adopted here is based upon our manuscript.

⁽¹³⁾ The following two speeches are omitted in our text.

SUDARSANA

Bhūtika, the divine sage is come here ?

BHŪTIKA

Its even so.

SUDARSANA

Now my son's marriage can be conducted with a lord presiding.
(*Approaching.*) Worthy sire, my obeisance to you.

NĀRADA

Worthy lady, thus mayst thou ever attain happiness ; and king
Kuntibhoya shall ever have pleasure forced upon him. (12)

SUDARSANA

Blessed am I.⁽¹⁴⁾

KUNTIBHOYA

Worthy sire, is the son of king Sauvira alive ?

NĀRADA

Yes.

KING SAUVĪRA

Why, then, is it that he is not seen ?

NĀRADA

On account of a marriage.⁽¹⁵⁾

KING SAUVĪRA

Where does the prince live now ? ⁽¹⁶⁾

NĀRADA

In the city, named Vairantya.

KUNTIBHOYA

So be it.⁽¹⁷⁾ Whose son-in-law is he ?

NĀRADA

Of Kuntibhoya.

KUNTIBHOYA

Who is he ?

^(14 & 16) The speech following is not in our text.

⁽¹⁶⁾ Our text adds—*Kumaro Varlate.*

⁽¹⁷⁾ The sentence preceding is omitted in our text.

NĀRADA

The father of Kurangi, lord of the city of Vairantya, and son of Duryodhana,⁽¹⁸⁾ is king Kuntibhoya. Art thou not he? (13)

KUNTIBHOYA

Why speak much. Does my worthy sire mean that the prince has married Kurangi?

NĀRADA

So it is.

KUNTIBHOYA

I am ashamed. Who gave away the princess⁽¹⁹⁾ and how did he gain entry into the harem?

NĀRADA

She was given away first by fate and seen during the elephant confusion First he entered by valour and subsequently by Māya. (14)

KUNTIBHOYA

So be it. No reply is possible to the words of a sage. Benign sire, is it the proper time to celebrate the marriage of the prince and Kurangi, which is already over?

NĀRADA

The Gandharva marriage that was then made was at the proper time.

KUNTIBHOYA

I wish to perform it in the presence of Fire.

NĀRADA

Ever is it in the presence of Fire!⁽²⁰⁾ yet to please your kinsmen get it performed by the family preceptor and quickly bring here the prince and his bride.⁽²¹⁾

KUNTIBHOYA

Benign sire, I have something to inform you.

NĀRADA

Freely speak.

KUNTIBHOYA

Benign sire, I have promised to give Kurangi to Jayavarma, son of Sudarṣana and hence have I brought her here. Tell me what I am to do.

(18) Our text reads—'Duryodhanas utoraja.'

(19) Our text adds 'Kumari' after 'datta' and omits *Katham Va*.

(20) Because Avimaraka is an incarnation of Agni.

(21) Our text omits the portion of the text following till the end of Bhūtika's exit.

NĀRADA

So shall I do. Step aside for a while.

KUNTIBHOYA

So be it. (*Do so.*)

NĀRADA

Sudarsana, come up.

SUDARSANA

Worthy sire, here am I.

NĀRADA

You have heard what I have said? ⁽²²⁾

SUDARSANA

And my sire knows this also !

NĀRADA

So do as I tell you.

SUDARSANA

I'll do so. Command me, benign lord.

NĀRADA

This is thy son begot by Agni. Thy sister, Sucetanā's son died at the moment of its birth ; and there thy son, thou gave unto her. King Sauvira was much pleased with him and performing all the rites named him Viṣṇusena. Then was he growing up with more than mortal beauty and strength and valour and prowess when he killed the monster of a demon in the form of a sheep, and then came to be well-known as Avimāraka. He was also exiled through the curse of the sage and on the day of the elephant riot saw Kurangi, became lost in love and through rare manliness got united with her. Though he was sought after by the guards who thought they saw him, he escaped being covered by Agni. In his sorrow he tried to destroy himself by jumping into the fire, but the benign lord Agni did not burn him but only embraced him lovingly ; so he went to a mountain resolved to commit Marut-Prapatam.

SUDARSANA

Alas for the misfortune !

NĀRADA

There a *Vidyādhara* chanced to see him and being very much taken to him by his handsome features gave him a ring by wearing which on the right-hand he would become invisible.

(²²) The two speeches following are omitted as per our text.

SUDARSANA

Wonderful, wonderful !

NĀRADA

Then wearing the ring on the right hand, and accompanied by the Brahmin, named Santuṣṭa he entered the palace of the daughter of Kuntibhoya, as if it were his own house and is living there with Kurangi.

SUDARSANA

My mind was astir for being deceived by the worthy lady, but is now filled with wonder. Worthy sire, all these days I was thinking of Kurangi as the bride of Jayavarma, now she is become an object of reverence to him.

NĀRADA

Lady, thou hast spoken as becomes your noble self. How can the elder's wife be given to the younger ? Sudarsana ! Tell the king of Benares that Kurangi is too old for Jayavarma. Kurangi has a younger sister and she may become the bride of Jayavarma.

SUDARSANA

I accede to the words of the sage.

NĀRADA

Go follow Kuntibhoya.

SUDARSANA

As my worthy sire orders.

(Then enter Avimāraka dressed as a bridegroom accompanied by Kurangi.)

AVIMĀRAKA

Ah ! I feel ashamed of the turn events have taken.

Those who have seen me on the day of the *elephant-riot* and praised me then for my valour, will now on hearing the news speak low of my descent. (15)

(Walking about and looking) Ha ! Here is the benign sire, Nārada, who indeed—has his mind always intent on cursing and blessing, has his throat filled with music and the vedas, produces enmity even in loving people, and brings about even lost things. (16)

KUNTIBHOYA

Come, prince, come. Make your obeisance to the divine Devarṣi who is our family god.

AVIMĀRAKA

Benign sire ! My obeisance to you.

NĀRADA

All hail to you and your bride.

AVIMĀRAKA

Blessed am I. Uncle, I bow to you.

KUNTIBHOYA

Come, child, come. Conquer the Brahmins by patience ; conquer the dependents by kindness ; conquer thyself by true knowledge, and conquer kings by valour. (17)

Come this way, child, and bow to your father.⁽²³⁾

AVIMĀRAKA

Ah, father, my obeisance to you.

KING SAUVĪRA

Come, my son !

Attired beautifully in the garb of the bridegroom and with your face beaming pure being held down in respecting your elders, may you look on your son, as we do now with eyes filled with tears of joy. (18)

My son, make your obeisance to your uncle.

AVIMĀRAKA

Uncle, I bow to you.

KUNTIBHOYA

Come, child, come !⁽²⁴⁾

Be thou like Viṣṇu by the daily performance of auspicious sacrifices ; be thou like Dasaratha in the firmness of honesty ; be thou like your father in giving what you have, and like thyself be thou in valour. (19)

KING SAUVĪRA

Bow, child, to Sudarṣana.

KUNTIBHOYA

It looks improper to make obeisance to Sudarṣana, before doing so before Sucetana.

(23) Our text omits the speech of Avimarka following this.

(24) Here is a repetition of the bowing to, and of the blessing from, Khuntibhoya ; and in view of the latter's statement following her incline to think that the first bowing and blessing are out of place. We would therefore omit lines three and four as given in the printed text and retain line seven thus :

नारदः—स्वस्ति भवते सपत्नीकाय क्षमया जयेति ।

अविमारकः—अनुग्रहीतोस्मि ।

कुन्तिभोजः—वत्स इतेति ।

NĀRADA

There is enough reason. Offer your respects to Sudarṣana.

BOTH

Do so.

AVIMĀRAKA

Lady, I bow to you.

SUDARSANA

Prince, may you live long with her. (*Embracing.*) After a long time art thou seen. Now do I enjoy the pleasures of getting a son born to me. (*Weeping.*)

AVIMĀRAKA ⁽²⁵⁾

On seeing her whose eyes are filled with tears and whose breasts are flowing with milk, Sucetana appears to be but my nurse, hiding away my mother. (20)

NĀRADA

Enough of this too great expression of love. The virtuous Sucetana and the fair Sudarṣana, accompanied by their son and daughter—let them retire to the harem.

KUNTIBHOYA

As my benign sire orders.

NĀRADA

Further allow king Sauvira to proceed before long to his kingdom ; and offer Sumitra to Jayavarma, son of the king of Benares.

KUNTIBHOYA

Blessed am I.

NĀRADA

Kuntibhoya, what other pleasure shall I do for you ?

KUNTIBHOYA

Everything is done, if my sire is pleased with me. ⁽²⁶⁾

EPILOGUE

May the earth be without sin ; may enemies be suppressed, and may our king Rāja Simha rule over the whole earth.

(*Excunt all.*)

ACT VI

Peace and blessing be unto all.

⁽²⁵⁾ Our text correctly reads Avimaraka instead of Kuntibhoya.

⁽²⁶⁾ The portion following this is omitted in our text.

PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS

BY MD. HAFIZ SYED

The inner must correspond with the outer. It must reflect its true way. We are taught in the sublime scriptures of the ancient Hindus that the man's innermost Self is life, light and love. It is ever existent, compassionate, just, balanced, free, harmonious, strong, serene, pure, etc. These virtues must be translated into action and not only loved, but lived to make the reality of the inward life a truth and a fact. This is the metaphysical reason why one should cultivate and live up to high moral and spiritual ideals before one is blessed with spiritual enlightenment. Unless an aspirant gradually trains his body and mind to vibrate harmoniously with, to fall in love with, the inner call, inward promptings, in order that when the sun of the true self begins to shine on him with full splendour when he realises his true being, it will be less hard for him to stand its glory and deep sublimity. It is on this ground that all the religions of the world that still preserve their esoteric teachings have laid down a rigid course of self-discipline, which every one has to undergo if he is to achieve any appreciable success on this path. Various kinds of religious rites and ceremonies, fasts and vigils, austerities and penances, are enjoined by different religions in order to help the neophyte to overcome inertia, to control his desire and passion, to rule his thoughts and emotions, to subjugate his wrong bodily propensities. Thus, in time, the outer coverings of man will truly proclaim the real man and the beauty of the self will stand revealed.

What a destiny awaits us !

QUALITY OF LOVE

If we search the human heart we find two types of love in it. First, love for physical forms, physical relations, physical union. This love based on man's identification with his physical vehicles. From time immemorial he has been associating himself with everything material, phenomenal, so much so that he, for a time being, completely loses sight of his spiritual nature. He loves most beautiful forms or those whom he considers the bone of his bone and the flesh of his flesh, his kith and kin, more than anything else, because he believes in physical affinity and close relationship existing between him and his beloved ones. When any one of them disappears from his sight and separation comes he feels intensely pained and grieved. In such a sad mood he becomes inconsolable and repeatedly longs for the same physical form in which his dear one appeared to him, not realising the fact that nothing that has ever had a beginning can last long, and that it is in the very nature of things to wither, decay and vanish. He was greatly mistaken in thinking that the special form he loved was not going to

change at all. If he had true "insight into the meaning of birth, death, old age and sickness" and realised the ephemeral nature of everything earthly, he should not have allowed himself to be attached to any form, however, dear and lovely. It is for this reason that Sri Krishna has repeatedly enjoined upon his disciple and friend Arjuna "to be victorious over the vice of attachment."

Another kind of love existing in the human heart—rarely found—is the love for spiritual things that are free from change—stable and constant. Those who love the spirit more than anything else and also learn to identify themselves with the Spiritual Essence shared by every human being are generally free from the pang of separation, sorrow and suffering on account of their beloved ones; for they believe in all-pervasive unity of the Self and see Him "equally dwelling in the hearts of all."

The spirit which is real man is one and the same in all. It is ever present, ancient, unborn and undying. The varying and decaying forms in which it is clothed, do not affect its uninterrupted continuity and eternal existence. The human body may come and go, but the real man persists at all times. To the eye of the flesh this is imperceptible; but to the inner vision of him who has become alive to its inward light and has learnt to see through the eye of the spirit it is ever present.

When we feel drawn towards a human being by love or admiration we have to discriminate carefully and see whether it is the outer garment of the man that is attracting us or whether we are drawn by something inward and real. It is the former, it will be worth our while to wean ourselves from it with the help of the thought that, after all, the glamour of outer beauty is but momentary, it will fade away like a flower. If we set our hearts on it, it will soon cause us the pang of separation, for it is after all unsubstantial and unreal. If it is the latter we should try to expand and intensify the love we bear an individual existence and begin to feel true sympathy and genuine love for all that has a life. This recognition and cultivation of the universal love of spirit in all, will save us from the poignant sorrow and heart-rending pain that we generally feel when separated from our loved ones. When it is once accepted as a fact and reality that the spirit is one and the same in all, whether by physical relation one is our son or daughter, brother or sister, friend or stranger, we should treat all alike. It is then that we shall learn to love in Spirit Eternal and have the bliss and joy of "peace that passeth all understanding" and puts an end to all kinds of pain.

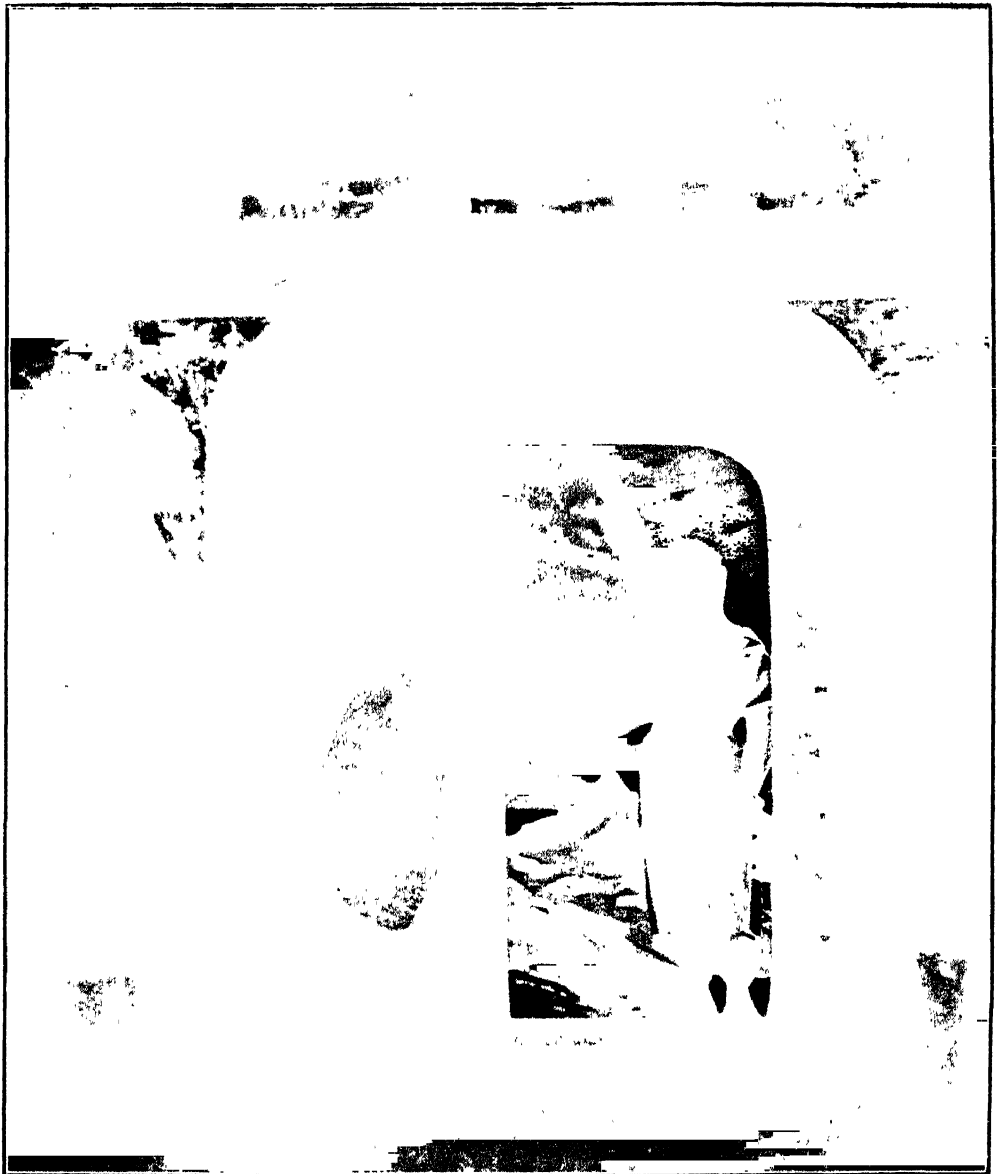
SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.

If it were possible to take a general survey of all mankind and their hearts we should not have to wait long before we discover that every man, high

or low, learned or ignorant, boy or adult, savage or sage without an exception, is in search of some kind of pleasure or happiness in his own way.

Some seek it in the objects of senses ; some in æsthetic enjoyments ; others again in intellectual pursuits or in name and fame, honour and position. Every one of them longs for it, but in spite of his ceaseless efforts and intense desire never attains it to his heart's content. He is ever found dissatisfied and discontented with his lot. The idea of the futility of their search in the midst of their repeated failures hardly dawns upon their minds and they continue desiring and madly running after the very same objects which they acquired, and found—incapable of affording lasting pleasure. The little momentary pleasurable sensation they experienced from them, continues to egg them on to have the same passing and tantalising relish over and over again. Never for a moment do they pause and think that times out of number the objects of their desire have been attained and found tasteless and rapid ; why should they not seek something more valuable and comparatively more lasting than the things they so often experienced and tasted. Those who pursued the pleasure of the senses and found it disappointing should try and seek it in something higher and more abiding, namely intellectual pursuits ; similarly, those who kept themselves engaged in literary labours and after long experience found that even these failed to stand by them to the last, should certainly turn their attention to things higher and purer than intellectual ; namely spiritual, and test for themselves whether they contain any element of permanence or not. If they find that they do, it would be meet and proper for them to explore this new vista of happiness also.

There are some kinds of sensual pleasure that after a time no one can enjoy, because the human body is subject to decay. Even the mind cannot remain fresh and vigorous to the last. With the decline of the body it also begins to lose its energy. So those that at one time derived any pleasure from its exercise, fail to find the same zest and relish in mental occupation as they did when they were energetic and healthy. The same thing cannot be said of Spiritual happiness. As it has been explained in the foregoing paragraphs, the human spirit is free from decline at any age. Only the body is liable to change and not the Self dwelling in it. Those who search happiness in things spiritual are never disappointed ; they go on adding to it as they proceed onward. There is no decline in this pursuit however old, decrepit and frail a man's frame may become, his inward soul is not affected by any change in his outward garment. Therefore those that genuinely desire "happiness exempt from decay" should devote their time to this by far the most enduring pursuit.



THE MESSENGER

Nicholas Remick

POETRY INTERPRETED BY MUSIC

BY ETHEL ROSENTHAL

The early history of poetry interpreted by music is to be found in the record of our ancestors' attempts to express emotion through the medium of sound. Herbert Spencer considered it probable that the properties of music were originally discovered by primitive peoples in their endeavours to emphasise speech, and melody in its simplest form appears to have been based upon the natural inflections of the speaking voice.

Varied are the experiments which have been made at different periods to unite words and music. Amongst the Greeks Ionian epic poetry was founded upon the lays sung by the Aeolic minstrels. These bards played an important rôle in the life of the nation. They were employed to sing ballads celebrating the deeds of the ancient Greek heroes and accompanied themselves upon the harp. Although string instruments were much in vogue in Greece, the Asiatic flute was utilised for the performance of elegies, whilst, in general, the two arts of poetry and music were so closely associated that effective interpretation of the former depended upon the development of the latter. The adequate rendering of Greek lyric poetry composed roughly between 670 and 440 B.C. depended upon the musical accompaniment of the lyric, because the uninterrupted flow of the music facilitated the pauses in the declamation, and enhanced its dramatic value. Every student of poetry interpreted by music must mourn over the loss of the music to which the Greek lyrics were set. Without it, it is impossible to form any adequate conception of the effect produced by the verse, when it was enhanced by an instrumental accompaniment in accordance with the intentions of the authors.

India has afforded many interesting examples of poetry interpreted by music, both in the performance of dramatic and epic poetry. For the foreigner, appreciation of the many subtle beauties of Indian music is vastly increased by acquaintance with the poetic treasures of Northern and Southern India.

Many points of resemblance existed between Hebrew poetry and Hebrew music. Not only was a Hebrew poem declaimed, it was sung. A striking characteristic of a great portion of ancient Hebrew poetry is the parallelism of the phrases, in which each sentence or complete thought is formed by two similar or contrasting thoughts, and it is probable that the accompanying music

was identical in character. Formerly, there was a partial or sometimes a complete absence of melody in the services of the synagogue, the music depending on the rhythm and sequence of the words.

Most, if not all, early Irish poetry was intended to be sung. The bards flourished in Ireland before the Christian era and, as a mark of esteem, they were permitted to wear four colours—only one less than the chieftains. Bardic schools were protected by the rulers of the country, and the inmates of the colleges were required to refrain from any sin which might degrade their art and learning.

The German *Minnesänger*, the Russian minstrels, the French troubadours of the Middle ages, all interpreted their poetry with the aid of music. The troubadours usually filled the dual rôle of poet and musician, and not infrequently their fame rested upon their musical rather than their literary ability. During the thirteenth century the *pastourelle* acquired great popularity in France, and many charming specimens of the poetry and music of this period have appeared in the collections of ancient popular songs, transcribed and harmonised by Monsieur Julien Tiersot, published in Paris by the firm of "Au Ménestrel." The music is derived from the most ancient types of French melody, whilst the poems throw interesting side lights upon mediæval literary taste. Two verses are given below of the thirteenth century, *pastourelle* of the king of Navarre entitled "*La Bergère et Le Roi*." The modern French words are by Monsieur Emile Blémont and an English transcription is appended in brackets. The subject of the *pastourelle*—the meeting of the noble seducer with the innocent and mocking shepherdess—recurs constantly in mediæval popular song.

" L'autre jour pour se distraire,
 Près d'un pois et d'un verger,
 Sur ma route une bergère
 Chantait sous un vert pommier :
 ' Ah ! disait-elle en premier,
 ' Ah ! l'amour, le tendre amour ! '
 Je lui dis donc à mon tour
 (Bien que pour elle étranger)
 Je lui dis sans y songer :—
 ' Dieu vous garde en ce beau jour ! '
 " Mon salut, cette bergère
 Me le rend pour commencer ;
 La voyant fraîche et légère,

Je prétends la courtiser :
'Belle voulez vous m' aimer ?'
'Vous aurez très noble atour.'
'Ne me faites point la cour,'
Votre dire est mensonger ;
J'ai Perrin mon dous berger,
Et ne veux pas d'autre amour."

(" While I rode past a wood
A shepherdess stood
 'Neath a green apple tree
And she chanted an air
All of Love, though my chère
 Was a stranger to me.
When this maid I espied
Without thinking I cried
' Your music cheers my way,'
God keep you to-day.")

(" My greeting this fair shepherdess
At first returned with eagerness ;
So thinking her both young and weak,
Methought I would her love bespeak ;
' My pretty maiden love me true,'
' And I'll be very good to you.'
' Ah ! trifle not,' she cried with fear,
Your promises are insincere,
The shepherd Perrin is my boy,
And I'll ne'er be a gallant's toy.")

In the early union of poetry and music the position of the music appears to have been subservient to that of the poetry. In Florence, towards the end of the sixteenth century, monologues and festal orations were set to music, but the Florentines regarded the threatened predominance of the music as a serious menace. They were afraid of the gist of the words being lost, and inclined toward the suppression of melody. The result was a species of declamation to the background of a few chords, known as the "reciting style" (*stile recitativo*), and this recitative became the foundation of Italian opera. Visitors to Florence who are interested in the literary associations of the buildings there may think it worth while to visit the Palazzo Bardi, for it was here that Jacopo Peri evolved his

theories respecting the dramatic union of poetry and music. Peri was one of a group of learned enthusiasts whose aim was to resuscitate musical declamations, as employed by the ancient Greeks. Peri's "Euridice" was the first Italian opera to receive public performance, and was produced in 1600, in Florence, in honour of the marriage of Henry IV. of France with Maria de Medici. A rare copy of the work is preserved in the British Museum, and a perusal of the score reveals that it was composed throughout in recitative, the music being employed solely as an aid to the dramatic interpretation of the words furnished by the poet Ottavio Rinuccini.

Many English compositions of the same date, excluding the madrigal, present a similar lack of proportion between words and accompaniment. The poets Herrick, (1591-1674), Suckling, (1609-1642) and Lovelace, (1618-1658) were on intimate terms with their musical contemporaries, and when their verses were set to music the words assumed primary importance.

Once the reaction against the tyranny of poets commenced, however, musicians claimed the position of honour for their art and poetry was relegated to the background. Such composers as the Italian Porpora (1886-1766) and the German Hasse (1699-1783) disregarded the meaning of the words which they set to music, and, in consequence, the libretti of their operas and those of their disciples degenerated, frequently, into mere doggerel. Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714-1787) possessed sufficient strength of will and tenacity of purpose to accomplish drastic reforms, which revolutionised the whole sphere of opera. He rebelled against the tyranny of singers who were accustomed to treat composers with scant respect; instead of writing passages which would show off the vocal dexterity of the performers, Gluck satisfied the dictates of his own artistic conscience when creating his masterpieces. He stated "music must be to poetry what colour is to drawing—it must not disturb or blur but raise and enliven it." When his "Alceste" was produced in Vienna in 1767 one critic wrote: "music without solfeggieren and gurgelei, (gurglings)—This is a wonder work!" In the dedication of the score of "Alceste" to the Grand-duke of Tuscany, Gluck explained his aims in the following passage:—"I shall try to reduce music to its real function, that of seconding poetry, by intensifying the expression of sentiments and the interest of situations, without interrupting the action by needless ornament. . . I do not allow the singer to stop on a sonorous vowel, in the middle of a phrase, in order to show off the nimbleness of a beautiful voice in a long cadenza."

Gluck's endeavours to escape from artificiality in music met with the cordial approval of Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778), who sent an appreciative analysis of "Alceste" to the English critic, Dr. Burney. Rousseau was a musical

enthusiast and exercised considerable influence over the French music of his time, despite his inadequate technical training as a composer. One of his most novel compositions was a "melodrama" or musical recitation entitled "Pygmalion," which may be regarded as the forerunner of the scenes of musical declamation included in the works of modern composers. Rousseau's "Pygmalion" was performed in Paris in 1775, and at the same period a German musician, Georg Benda by name, wrote a "melodrama" on the subject of "Ariadne on the Island of Naxos." The scores of both "Pygmalion" and "Ariadne" are obtainable in the British Museum, and a perusal of the latter work reveals Benda's sympathy with old-fashioned programmatic music, in which composers attempted to reproduce, in sound, the facts recorded in the programmes upon which they based their music. Their endeavours frequently resulted in humorous examples of crude tone painting, as in Scandelli's "La Poule," in which the performer is required to imitate the cackling of a hen. Benda's methods were naïve in the extreme; to illustrate the phrase "The lion roars" he has recourse to a succession of simple octaves, played alternately softly and loudly, whilst a descending scale passage in G major represents the swaying of a rock in the storm, and to modern ears suggests nothing more alarming than elementary five finger exercises.

With the development of the romantic movement in music in the nineteenth century poetry interpreted by music came into its own. The controversy respecting the methods of Richard Wagner (1813-1883) is a thing of the past, and it requires no little stretch of the imagination to realise the bitterness of the struggle which took place during the nineteenth century between the Wagnerites and their opponents. There is a striking similarity between the reforms which Wagner introduced in the nineteenth century and those effected by Gluck some eighty years previously. After Gluck's death in 1787 opera had rapidly degenerated, and Wagner resorted to the union of poetry, music dramatic action and scenic painting for his creation of "The Art Work of the Future" ("Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft"). Wagner ascribed the success of the Greek drama to a similar union of the arts, and he transferred to the orchestra the rôle of the Greek chorus, by employing leitmotives, or leading themes, which he associated with each and every important character and factor in his music dramas. Wagner was artistically bi-lingual—he composed both the music and poetry for his dramas—and created some of the finest specimens of poetry interpreted by music in existence.

The fact that Beethoven introduced Schiller's "Ode to Joy" into the last movement of his ninth symphony was conclusive proof to Wagner that even the giant musician, Beethoven, found orchestral music, alone, inadequate for the

expression of emotion at its zenith. In his opera "Fidelio" and in the incidental music which he composed for Goethe's tragedy of "Egmont," Beethoven proved himself to be keenly susceptible to the possibilities of poetry interpreted by music, and the following remarks from his pen demonstrate the importance which he attached to the subject: "Though the poet carries on his monologue or dialogue in a progressively marked rhythm, yet the declaimer, for the more accurate elucidation of the sense, must make cæsuras and pauses in places where the poet could not venture on any interpunctuation. To this extent then is this style of declaiming applicable to music, and it is only to be modified according to the number of persons co-operating in the performance of a musical composition."

Another work which greatly influenced Wagner was Weber's opera of "Euryanthe," produced in Vienna in October 1823. In it the composer endeavoured to establish a perfect balance between poetry, music and dramatic action, and to this end substituted musical recitative to orchestral accompaniment for the scenes of spoken dialogue, employed in German "Singspiel" and French "Opera Comique."

Romantic musicians were the first to elaborate that exquisite form of poetry interpreted by music, known as the "Lied," in which the subtle poise of words and music is a thing of sheer beauty. Franz Schubert (1797-1828), was the parent of the modern "Lied;" in his work, verse and music are so closely allied, that a poem is robbed of much of its charm when it is divested of the musical garb supplied by him. Adequate translation of verse into foreign languages for the purposes of song, or of musical recitation, is a vital problem, and it is essential that the metre as well as the meaning of the poem should be reproduced. A specimen of a fine translation of Goethe's "Erl-king" into English is given below, together with the German original. Miss Marie Boileau composed the English version, with a fine regard to rhythm and word values, in order that it should be sung to Schubert's music, before audiences unacquainted with the German language.

DER ERLKÖNIG

"Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?

Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;

Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm;

Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

'Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?'

—'Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?'

‘Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?’

‘Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif,’

*

*

*

“Dem Vater grauset’s, er reitet geschwind ;

Er hält in den Armen das ächzende Kind,

Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not :

In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.”

GOETHE (1749-1832)

THE ERL-KING

“Who rideth so late thro’ midnight wild ?

It is the father who bears his child :

He hath the boy secure in his arm ;

He holds him safely : he holds him warm.

‘My son, why hid’st thou thy visage in fear?’

—‘O father, see, the Erl-King is near—

The King of Fairies, in crown and vail!’

‘My son, the mists rise o’er the dale’.

*

*

*

“The father shudders, he rides as tho’ wild,

He holds closely to him the low-moaning child ;

Attains the tow’r with dole and dread—

Wrapt in his mantle, the child was dead.”

MARIE BOILEAU

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) was Schubert’s successor as a song writer. He increased the importance of the accompaniment as a medium of interpretation, and excelled in his settings of the verses of Eichendorff, Reckert, Heine, Chamisso, etc. Great poetry alone inspired him, for he was the possessor of refined literary taste and was well acquainted with the work of English, German and French authors. Declamation to music was an art from which attracted him, and he introduced it very successfully into his setting of “Manfred,” Byron’s remarkable, metaphysical, dramatic poem. In a letter addressed to Murray, the publisher, in 1817, Byron stated—“I have at least rendered it (“Manfred”) quite impossible for the stage, for which my intercourse with Drury Lane has given me the greatest contempt.” Since 1848-89,—the period at which Schumann composed the music several interesting performances of the drama and music

united have taken place. When the exacting rôle of Manfred is interpreted by an actor with vision, such performances offer great artistic enjoyment, for the music lends the continuity necessary, and helps to elucidate many obscure passages of the drama. Shorter poems which Schumann effectively set as musical recitations with pianoforte accompaniment include Hebbel's "Fair Hedwig," and "The Heather Boy" and Shelley's "The Fugitives." In the web and woof of his accompaniment to the last-mentioned work, Schumann subtly indicated the rush of the sea, the roar of the thunder and the howl of the wind as described by Shelley. Schumann sensed the full beauty of Shelley's word painting with rare intuition, and furnished it with a musical outline which enhances the sound value of the poem, the first portion of which is cited below:—

THE FUGITIVES

"The waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing
Away"

"The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minster bells ringing—
Come away"

"The earth is like ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion :
Bird, beast, man and worm
Have crept out of the storm—
Come away !"

The most important contributions of Franz Liszt (1811-1886) to poetry interpreted by music are in the form of the symphonic poem, a style of composition which he evolved to meet the requirements of his inspiration. In these orchestral works the musician enlarged upon the poems which inspired him through the medium of his own art, and the titles alone of many of Liszt's symphonic poems afford a key to the music, and bear testimony to the breadth of Liszt's literary sympathies. These compositions include "Tasso; Lament and Triumph," originally composed for a festival performance of Goethe's "Tasso,"

to which the musician subsequently added an epilogue "The Funeral Triumph of Tasso;" "Hamlet," inspired by Shakespeare's tragedy; "Les Préludes" based on words of Lamartine, and the "Dante" and the "Faust" symphonies.

Probably the most famous contemporary composer of symphonic poems is Richard Strauss, whose contributions to this class of musical literature include his magnificent tone poem, "Tod und Verklärung" ("Death and Transfiguration"). Through the medium of his symphonic poems, and of his glorious operas, such as "Salomé" and "Rosenkavalier" Strauss has proved himself a past master in the art of interpreting poetry by music, and his setting of "Enoch Arden" as a musical recitation, is a work of genius in which he has added dignity and force to the poem which inspired him.

Sir Hubert Parry wrote in his "Art of Music":—"There is nothing more ideally suited to the inward nature of music than the presentation in the closest and most characteristic terms of great reflective and dramatic poems and odes by genuine poets." He added that the chorus is ideally suited for this purpose, and that with increased range of musical expression and design, poems can be presented in perfect conformity with the poet's intentions.

The interpretation of poetry through the medium of music is occupying the attention of composers of all nationalities at the present day, and it is impossible to deal systematically with their varied efforts within the confines of a single article, from which the names of many musicians deserving of mention have been omitted, owing to exigencies of space.

Possibly some of the most interesting examples of modern poetry interpreted by music are to be found in the songs of Debussy. The literary flair of the composer has enabled him to interpret the spirit of the poems he has set to music in a manner peculiar to himself. His choice of subjects includes Verlaine's "Fêtes Galantes," Rossetti's "Blessed Damsel" and Materlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande." The last-named work, united to Debussy's music, is described as a "lyric drama," and herein Debussy has probably achieved his finest union of poetry and music—described by Milton in "At a Solemn Musick" as

"Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice, and Vers."

ETHEL ROSENTHAL

NOTES AND COMMENTS

SHAMA'A

With this number we complete Vol. 6 of the *Shama'a*. We thank our contributors and subscribers for their help and support. Among our new contributors are, Blaikie Murdock of Edinburgh, who has made a careful and extensive study of Japanese and Chinese art and literature, and, to use his own words in his letter to the Editor, " . . . I have contrived to fight along, and devote my life to eastern studies. I feel that is my mission in life, to help in bringing about, in the West, a better appreciation of the lofty achievements of the East,"—again—"owing as I do, fully half my intellectual life to the Orient, I am always glad to extend the hand of friendship to young Asiatic students, and I count it one of my greatest honours, that I have lived in the Orient, as an Oriental, accepting eastern ways, and speaking an eastern tongue from day to day;" W. G. Raffe of London, who is not only a scholarly writer on arts and crafts and architecture, but is himself a colour expert and one of the modern masters of wood-cutting; "Scraps," M.A., a brilliant student of literature of the University of Bombay and Lecturer, Wilson College, Bombay, D. R. Acharya of Santiniketan and Professor Geldner (Germany). We thank also the "Modern Review" and the Theosophical Publishing House, the former for kindly lending us the block "*Dwijendranath Tagore*," which appeared in our last number, and the latter, for the blocks "*Les Forces*" and "*The Messenger*," "*Avimāraka*" is now complete, after being unavoidably held over the last time.

A NEW VERSE

Dr. Mingana, the Orientalist of John Ryland's Library, is said to have found a verse of Omar Khayyam in an Arab manuscript quoted by an unknown writer first in Persian, and then translated into Arabic. This Arab manuscript has been in the library unrealised for over twenty years. It is called *The Drinker's Choice Draught and the Horseman's Hasty Meal*, being a collection of choice and witty sayings in a poem of about five hundred verses. The work is dedicated to a Persian author who died in 1282. Omar himself died in 1123. The original manuscript of Omar Khayyam was discovered by Professor Cowell of Cambridge in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It was one of the most beautiful manuscripts in existence—written in the delicate handwriting of the Persian Scribes profusely powdered with gold and perfumed with a costly essence. Professor Cowell made a copy of the manuscript and induced his friend Edward FitzGerald, whom he had persuaded to study Persian, to translate it. FitzGerald used a manuscript in the Asiatic Society's Library at Calcutta as well as the Bodleian manuscript for his marvellous translation. The new verse now discovered is said to be in the Calcutta one. Dr. Mingana's free pure translation of it reads:

If the builder had succeeded in the construction of his work,
why are there so many defects in it?

If the work is not good, whose is the blame?

And if good, what is the reason for destroying it?

JAMES H. COUSINS

Dr. James H. Cousin's birthday is July 22. He was born in Ireland in 1873. That his poetical impulse has not abated is shown by the poem which appears elsewhere. We understand that his recent vacation of two months at the Himalayan foot-hills has resulted in a volume of poetry which he will publish after his return to Madras in August. At present (July 15), he is making a stay of five weeks at Santiniketan where at the request of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore he is helping towards the fulfilment of the international ideals of the Visva-Bharati. He is giving two special courses of lectures,

one on The Unity of Asian Culture, and the other on The Understanding and Enjoyment of Poetry. In August, he will return to Adyar, to resume his work as Principal of the Brahmavidya Ashrama. Dr. Cousins has been appointed general Editor of the Text-Books of the Theosophical World University. We understand that he himself will contribute a number of books, amongst them being a volume of English versions of Indian vernacular poetry, ancient and modern, and a history of the modern Revival in Indian Painting.

PROFESSOR RADHAKRISHNAN

We are indebted to the "Calcutta Review" for the following :—

Professor Radhakrishnan, King George V., Professor of Philosophy, Calcutta University, who has been elected as one of the delegates of the University to the Empire Universities Conference, has sailed for England and his visit to the British Isles and to the United States of America bids fair to be a very warm reproduction of the classical *vini vidi vici*. He has been invited by the University of Oxford to deliver the Upton Lectures on the Philosophy of Religion for the year 1926, a position which was held in previous years by eminent thinkers like Dean Inge, Estlin Carpenter, L. P. Jacks of the Hibbert Journal and Miss Evelyn Underhill. The British Institute of Philosophical Studies has asked him to deliver a course of four lectures in place of Dean Inge who it was originally arranged, should speak at the Institute during the months of May and June. The Professor has also agreed to address the Aristotelian Society of Cambridge and the Institute of Philosophical Studies, London. Across the ocean, Professor Radhakrishnan is going out as the representative of the Calcutta University to attend the Sixth International Congress of Philosophy which is to be held at the Harvard University from September 13 to September 17. The University of Chicago has elected him Haskell Lecturer for the year 1926. In his lectures in America he will deal with ancient Hinduism and modern Philosophical tendencies. He will also deliver a course of lectures to the University of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia and to the Theological Colleges like the Union Theological Seminary of New York and the Specific School of Religion, California.

Professor Surendranath Das-Gupta of the Presidency College, Calcutta, also represents the Calcutta University at Harvard.

REV. FATHER TABARD

The late Rev. Father Antony M. Tabard passed away on the 2nd of July at the age of 63. He came to India from France somewhere in the eighties. From 1891 to 1924, he was the chaplain of the St. Patrick's Cathedral, Bangalore. He was the founder and promoter of the Mythic Society of Bangalore and was also its first President. He made several scholarly contributions to the journal of that society. His Highness the Maharajah of Mysore conferred upon him the Mysore palace title of honour—Raja-Sabha-Bhooshana. We believe, he was the first foreigner to receive an Indian title from an Indian ruler.

THE MUSICAL TIMES

This year, June 1926, the *Musical Times* has reached its thousandth number. The Magazine was started as far back as June 1844. We are told that its only rivals in longevity are *Le Minestrel* (1835), *Caecilia*, a Dutch Journal founded in 1844, and *Signale fur die Muzikalische Welt* (Leipsic, 1843). A facsimile of the first issue of the *Musical Times*, which is sent as a supplement to the thousandth number, shows its modest beginnings, with only 6 columns of reading matter, apart from advertisements. But now the *Musical Times* has grown into something like an institution in the musical world, giving a monthly resume of the musical activities in the west. We give our congratulations and best wishes to the publishers.

TOLSTOY AND MUSIC

The same Journal publishes an article " Music in Tolstoy's Life " by his son, Count Sergins Tolstoy, from which we take the following :—

* * * * *

Never in my life have I met anyone who felt music so intensely as my father. He could not help listening to it; when he heard music that pleased him he became excited and there was a contraction in his throat; he sobbed and shed tears. The feelings aroused in him were unreasoning emotion and excitement. Sometimes it excited him against his will and even tormented him, and he would say: *Que me veut cette musique?* (What does that music want of me?) This effect, independent of a rational relation to it, is vividly depicted in ' The Kreutzer Sonata ':

In general, music is a dreadful thing [says Pozdnyshev]. What is it? I don't understand. What is music? What does it do?

Such was the direct action of music on my father throughout his life, beginning in boyhood and finishing in his last year, when he said to V. F. Bulgakov that if all European civilization were to perish, he would regret only the music.

* * * * *

In 1847, he wrote in his Diary, that one of the aims of his life was to 'attain a moderate degree of excellence in music and in painting';

* * * * *

He then wrote in his Diary a whole dissertation on music, 'The Fundamental Basis of Music and Rules for its Study.' Therein, among other things, occur the following definitions:

Music is a combination of sounds, which strike our auditory capacity in three ways: (1) In regard to space, (2) in regard to time, and (3) in regard to strength. Music is a means of arousing certain feelings and conveying them to others by sound

* * * * *

Already at that period my father tried to explain to himself why music acts so strongly on its hearers. In an original draft of ' Boyhood and Youth,' he delivers the following opinion, which is almost identical with one he expressed much later, in 1906:

Music acts neither on reason nor on imagination. When I listen to music I think of nothing and do not imagine anything, but some strange, delightful feeling fills my soul to such an extent that I lose consciousness of my existence. It is a memory-feeling. But a memory of what? Though the sensation is powerful, the recollection is obscure. It seems as if one were remembering something that never occurred. Is not memory the basis of the feeling aroused in us by any art? . . . Does not the feeling aroused by music result from memory of feelings, and of transitions from one feeling to another? . . . Plato, in his ' Republic,' laid down as an absolute condition that music should express noble feelings. Every musical phrase expresses some feeling—pride, joy, sorrow, despair, and so on—or it expresses one of the innumerable combinations of those feelings. Combinations that do not express any feeling and are composed in order to show off, to explain, or to earn money—in music as in everything else—are abortions which one cannot take into account (among such abortions are attempts by means of music to express forms and pictures). If one admits that music is the memory of emotions, it is easy to understand why it acts differently on different people. The cleaner and happier a man's past has been, the more he loves his memories, and the more strongly does music act on him; on the other hand, the more depressing a man's memories are, the less will he sympathise with it.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND ART

The April issue of the *Art and Archaeology* is a magnificent number profusely illustrated, containing full account of the history of American Art in Philadelphia. Arthur Edwin Bye, Curator of Painting in the Pennsylvania Museum, writing on hundred years of Art in Philadelphia (1776 to 1876) says :

Upon first thought it may seem that the two dates which serve as chronological termini for this discussion are somewhat arbitrary, chosen because it is our habit in Philadelphia to celebrate Centennials, or because it is a popular belief that well-marked historical divisions are necessary to sound reasoning.

The critical reader may well ask : " What has the date of the Declaration of Independence to do with art? Was there, with the birth of a new political era, a birth of a new epoch in art? " And it may also be asked : " Would such an epoch (if there were such) reach its culmination in the year 1876? Did anything at all of any importance to art in this country happen in either of those years? "

These questions are like the old ones of our history teachers, " When does Mediæval History end, and when does Modern History begin," which may be answered in various ways. Political conditions, and still more, economic conditions, have always had a good deal to do with art. When we became a nation Philadelphia was made the capital, and, as this city was already the metropolis, conditions here became especially favorable to the fostering of art. Here great men congregated ; there was wealth and fashion, which meant patronage for the arts. It was to Philadelphia that Gilbert Stuart naturally turned when he first settled in America. He and other painters were inspired to their best efforts in portraying the patriots who had won the fight for Independence.

One hundred years later the Centennial Exposition, in celebration of this independence, was held in Philadelphia. This was an event which indeed had a marked influence upon the subsequent development of art. During the quarter of the century preceding, that is, from 1850 to 1876, as will be explained later, the arts languished, the old tradition died. The Exposition aroused in us a new interest, awakening a new appreciation which by 1900 made us, artistically speaking, a changed nation. In a sense, therefore, the dates 1776 to 1876 do mark an epoch in our art history which is well worth considering, providing, however we admit that art movements have never a definite beginning nor a sudden end.

But whether or not it is true that the Declaration of Independence had any effect upon art, we find, upon the resumption of peaceful and prosperous life, Philadelphia became the centre for the cultivation of the arts. We do not find at this time, nor must we expect to find in the whole period we are discussing, a new nationalism in art, a distinctly American style. In architecture, and in the minor crafts, we do certainly discover independent traits. But architecture is always the pioneer in the arts. It is, so to speak, the dwelling in which, later, sculpture and painting may exist.

MR. E. B. HAYELL ON EUROPEAN ACADEMIC TEACHING OF INDIAN ART

Our readers will remember that in our last number we extracted two letters on " Art Revival " in Bombay. We take the following from the *Indian Art and Letters*, published by the India Society.

HEADINGTON HILL,
OXFORD.

August 29, 1925.

TO THE EDITOR "INDIAN ART AND LETTERS."

SIR,

The prominent place given to Captain Gladstone Solomon's lecture on "Bombay and the Revival of Indian Art" in the first number of *INDIAN ART AND LETTERS* might give the impression that the Lecturer's views on art education in India have the approval of the executive of the India Society. Though I do not believe that this is the case, I should be glad if you will allow me to enter an emphatic dissent from the Lecturer's premises and conclusions.

In the first place he assumes that the Royal Academy curriculum which is followed in the Bombay schools is a new inspiration to Indian art students, whereas it was followed by all his predecessors in this school and by all the European artists who have had charge of Indian Schools of Art until I discarded it in Calcutta.

As to the results of this European academic teaching, I fail to discover, either in the present or in the past, any proofs that it has led or will lead to a revival of Indian art. I find that the Bombay students now, as before, learn to adopt this academic formula to Indian subjects with their usual facility, but they become, as always, completely de-orientalized as artists and incapable of entering into the spirit of Indian art. I could not discover at the Wembley Exhibition a single work of the Bombay schools which showed an Indian outlook on art.

The Bombay painters are simply applying a European academic prescription to Indian subjects, more or less successfully, but the result cannot be described as a revival of Indian art.

It would take up too much of your space to discuss Captain Gladstone Solomon's arguments *seriatim*, so I must here content myself with an emphatic dissent from his theories of art teaching in India. It would, I think, be disastrous to art in India if they were generally adopted.

Yours faithfully,
E. B. HAVELL.

INDIAN ARCHITECTURE

Mr. D. W. Ditchburn, President of the Bombay Architectural Association, in his address delivered at the opening sessions of the Bombay Architectural Association, advocates the formation of an Indian Institute of Architects and announces that a special sessions of Architects throughout India will be held in Bombay at the end of the year. Mr. Ditchburn's observations on the present architectural conditions in India are not altogether pleasant reading.

"When we come to compare the present day work with achievements of the past it cannot but be admitted that Indian Art has lost a good deal of its vitality during the past two centuries, in fact the last century has for architecture been a very decadent one. This may have been due to the lack of appreciation of architecture or to the endeavours made to graft on to Indian structures the motifs and features of other styles, and while this might be an advantage in the assistance of the development of a modern Indian style suitable to all conditions and requirements, this drafting or copying has not been carried out judiciously in many cases and therefore naturally appear on completion as traversities of the original ideas. We have still, however, in the country numerous examples of fine Indian Art at our

disposal for cultivation and I would strongly advise all architects and students whenever they have the opportunity to make measured drawings of those examples for posterity.

"We have been handed down very few drawings and such as they are, are very crude, of ancient Indian buildings, doubtless due to the fact that architectural draughtsmanship in the past was neglected. It is doubtful in fact whether any plans except of a very crude and meagre nature were prepared before the commencement of building operations, the respective artists engaged on the work combining their efforts by mere sketches, and how this combination has in some of the buildings grown into a harmonious whole and into well proportioned monumental structures surpasses our comprehension and it speaks volumes for the authors who conceived the designs as a whole. The architectural work of the past appears to have been very largely executed under 'mistries' whose achievements in their own branch of the work were recognised, and so were probably allowed a good deal of latitude in the execution of detail assisting in the embellishment of our most noble structures. We do not appear either to have records of the names of any of the old masters who have produced the notable edifices standing to-day, but we may be assured that although the conceptions as a whole must have emanated from one master mind the actual working out of the geometrical details, the exquisite carving, and inlaid work must have been the outcome of the efforts of the various mistries, masters also of their respective arts. Taking a leap through the ages and coming down to modern times for comparative purposes and selecting for example the city of Ahmedabad with its numerous fine examples of ancient Indian Architecture and comparing the buildings there of recent construction and one will find a decadent feeling prevailing lacking in any way of distinctive character or feeling.

"With such exquisite examples of form on every hand it would not be unreasonable to anticipate that something of the ancient style and beauty would have been reflected in the modern productions, but in this the city and its environs are sadly lacking. There is no harmony of purpose and a general restlessness is displayed everywhere.

"There in that growing and prosperous city the inhabitants as in the days of old with few isolated exceptions employ mistries to carry out their building work. The owners convey their ideas to their mistries just as in the early days and the latter after the preparation of a very crude plan commences his building operations, the services of a trained architect not having been deemed to be necessary. The unfortunate result, however, the mistries of to-day not being comparable with those of the past, is not very edifying and does not appeal to the artistically trained mind. I must admit, however, that in the highly cultured circles of this city, an artistic feeling does prevail and art for arts sake appreciated.

"It has been said that if the famous Westminster Abbey in London which has been added to, portions rebuilt, etc., during the mediæval ages were to be burnt down, to-morrow, it could be erected exactly as it exists to-day, owing to the numerous drawings and details which are in existence scattered no doubt all over the country and in the possession of hundreds of architects who have from time to time measured and sketched this old edifice, but I do not think it would be such an easy matter to reconstruct any of our old and charming edifices in India if, for example, destruction overtook them."

ART IN MODERN INDIA

F. S. Growse is known for his wonderful memoir of the Muttra district and his brilliant translation of Tulsi's Rāmāyana. His work is now about half a century old. Even then he appeared to be an anachronism; for an official to be original or brilliant or of varied interest and attainments is more of a disqualification than otherwise and certainly a nuisance to everybody concerned especially to those above him. Officers, however, are not given to writing their confessions

or autobiographies and consequently important material for the study of official psychology as well as for the art and science of administration is lost. Taking up a modest illustrated pamphlet by Growse entitled "Architecture of to-day as exemplified in new buildings in the Bulandshahr district." I came across some observations which have not lost their force even now. Our Public Works Department has never been noted for its aesthetic sense. In fact the Department is probably proud of the total absence of any such feeling. According to it "taste and economy, elegance and convenience are essentially incompatible, and that ugliness is rather a merit than otherwise in any building—such as a school, or a dispensary—which is primarily devoted to practical purposes." The result is that the eye and the taste of the people are being rapidly demoralized by familiarity with the meanness and vulgarity of the obtrusive edifices which they see rising up all round them. This tendency to deterioration is periodically lamented by the very same authorities that so persistently foster it, and large sums of money are fitfully and futilely expended in the promotion of Art Schools, Museums and Exhibitions. Now, all these institutions are admirable in their way; but, here as elsewhere, prevention is better than cure and practice than precept. If our Municipalities and District Boards were relieved from the incubus of "standard plans," and exhorted to encourage native talent by employing it in the design and execution of local improvements, the streets of our towns would soon assume a more pleasing appearance, art would once again walk abroad, instead of being locked up in a cabinet in a museum. But an experience of twenty-five years in India warrants me in saying that almost every native who is of sufficient local rank to have much intercourse with European officials, and still more so if *he has received an English education, has entirely lost all that artistic perception which is a part of his oriental birthright*. It is from the upper and so-called educated classes that the members of our Self-Government Boards are mainly taken, and it is therefore absolutely necessary to the architectural success of the local improvements, which are executed under their direction, that they place themselves unreservedly, as to all the details of design, in the hands of the artisans whom they employ; making no attempt to enforce their own ideas upon them; otherwise the grotesque extravagances they are sure to perpetrate will be still more distressing to the cultured eye than the blank insipidity of the customary departmental standard.

One more observation of Growse will suffice—

"I think it much to be regretted that in a country like India the official test of a man's qualifications should be so exclusively clerical. The result is, that real advancement of the country is sacrificed to the clamour of the small so-called educated class, and in every branch of the administration overgrown establishments are maintained for the support of hungry clerks and accountants, who eat up half the revenues of the State, which might be more profitably expended in improving the condition of the people at large. Inaptitude with the pen is no proof of inability to wield the chisel, and as facility with the latter instrument of expression is rarer accomplishment of the two, it seems to be at least equally deserving of official encouragement. It is really the old handicraftsmen of India who have done more to make their country famous than any other class of the community; it is their work which first suggests itself at any mention of 'the gorgeous East'."

The most stupendous failure of official architecture is perhaps to be seen in the new Imperial Capital, Raisina, Delhi. The summer exodus will now never be abandoned so long as the Imperial Government has any voice in the matter. The share of the Public Works Department so far as the construction of public buildings is concerned has been greatly reduced as a result of the Reforms, but it does not necessarily follow that the opportunity which is now vouchsafed to the various local bodies for encouraging the growth of indigenous architecture will be better utilized. The English-educated Indian is unfortunately too tally devoid of any sort of aesthetic sense—even more than the average European, unfamiliar with or indifferent to Indian traditions and culture, and it is therefore not at all

surprising that the worst offender, as regards the disparagement of India's art should be the sophisticated Indian himself. There has been a lot of general interest in Indian art recently. It has however been confined principally to rather uncritical writing and talk about modern painting especially the Bengali variety of it. Architecture and sculpture have been rather neglected; for both these arts require a higher standard of technical equipment at the hands of its devotees than the graphic art which is so abundantly cultivated in Bengal. And yet pictorial art has never attained its greatest triumphs, at any rate in the East, except as the handmaid to architecture. The plastic art seems to have been more or less ignored during the Moghul regime and painting came to be the principal subject of imperial interest and patronage. It must not however be forgotten that it is in the sphere of architecture and sculpture that India has contributed most to the art development of the world. Sculpture is practically dead while architecture continues its chequered existence in the hands of the few surviving master-masons and craftsmen. A promising start has been made in recent years by Mhatre and his disciples in Bombay to revive the old art of statuary.

Bengal had had no traditions of painting before the beginning of the 20th century with the result that the art revival there has been a deliberate and conscious process and unfortunately consciousness or rather conscious striving after art is fatal to the spontaneous outburst of creation.

After twenty years of existence and out of an output amounting to many hundreds of paintings, it will be difficult to pick out even a score of pictures which will live down the flight of time. Of experimentation and adaptation there has been no lack, and the work of Abanindranath Tagore himself may be said to be a chronicle of experiments in art conducted in Bengal during the last quarter of a century. Abanindranath Tagore will live more as a teacher and as a finished specimen of Indian culture than as a great artist. He has observed and made use of, as a part of his equipment of old traditions, the fashions of European cubism, post-impressionism and the modes of modern Japan and China and even of archaic Java but somehow or the other the artistic utterance has never been commensurate with its promise and there are but very few works, such as "The Last Journey" which are finished in craftsmanship and full of genuine feeling. The aesthetic expression of modern India has been strangely halting and somewhat forced and has still to catch the note of spontaneity and graciousness of the old fresco-painters of Ajanta, Bagh, Sittannavasala and Sigiriya. In sheer accomplishment there is nothing in modern India, which would stand comparison with the mediæval masterpieces of Moghul or Rajput painting. There is certainly more of variety of consciousness and of effort. The scale of the canvass too has increased; though practically all the work of any importance is still done in water-colour as in the past and in accordance with the old traditions of ignoring the perspective or depth and representing mental summaries of things observed rather than attempting to translate the facts actually seen. The pictures in other words are still coloured drawings done from memory rather than from models. The most notable achievements of the new school have been in the sphere of mythological pictures especially by Nandalal Bose, Asit Halder, Kshatindra Mazumdar, Suren Car, Nandalal Bose may be said to have been especially successful in this particular field; and his series of religious pictures may be said to be the high water-mark of the graphic art of Bengal. He and Asit Halder have rendered notable services by copying a great part of the surviving monuments of Ajanta and Bagh and thereby putting before India the finest examples of pictorial art that it has ever produced. Mukul Dey another young artist has executed some pretty etchings; and Bireswar Sen has done a few dainty drawings reminiscent of the old Moghul school.

In the sphere of portraiture the work accomplished has been on the whole trivial and pure landscape painting has hardly been even seriously attempted except by the versatile Gagnendra Tagore in Bengal and Rup Kishen in the Punjab. But by far the greatest portion of the output of the Bengal school must be treated more in the nature of ephemeral illustration than considered as serious art.

Bengal had a notable school of sculpture in mediæval ages but no trace of that great versatility of design and wealth of form is to be seen in the art of modern Bengal. Bengali artists have certainly the credit of being the pioneers of the art revival in the country and even now they are practically the teachers in all the principal art schools in India except in the Western Presidency. The most promising as well as the latest arrival in the field is the work of the Andhrā Jātiya Kalāshālā in the Presidency of Madras. It would seem that Southern Indian artists are still capable of recalling the rhythm and the grace of movement, the abandon and the reserve of their noble mediæval sculpture. Virility may be said to be characteristic of this latest phase of art development in the country.

The pictures of the Bombay school are neither here nor there. It is astonishing that the artists who were first to work for over ten years with the late Mr. Griffiths and copy the great masterpieces of Ajanta should have been totally unmoved by them in poetry and imagination and should have learnt practically nothing from the amazing sincerity and expressiveness of their drawing. At present there is no single place in India where one can study the great masterpieces of Indian art in their proper historical perspective. Art is still mixed up with archæology, or locked up in indifferent collections of old paintings reinforced with representatives of the modern schools. Indiscriminate praise is no substitute for discerning criticism ; and the latter is especially needed in this country where every small achievement is likely to be hailed as a great triumph. Modern artists must not be judged too severely as they have not had the intensive training that was imparted to every scion of the families of the old artists. Too much must not therefore be expected from our young painters, who have often started with high enthusiasm but not always with adequate equipment on the road to India's artistic revival. A true renaissance capable of continuing the glorious record of Indian art is not possible without rigorous training in the craft of painting coupled with a thorough understanding of the old masterpieces and a genuine insight in the life and thought of modern India. Painting must not be divorced from the parent art of architecture. There has been a growth of great public interest in matters artistic. The Government too have not been behind hand in taking up the cause of Indian art. What is however sadly needed is more knowledge and greater grasp of the realities, and adequate insight into the difficulties of providing provincial centres in the shape of art galleries and museums necessary for the systematic study of art. Why should a man of Dr. Coomarswamy's equipment have to work as a Curator of the Indian Collections of the Boston Museum when he could be made available in his own country for organising the study of art at a trifling cost !

N. C. M.

HARTMANN'S WHO'S WHO

The following poem by B. F. Austin appears in the publisher's announcement of *Who's who in Occult, Psychic and Spiritual realms*, compiled by William C. Hartmann and comprising various subjects such as Alchemy, Anthropology, Applied Psychology, Archæology, Astrology, Bahai Movement, Buddhism, Christian Mysticism, Occultism, Psychoanalysis, Sufi Movement, Vedanta Philosophy, Vegetarianism and other cognate subjects, to be issued annually in October under the auspices of the Occult Brotherhood, Jamaica, U. S. A.

" IF "

If I can throw a single ray of light
Across the darkened pathway of another ;
If I can aid some soul to clearer sight
Of life and duty, and thus bless my brother ;
If I can wipe from any human cheek a tear,
I shall not then have lived in vain while here.

If I can guide some erring one to truth,
Inspire within his heart a sense of duty ;
If I can plant within the soul of rosy youth
A sense of right, a love of truth and beauty ;
If I can teach one man that God and Heaven are near,
I shall not then have lived in vain while here.

If from my mind I banish doubt and fear,
And keep my life attuned to love and kindness ;
If I can scatter light and hope and cheer,
And help remove the curse of mental blindness ;
If I can make more joy, more hope, less pain,
I shall not then have lived and loved in vain.

If by life's roadside I can plant a tree,
Beneath whose shade some wearied head may rest ;
Though I may never share its shade, or see
Its beauty, I shall yet be truly blest—
Though no one knows my name, nor drops a flow'r upon my bier,
I shall not then have lived in vain while here.

REVIEWS

Two Great Theosophist Painters, by James H. Cousins.

Oriental Blossoms, by Gwendoline Goodwin.

Two Great Theosophist Painters, by James H. Cousins.

Dr. Cousins begins this little book by recalling the words of Dr. Besant—"Religion has ever been the foster-mother of Art, . . . Art is unthinkable without religion If it has decayed, it is because religion has passed so much out of the ordinary life, and with the lack of its inspiration, Art has become imitative instead of creative." According to the author Jean Delville and Nicholas Reorich were inspired by Theosophy and in their paintings "we find the expression of the Theosophical attitude." Some pages are devoted to the explaining of this "theosophical attitude"—and what it means. A succinct account of the life of the two artists and a history of their various productions are faithfully given. The suggestive descriptive notes which Dr. Cousins gives in his account of the paintings are the most valuable portions in the book. In 1910, Jean Delville began his work on the set of wall paintings in the Criminal Court of the Palais de Justice in Brussels. Dr. Cousins was greatly moved by these panels and has explained how they express the artist's vision of modern justice—so different from the traditional blind justice with the eye-bandage and the sword. Our author regards the Belgian painter as "one of the world's master-artists and most exalted geniuses."

Of "Les Forces," reproduced elsewhere, Dr. Cousins says: "It is an immense canvas, twenty-six feet by eighteen; the expression of a great artist-seer's vision of the Powers of Light and Darkness who carry on the aeonian struggle on the field of the cosmos—in the world of nature as the Forces of Life and Death, and in the soul of humanity as the Dark Powers of material enslavement and the White Powers of spiritual freedom. Both forces are depicted as heavy in tegument, low in intelligence, fierce yet fearing, and wielding the carnal instruments of sword and flame, the White Forces move with their own winged energy. Outwardly these are full of activity; but their faces share the calm compassionate assurance of their Christ-Leader who directs their operations with the uplifted hand of both command and benediction. They are without weapons save the invisible power of the spirit exercised through their outstretched arms. Michael their executive chieftain, leads them with the torch of spiritual illumination. The crisis of the conflict is past. The Dark Forces break like a baffled and frenzied wave against a counter-wave bewildering in its calm invincibility. There are no casualties on the side of the White Forces, but the debris beneath the Dark Forces indicates an already disintegrated wave. The process of victory for the White Forces is seen in this and in their movement across the central line of the canvas. The picture is an immortal masterpiece carried out in tempera in the realistic method of the classics, but given a significance modern in expression and universal in application."

Nicholas Reorich, the Russian artist according to Dr. Cousins "takes his place, not only by virtue of supreme achievement in his own artistic method, but also by virtue of high seriousness and purpose in the integration of Art and Life, in the hierarchy of great tradition, with his message of the sufficiency of Art and its twin sister, knowledge, for the rescuing of humanity from the ugly morass into which it has wandered because of its desertion of the narrow path of Beauty and Truth." "Only on the basis of true Beauty and of true Knowledge" he says in his recent book *Adamant* "can a sincere understanding between the Nations" be achieved. Nay, more, he declares, "without any exaggeration I emphasise that not one Government can endure henceforth unless it take into consideration the veneration of Beauty expressed in all branches of Art and Higher Knowledge."

When Reorich was only twenty-three the academy exhibitions contained four pictures by him "one being entitled "The Messenger," which drew the special attention of the most influential critics because of the fresh genius which it disclosed, and was given the highest compliments then available—a place in the gallery of the greatest collector of the time, Tretiakov. . . This picture has a special interest for Theosophists, as it was the first expression of the young artist's feeling of some inspiring message which was coming to the world. . . . He painted a new "Messenger," and brought it personally to Adyar in January 1925, to present as the nucleus of a Blavatsky Museum of Art. . . The great canvas is at Adyar, but its proper housing and the development of the museum as an international gallery depends on funds which are not yet forthcoming."

Many and varied were Reorich's activities as Secretary and later Director of the Society for encouragement of Fine Arts in Russia. He also produced stage scenery and settings for famous operas and dramas, as well as a series of landscapes. He travelled widely and at Darjeeling painted a series of sixty-eight Himalayan pictures.

We have no doubt that this book will be a very useful introduction to the study of the two great artists, especially in their relation to Theosophy.

*A Review of some Poems of the Orient,** by Adi. K. Sett.

This is a very beautifully got-up volume of poems which are saturated throughout with the beauties of the Orient and are truly coloured with many glowing passion tints. Mrs. Goodwin writes her little poems in a masterly style. She frequently appears in the modern Indian periodicals but perhaps she is better known to the reader under her *nom de plume* of Saki. Her poems are saturated with the true spirit of the coloured East and they give her readers the impression that she understands not a little about the Orient and her philosophy. As Mr. John Pollen says in his foreword: They tell the old, old story which Eastern poets know so well, that love is intense, natural affection, permeated by the spirit of self-sacrifice.

Mrs. Goodwin has written several verses on Hafiz and tells us of the "Philosophy of Laughter not of Tears." She paints her poems in the real Indian colours and makes one think of a clever picture in bright oils done by a brilliant student of an Indian Art School. Her Night in a Garden is a characteristic poem. Here you have,

A thousand sleeping flowers give forth perfume,
A fragrance undefiled of living bloom,
Against a peacock sky yon cypress trees
Show blackly. Song wafts on the breeze.
Surely the bird of love the rose can please
On such a night as this.

Let us have music in tune with our mood,
Soft sweet melodies, not the savage crude,
War chants of fighting tribes. Let flute like song
And lilting cadence float along
The Seas of Peace and Love that know no wrong
On such a night like this.

*Oriental Blossoms by Gwendoline Goodwin, with a Foreword by John Pollen, Heath Cranton, Ltd., 6, Fleet Lane, E. C. 4 (2s. 6d.).

Mrs. Goodwin seems to live in an enviable land of her own like all the other poets, as she says in her first poem called Introduction,

I live in a land of dreams
A world apart
Peopled with glorious images of the passt. . . .
And gazing o'er the ocean
Think of those frail barques on the Sea of Life
That we call Men.

The Three Loves of Ibrahim is another perfectly charming poem telling us of the fickleness of women,

I gave my soul into fair Fatma's hands.
She was so lovely, she bewitched all men
With almond eyes, and black snake locks.
But when I found often
Duplicity her game,
I broke the spell
And rang a parting knell.

I think that a small poem entitled Jewels is the best one in the volume. It is a perfect conflagration of colours and a jangle of rhythmic words. It is like a pastel painting of vivid crayons with a conspicuous Indian background.

Bodies of amber and anklets of jade ;
Bracelets and nose-rings with jewels inlaid.
Lips like blood-rubies and small teeth like pearls ;
Shimmering, silver-decked, pale dancing girls.
Eyes like black diamonds from Hindustan's mines ;
Smouldering torches to lighten Love's shrines.
Eyelids of amethyst, ear-rings of gold ;
Shadows of turquoise, their beauties unfold.
Emeralds gleaming in tinselled tissue ;
Like glist'ning snakes from darkness they issue.
Fire-flies opalescence anon they assume
In a sapphire cloud of incense perfume.
Heels of deep coral, and henna-tipped hands
Awaiting a lover from distant lands.
Dancing through Life, never questioning why,
Till wrenched from their setting, they droop and die.

This fine poem is a worthy specimen of what modern verse can be. Mrs. Goodwin's Japanese prints is another verse so full of pretty hues.

Next three lantern-laden coolies, straw-hatted sturdy men
Or a flowery little geisha bending o'er her samisen.
And a Kakemono painted with a spray of red nanten. . . .
Here a prattling child at play
Overturns a bowl of gold fish. . . .

These verses are very tender, full of emotion and of the understanding of the sorrows and joys. In fact they seem as if they were written by a sensitive Oriental. They are certainly soaked with the essence of things Oriental and a faint perfume of the east steals over the verses. Here and there you come across soft lines with just a tinge of soft vague colours,

The scent of the jasmine floats on the breeze,
Laughter echoes from leafy bowers. . . .

and

A bulbul sings on a pomegranate spray.
Time will overtake us all too soon. . . .

It is with truth that Mrs. Goodwin says,

I am blissfully, wilfully drowning
In a River of Human Love.

"Oriental Blossoms" have all the characteristics and qualities that make a book of poems popular in these days when a lot of bad prose is read and only very little of good poetry is appreciated.

The Works of Harindranath Chattopadhyaya

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Some Appreciations

Sri Aurobindo Ghose in *Arya*—"Here perhaps are the beginnings of a supreme utterance of the Indian soul in the rhythms of the English tongue . . . The genius, power, newness of this poetry is evident . . . We may well hope to find in him a supreme singer of the vision of God in Nature and Life and the meeting of the divine and the human which must be at first the most vivifying and liberating part of India's message to a humanity that is now touched everywhere by a growing will for the spiritualising of the earth-existence."

Rabindranath Tagore—"I feel sure you have all the resources of a poet in lavish measure."

Æ—"People can learn to write quite excellent prose in a language not their own, but poetry is built on refinements in expression which are rarely learned by any except those who have heard the language spoken around their cradles. I am astonished that in spite of this you have attained such a power of expression. Your verse has beautiful things in it."

Alice Meynell—"It is exceedingly interesting to me to see such a meeting of Eastern and Western imagination as I think your poetry brings about."

Laurence Binyon—"Your verse will find its way because it is truly poetical—'The Fountain' is a beautiful poem and in 'Freedom,' 'The flowers wild root in the cold grey clod' is lovely. These are things that proclaim you a poet—I think your command of English is wonderful."

Yone Noguchi writes:—"DEAR POET,—I thank you for your welcome gift—those two books of your new poems are so delightful. Your youthfulness in poetry inspires me, and makes me live in a new world of fire and wisdom."

Padraic Colum—"Every poem in the book (Perfume of Earth) has given me great delight. 'The Marriage of the Rat' has vigorous imagination in it, and besides imagination it has a delightful humour. And the poem about "the Peacock" pleased me so much that I now know it by heart. All the poems in the book are delightful and it is amazing to me that you, coming out of another tradition, have been able to get such spontaneous verse-forms in English."

Harold Childs—"('The Magic Tree.')" "You do not need now to be told that your use of English is really remarkable and that you make of it a live language to which you can add something of your own which perhaps no Englishman born could contribute. The profound concepts of physical and spiritual life which the poems suggest or state so musically, simply and with such beautiful imagery . . . I cannot help saying that to me personally they appeal with very great sympathetic force. "Dust and Star" especially is full of wisdom not easily come by outside poetry. (On Perfume of Earth)—"The poems gave me great pleasure—both the sweet pure music of them and the great thoughts which you express with such admirable simplicity and profound implication. Work like yours is specially refreshing and cheering at a time when very much English poetry is confined to a rather harsh and defiant materialism. I keep opening the book anew and always light on something beautiful and deep."

James H. Cousins—"This young Indian poet . . . shows the way at the beginning of this century out of the deep valleys of gloom and uncertainty into the sunlight and elevation of inner realisation of divinity."

S. Fowler Wright, Editor, "*Poetry*" (England) in his review of *Pundalik*, a Verse-Play, says:—"It is the work of a poet whose reputation is already established among those who can recognise good work before the time of popular acclamation."

**The Shama'a Publishing House, Aghore Mandir, Mount Road,
MADRAS.**



OUR FRONTISPIECE

MR. N. C. MEHTA, to whom we are always deeply grateful, has kindly sent us the photograph of the image which is reproduced as our frontispiece. The forces of evil, *asuras*, appear in many hideous shapes, *Mahisha*, buffalo, was one such. It had fierce strength, and was overcome only by the great efforts of divine powers. We have here a forcible interpretation of the conquest, discomfiture, *mardana*, of the demon of darkness by the force of righteousness.

SPIRIT is the crown of universal existence; **Matter** is its basis; **Mind** is the link between the two. **Spirit** is that which is eternal; **Mind** and **Matter** are its workings. **Spirit** is that which is concealed and has to be revealed; **mind** and **body** are the means by which it seeks to reveal itself. **Spirit** is the image of the Lord of the Yoga; **mind** and **body** are the means he has provided for reproducing that image in phenomenal existence. All Nature is an attempt at a progressive revelation of the concealed Truth, a more and more successful reproduction of the divine image.

But what Nature aims at for the mass in a slow evolution, Yoga effects for the individual by a rapid revolution. It works by a quickening of all her energies, a sublimation of all her faculties, while she develops the spiritual life with difficulty and has constantly to fall back from it for the sake of her lower realisations, the sublimated force, the concentrated method of Yoga can attain directly and carry with it the perfection of the mind and even, if she will, the perfection of the body. Nature seeks the divine in her own symbols; Yoga goes beyond Nature to the Lord of Nature, beyond universe to the Transcendent and can return with the Transcendent light and power, with the fiat of the Omnipotent.

But their aim is one in the end. The generalisation of Yoga in humanity must be the last victory of nature over her own delays and concealments. Even as now by the progressive mind in Science she seeks to make all mankind fit for the full development of the mental life, so by Yoga must she inevitably seek to make all mankind fit for the higher evolution, the second birth, the spiritual existence. And as the mental life uses and perfects the material, so will the spiritual use and perfect the material and the mental existence as the instruments of a divine self-expression. The ages when that is accomplished, are the legendary Satya or Krita *Yogas, the ages of the Truth manifested in the symbol, of great work done when Nature in mankind, illumined, satisfied and blissful, rests in the culmination of her endeavour.

It is for man to know her meaning, no longer misunderstanding, vilifying or misusing the Universal Mother, and to aspire always by her mightiest means to her highest ideal.

SRI AUROBINDO GHOSE.

(From the "Arya.")

* Satya means Truth; Krita, effected or completed.

MAHISHĀSURAMARDINĪ

A symbolism of the conflict between Good and Evil

BY N. C. MEHTA

The story of the struggle between the radiant goddess Durgā and the spirit of Darkness embodied in the shape of the buffalo is a favourite motif of medieval *plastik*. A specially pleasing specimen depicting the Puranic myth comes from the Gorakhpur District, executed in the beautiful, black chlorite stone, which is capable of taking a high degree of polish, and which appears to have been extensively used in Bihar, above all in Nālanda and the eastern districts of the United Provinces for purposes of image-making. The story is usually understood to be an allegory summarising the perpetual conflict between the forces of Righteousness and Evil. The details of the episode however as narrated in the various Purans vary. The Mārkaṇḍeya Puran devotes a separate chapter to the exploits of the deity, which is known as the Durgā or the Chandi Pātha. The latter is one of the most widely read poems of popular Hinduism of to-day. The verses of the Durgā-Pātha were pictorially translated during the resurgence of Hindu art about the middle of the 18th century and there are several excellent series of the Durgā-Pātha pictures—mostly by Pahari artists, extant in various collections.*

It is very probable as suggested by the late Gopinath Rao that the 'story indicates the substitution of the buffalo-totem worship by a form of goddess worship, amongst certain early primitive tribes in the country.' (*See* page 354, "Elements of Hindu Econography," Vol. 1, part 2; also pages 345—354.) It should also be remembered that the animal chosen for important Hindu sacrifices is the buffalo. Whatever the origin of the myth may have been it is clear that the figure of the Mahishāsūramardini—the slayer of the buffalo demon, as the goddess is styled, became widely popular at the end of the Hindu period about the 11th century A.D. when architecture with its attendant art of sculpture flourished as never before, throughout the length and breadth of Hindustan.

The goddess is portrayed as a young woman with all the freshness of her youth and wielding the choicest weapons given to her by the various deities for her great fight with the demon. Shiva gave her the trident, Vishnū the disc,

* *See* my "Studies in Indian Painting."

Varuna the conch, Agni the dart, Yama the iron rod, Vāyū the bow, Sūrya the quiver with arrows, Indra the thunderbolt, Kūbera the mace, Brahmā the rosary and the waterpot, Kāla the sword and shield, Vishwakarmā the axe and other weapons and Himavāna the lion—the vehicle on which she rides; and similarly other gods presented her with arms and ornaments. The majority of the sculptures dealing with the theme are more or less ineffective, for the subject is sometimes treated rather melo-dramatically or the details of the Puranic prescriptions overshadow the bold lineaments of the goddess herself. The specimen reproduced here shows the goddess firmly pressing down the buffalo with her right foot and thrusting the trident in the abdomen of the demon held upside down. The buffalo is held by the hind legs with the neck firmly secured to the quiver resting on the ground. The helplessness of the animal is effectively contrasted with the invincible might of the proud Chandi bearing a variety of weapons in her various arms. A pair of *vidyādhars* are swaying in the air, probably bearing the garlands of victory. The goddess bears a sword, a disc, a trident and holds a quiver; a shield and a bow in her four right and two left arms respectively. The multiplicity of these limbs instead of detracting from the strength of the image or weakening the tension of its contours, actually heightens it by their symmetrical disposition; and the broad sword held aloft and passing just behind the high-peaked *jatā-mukuta*, enhances the feeling of irresistible power to the goddess who is the very embodiment of concentrated rage and unchangeable resolution. Vigour, irresistible vigour, is the keynote of this dramatic sculpture. The helpless posture of the animal and the wonderful expression of the deity with her eyes wide stretched, the lips compressed and the muscles of the face in a tension of ungovernable rage and not the least the pair of peaceful divinities hovering in the air make up a situation full of action and feeling. The victory of Good over Evil is shown powerfully and decisively in the terms of the Puranic mythology. The story apart, the æsthetic quality of the sculpture is perfectly obvious in the boldness of its outlines, in the symmetry of its disposition, in the strength and the restraint of its execution. The goddess is dressed in a piece of cloth winding up to the waist and reaching up to the knees which is indicated by the folds on the body as is customary with medieval artists. She is elaborately decked with jewels—ear-rings, necklaces, particularly large bracelets, girdles and anklets.* Ornament is the birthright of Indian womanhood, in fact, the outward symbol of its maturity and undying glory.

It should also be noted that the sluggish buffalo has been chosen as the incarnation of darkness, for blackness is the hue of evil and ponderousness the quality associated with it. Plastic symbolism must ultimately be based on the

* I am indebted to Babu Prayag Dayal, Curator of the Provincial Museum, Lucknow, for a beautiful photograph of the image and the particulars about it. The image measures 1 foot 10 inches by 10 inches.

facts and experiences of daily life and its vocabulary must not radically diverge from the common modes of expression, if it is going to be generally understandable and to interpret visibly and effectively the vague ideas and imaginings of the people. The deity of Righteousness has rightly been rendered as the radiant mother—youthful, indignant and irresistible. Her mount is the lion.

N. C. MEHTA

PRIEST AND NATURE-POET

Some account of Saigyō Hōshi

BY W. G. BLAICKIE MURDOCH.

Lovers of the Japanese colour-print, an ever-increasing number of people, do not require introduction to the fine master, Kōriusai, who lived in the second half of the 18th century. But among his works there is one which, it may well be assumed, is in general little understood by those of his admirers, who are not compatriots of the artist. The distance is occupied by Mt. Fuji, and in the foreground there is a mendicant, the aspect of whose face suggests that he is lost in dreams. Far from being a representation of some wanderer, whom Kōriusai had actually seen, this picture is an imaginary portrait of Saigyō Hōshi, who lived at a time, about 600 years before the presentment of him was fashioned. Inasmuch as the woodcuts of the 18th and 19th centuries were an art for the commonalty, the subjects delineated were as a rule such as necessitated no explanation for that class, even those of them who were virtually without education. What was it then, about Saigyō Hōshi, which rendered him still, so long after his own period as the seventeen-hundreds, a personage in whom the great plurality had an interest?

It was into a social sphere, widely other from that with which the world usually associates mendicants, that Saigyō was born in 1118. He was a scion of a noble house, heretofore of particularly high standing, and as a young man he became greatly intimate with the Mikado Toba. At the age of about 20, Saigyō began to earn renown at the Imperial Court through a strange combination of talents. For on the one hand, he was a signally skillful archer; and on the other, already he wrote verses which elicited admiration, especially from his royal friend, Toba. It requires anything but a flight of imagination, to conceive people speaking of the archer-poet as a youth with a great future before him, one whose entire circumstances were eminently conducive to his holding before long, important office under the State. But if this was the current feeling about the young patrician, at 23 he took a curious step. He had lately been married, and children had been born to him; he now turned away from his family, and entered the Buddhist priesthood which body demanded celibacy of its members. Apparently, he never received a permanent charge at a temple; for he wandered ceaselessly, living a most frugal life. He preached sermons; he recited poems; and he carried a skull on the end of a stick, doubtless with a view to reminding

his hearers of the brevity of human existence. Here was change indeed, from Saigyō's previous position, as the object of admiration at a court and the favourite of a monarch.

In some degree Saigyō Hōshi was a normal outcome of the temper of the age he lived in. After enjoying for a long time the boom of comparative tranquillity, Japan was now rapidly approaching a condition well-nigh combustible. The Imperial Government was weak; poverty was widespread with the masses; pirates tormented the shores of Nippon; and bandits swarmed in outlying parts of the land. There were fierce feuds among baronial houses, and the Buddhist priests were in large measure corrupt. With luxuriousness rife among them, they tended to perform religious offices only for the rich, leaving unshepherded the roiling myriads. And not only were the hierarchs much addicted to using the sword, but likewise they meddled ceaselessly with political affairs. Here then, in the plight of the country, as also in the ways of the clergy, were factors very likely to fan into a blaze, religious ardour in a gifted young man like Saigyō. The stronger a person is, the further that person goes, along every path he or she takes. And the axiom has sound illustration in the scion of nobility, who transformed himself into a mendicant preacher. Nothing could satisfy him, save complete renunciation of the world.

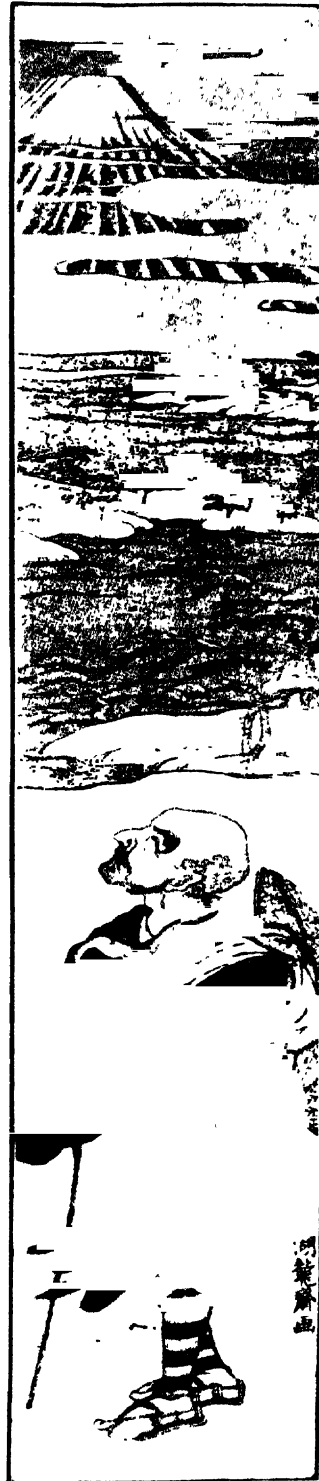
The vagrant poet was not wholly done, however, with relationship with people in high places. The condition of the Buddhist clergy, in his day, is only too well exemplified by the doings of Mongaku Shonin. For it was the abortiveness of an endeavour by him, to kill a man to whose wife he had been paying amorous addresses, which led Mongaku to enter the church, in which he came to hold important position. In his interferences thereafter, with the political intrigues in the Imperial Palace, he dealt in notably unscrupulous methods. And it was he who, loudly denouncing Saigyō and his wayside preaching as the scandal of Buddhism, threatened to kill the itinerant poet-priest, should opportunity present itself. In 1156, there came the spark which brought combustible Japan into a blaze of civil war. The fray was protracted for no less than thirty years, and the victorious commander was Minamoton No Yoritomo. Soon the gaze of all Nippon was directed towards this brilliant soldier, for he was well-nigh omnipotent in the country. If he was a cruel man, he was to demonstrate presently that he had remarkable talents for statesmanship, and in years just after the war, his home was Kamakura. Wandering, still wandering, Saigyō chanced to come to that town, and a friendship sprang up between him and Yoritomo. To the military leader, archery was perforce a subject of the last interest. And as the itinerant priest had been an expert with

the bow, in days before he forsook the world, it is not surprising to find that bowmanship was among the things which he and Yoritomo discussed. Moreover, the triumphant soldier was himself an occasional writer of verse, wherefore again wonder is not felt, on learning that poetry was of the topics which he and his priestly friend talked about.

Yoritomo conceived no ordinary esteem for Saigyō. Anxious to express this sentiment, the martial commander gave the poet a small sculpture, a study of a cat, carved in silver, or by some accounts, in gold. But it happened that, a little afterwards, the desire to be kind to a child came up in the mendicant. And with characteristic disdain for things of value, as the world counts it, he handed to the child for a toy, the cat in precious metal. Giving up pilgrimage, Saigyō settled in a hut; and his death occurred in 1190, his age then being 72. No doubt his intimacy with so striking an historic figure as Yoritomo, along with the romantic character of the poet-priest's life as a whole, were in some measure what made him remembered by the Japanese populace, up till the time when the imaginary portrait of him was fashioned by Kōriusai. But whereas there have been people who, leading adventurous lives, have produced writings which are absolutely without literary excellence, Saigyō Hōshi won by his verses an enduring if not very lofty place, in the literature of Nippon. He was perhaps if not certainly, the best Japanese poet of his generation.

The mendicant was preoccupied with the *tanka*, a medium which has only five lines. Through ages before him, the men and women of that courtier class, to which he belonged by birth, were enormously addicted to writing social verse, and the formula they generally used for it was the *tanka*. The very fact, that this had been employed with such prodigality, for mere repartee or the paying of compliments, serves to throw into high relief, as it were, the merit of Saigyō's work. Expressing as it does, emotions of considerable depth, it is the antithesis of social verse, the thing which people write, so that they may get praise for their cleverness. Ever and again, on his wanderings, the poet-priest would crystallise in the five-line form, something which had indeed stirred his heart. What exactly were the things, which quickened his pulses?

As is normal in the poetry of an earnest churchman, the devotional sentiment finds utterance in the work of Saigyō Hōshi. Nevertheless, would a particular category be named, as the one to which he may be assigned, that class is not the religious lyrists but the nature-poets. There is a piece by him, in which he tells of sailing far over the salt sea, and hearing away up in the heavens, the call of the wild goose. There is another by him, in which he tells of journeying on ponyback, with snow falling and still falling, covering the pony's



tracks. There is another again, in which he recounts his longing to sleep beneath the fair blossoms of springtide, with the moon shining overhead. Scanning the fishing-boats putting out to sea, he registers the sight. Looking on the boats returning to harbour, he enunciates the conviction, that he too will pass safely through his voyage of life. And there is a poem where he says—

“I realise why there seizes me, despite my will, the feeling of sadness.
It is because at nightfall, in autumn, I find myself in this solitude
of Sigi-tatsu-sawa.”

It would be difficult if not impossible, to point to a thing by Saigyō Hōshi, which is distinguished by a beautiful and haunting music, but how wonderful his descriptive talent is! What vividness in his boat on the waves, with the wild-goose flying far above, what vividness again in the pony, plodding through the ceaselessly-falling snow! Nor does the writer merely describe things so that they are seen, but likewise so that they are felt. The emotions, which they evoked in the poet, are conveyed to the consciousness of his audience; they feel themselves passing through the circumstances, which are related in the poem. Reading the lines about Sigi-tatsu-sawa, there is duly known for a moment, if but for a moment, the savour of a lonely place, in autumn at nightfall. There is duly experienced for an instant, if only for an instant, the pensiveness which a place of that kind is prone to call up. And it is this strong sense of reality, in the tiny descriptions by Saigyō Hōshi, which is in likelihood the best quality in his work.

There do not seem to be extant yet, any of the sermons by the poet-priest. If by his frugal life, he set to the corrupt hierarchs of his day an excellent example, he did not do this in vain; for in the time just after his, there occurred a big evangelical movement in Japan. There were now numerous churchmen of great earnestness and activity, of such men being Shinran Shōnin. It might be said that Saigyō, in turning away from his wife and family, showed a religious fervour of a wrong sort, and played in too consistent a mode, his part of renunciation of the world. Is it possible, that this action by the nature-poet, was partly what led Shinran to sanction marriage for the clergy, in the Buddhist sect which he founded?

W. G. BLAIKIE MURDOCH

Poems

THE LADY IN THE GARDEN

Beyond the quiet brooklet,
Where the hidden pathways go,
Fast asleep there lies a lady,
In a garden lying low.
You must go into that garden
Very gently, on tiptoe,
And you must not wake that lady
From her slumber, O no !
You must creep about in silence,
You must never let her know
That you're peeping at her pansies
And petunias, O no !
For if she hears your footsteps
Though so gently they may go,
She will vanish in a twinkle,
And you'll never come to know
Where she's gone to, or the garden,
Though you travel fast or slow,
You will never win her pardon,
Never, no !

THE GIRL AND THE NIGHTINGALE

Evening came, and faint and far
The blue clouds bore a golden star.

Rachel through the orchard passed
She found a red rose tree at last.

And as she sat embroidering
A nightingale began to sing.

Sing, little sister, let us see
Who sings the more melodiously.

If better songs than mine you sing
You shall cut off each foot and wing.

But if my singing be more fair
I will cut off your streaming hair.

They sang for two days and for three
And Rachel had the victory.

O sister, spare these wings, I plead,
Three little ones are mine to feed.

O sister, do not cut my feet
My little ones they are so sweet.

Dear nightingale, go gather food
And comfort all thy little brood.

And give me one, when they are grown,
One little one to be my own.

To sing me into dreams at night
To wake me with the morning light.

THE GLEANERS

Call from the dewy uplands every
Weary harvester ;
Lo ! here we come to the shadowy ford
Beneath the moon's bright sphere.

And what have you gleaned in the furrows of life,
What is your long day's dole ?
A golden song to cheer the heart,
A prayer to ease the soul.

PENCIL DUST

By accident one evening lately
I found myself astonished greatly
At my own handiwork. I took
Some blunted pencils. On a book,
In languorous vacuity
I gave those points acuity,
And puffed away the powdered lead
And curly shavings they had shed.
Then rose my wonder. As I shook
The paper covering that book,
Lo and behold, of their own selves
The pencil points had pictured elves
And prehistoric warriors,
Bacchantes, whirling matadors,
Susanne, Pavlova, angry snakes
And many figures madness takes,
With cryptic, embryotic forms,
And pine-trees peeping out of storms
On mountain-sides. I was amazed ;
Baffled, incredulous I gazed
At that miraculous masterpiece,
Wondering why had come release
So suddenly from consciousness ;
All vacant I had nevertheless
Drawn from the caverns of my mind
Keen caricatures of many a kind,
Tangled in such a vivid dance
In that arena found by chance,
They will not stop, they leap, they dive,
Tanagra tumblers turned alive,
Frantic youth and frenzied girl,
They will not stop their dizzy whirl.
So I must put the volume by
For fear that cover takes my eye,
And I go pironetting out
Of memory with that roystering rout.

THE ORCHARD FIRE

Mother, I watched the fire
The gardener made this evening
By the orchard gate.

First it blazed higher and higher
As if it would leap to the moon
And could not wait.

Then it began to glow
Quiet and deep as the sky
When evening closes.

At last it was very low
Just like grey ashes round
A few red roses.

And all those roses died
One after the other, until
There was only one.

Suddenly it opened wide
As if it would sing like a bird,
And then it was gone.

How lovely they did seem
Blossoming there in the darkness
By the orchard gate.

Mother, was it a dream
That fire of the gardener
That would not wait ?

He cannot make me another
So beautiful, I am sure,
Never again.

It called me somewhere, Mother
Like the last words of a song
That went out then.

E. E. SPEIGHT

THE NEW ART AND THE KINEMA

BY W. G. RAFFE

In every age the teachers of religion and philosophy have used most of their extant methods of art to enshrine and to symbolise the truths which they revealed to mankind. As each different phase of the One Religion has been given to each people for whom it was designed as a particular form of religion, so the arts and crafts then current were utilised to the fullest in that great service. The hidden truths have been symbolised in all kinds of form. They appear in architecture in the Great Pyramid, in Grecian and Mexican and Indian temples. They appear in Chinese and other paintings. They have been born in poem and drama, in temple ritual and ceremonial, and even seemingly non-religious rites. They grew from apparently simple geometric symbolism into our numerals, figures, and letters branching off in a mnemonic departure as hieroglyphs, for our letter forms are not descended from them any more than men are descended from monkeys. This form of symbolism is luxuriant in our own day as literature, in a mighty architecture composed of multiplied symbols which convey ideas from mind to mind through the craft form of words. Pictures were invented for the simple vision which cannot read more abstract symbols.

There are still millions of people who can read little more than photographic pictures or simple pictorial prose. But a wonderful thing has happened. The picture is no longer bound to suggest or to represent the single static moment. While still seemingly confined to the two dimensional surface—though stereoscopic cameras now reach beyond even this limitation—the cinema picture is itself dynamic. Its vital power of suggestion outweighs any other art method now before the world. Even the living drama cannot exceed its emotional appeal in many respects, for its very unreality grips and bestirs the imagination of the silent watcher as no static work of art can do. The great day of the painted picture as the highest art force is now past, even as the Grecian day of the sculptured images of the gods is gone, never to return. The spirit of art is finding another focus ; its dynamic function will lead humanity through new forms, in a new realisation of the one life.

The art of the cinema is the greatest creative discovery of the modern era. It is so profound that it has hardly yet been recognised for what it is. The cinema is bound neither to time nor space. It can avoid the necessities of temporal rhythm which are the first restrictions of poetry and music. It is not

tied to the earth-level but may move anywhere a human being can reach. It is not bound to the material exigencies of the stage drama, with its fixed view points and its solid figures moving in real space. The cinema, though it knows it not, is the freest art ever known to mankind. It is imagination made visible.

Yet the cinema has crept along the earth like a serpent, not realising its wings, stupidly following the realism of the older painted pictures. Instead of using the body of nature as a symbol, it has used it in a mundane manner as a crude builder ravishes it for material clay, rather than an artist seeking flowers and jewels. Unheeded by the mythological archaeologist, a new worship of Nature has begun in the earth. No longer does civilised man bend in fear before an unknown Nature, worshipping and sacrificing to its personified powers to buy their benevolence. No longer does he live on sufferance, but he has turned and begins to subject her forces and her forms to his will, puny though his own powers still are, and barbarous as are his desires for her wealth to make his own for a space. Thus the city dwellers, long severed from direct dealing with nature, have come to know her from a distance. The greatest painters of landscape have been city dwellers, and Turner saw visions which Herodotus and Cæsar and Hannibal could not perceive though they saw Nature too. They were not free, they were still in and of Nature. In the modern city man has a new freedom. In this is the new revelation, and the new worship of nature comes to the world, with infant man growing to mastery, no longer trembling but confident in his own powers, still uncertain what exactly to do, or why to do it, but resolved to try his strength.

In art is his chief creative power, and in the modern art of the cinema, the most dynamic form of art yet possible, must his greatest and most profound thought also be expressed, from mind to mind. The high abstractions that first were symbolised in graphic form, to become immersed in numeral and literal occultis, are now required to be expressed anew in the dynamic symbolism which the cinema has offered. This is a gigantic task, for to set down a scenario in terms of the cinema demands that the producer must know both his philosophy and his medium, neither of which is easy, while he must be a supreme artist, able to create those new and vital forms which shall allow the fullest possible functioning of his hidden teaching, in a cycle wider than anything that has yet been seen by the eye of man.

There is no profanation in this, provided that the attempt be made with intelligent reverence, with due understanding of the profundity of the subject and the innate human necessity of those to whom this message is again addressed. When Michel Angelo painted his conception of Jehovah on the

ceilings of the Vatican, and the simple needs of those times allowed the portrayal of biblical scenes in current costumes, avoiding historical in preference for the subjective sense, the craft of painting reached a high level of artistic power. Its power was exploited quite properly in every direction, so far as the painters had knowledge. The power of painting is often now exploited for much more trivial and worthless subjects and the cinema has hitherto been conceived as primarily a means for making profits, which is quite in accord with the accepted ethic of the day. If it can be raised to an art as well, then this may be done so, provided that the first necessity be not impaired.

Yet, we have had Jesus on the film, as we have had him in paintings; and Buddha on the film, as we have had his benign figure for centuries in sculpture. It is a strange fact that the Eastern people have displayed far more enthusiasm over Buddha on the film than Western peoples have shown for Jesus on the film.* The cinema has been used for teaching, but only for the teaching of ordinarily visible things, though sometimes objects have been much enlarged with the microscope, and otherwise hidden wonders thus revealed. It has demonstrated surgical operations to young students; methods of car driving and numerous actions in games and sports, clarified with the slow motion process, showing the infinite grace of any master of a game, moving with the economy and effortless ease of the true artist.

But very few attempts have yet been made, either by film or by stage drama, in the way of bringing abstractions down by giving them visible symbols, a dramatic method which has received the somewhat crude German name of *expressionismus*. One or two plays have been produced, even in London† as examples of this reversion to type from the current insistence on personality and moment in all art forms. The cinema is far ahead of any stage drama in its potentialities in this direction, just as it has greater scope for most ordinary forms of utter realism, which have now been exploited almost to their farthest limit. Its possibilities in expressionism—if we must utilise this insufficient term—have scarcely been investigated.

We need a new genius of the screen, who can invent and adapt crude realities into powerful expressive symbols, quite new if need be, so long as some initial clue can be given to the meaning, which its own subsequent dynamic activity will reveal to a far greater extent than any other mode of art could

* I have been the sole European in an Indian picture theatre full of Hindus, watching their enthusiasm for a film showing a story of Krishna, equivalent to that of an English crowd at a football match, and have marvelled at their sense of proportion.

† I recollect with pleasure the first English production of Ernest Toller's "expressionist" play, *Mass-Mensch*.

possibly achieve ; where words fall short, where static pictures are grossly inadequate and even misleading ; where a sculpture may be relegated to the nursery ; where stage drama is too limited in space and time and by the unavoidable realism of the players. In this new symbolism for ancient truth, all manner of visual substance and phenomena may be adopted and adapted to reveal again the unknown god whom we ignorantly worship. Instead of making a speed-up version of plant growth, we can make a slow motion film of mind growth, whether in the individual or in the species. We can symbolise anew the invisible powers of Nature, no longer bound to gross anthropomorphism or even to the finest poetic metaphor, but visualised for him that hath eyes to see, in terms of vital dynamic interaction. By the hand and mind of a truly artistic producer, the graceful or terrible motions of their living powers can be symbolised in moving forms, some solid and tangible, others yet more powerful in suggestion, in wreathing smoke and dancing water or leaping flames, in flickering light and shadow, and also colour, with all their reflections and changing forms, invested with new meaning and endowed with strange powers, even as the simple lines of ordinary geometrical figures, squares and circles, exercise their hidden powers when they are formed into letters and numbers, constructed into words, and flung from mind to mind so swiftly that the mercurial god is quicker than vision itself. Long familiarity with the written or printed word has robbed us of the sense of its wonder, but to those who must use words as a medium of art, this sense may never be lost. The wonder of usage of Nature's forms or even of art forms, as newer symbols for the camera's eye, is of vaster extent, since all that is visible and all that possesses motion, all that displays life, may be made into symbols for the unveiling of that which is itself the fount of life. Thus symbols and reality may approach nearer than they have yet done in all the history of art, which is the story of humanity, and the artist's selections from visible reality may reflect a still truer measure of the abstractions of intangible reality. In such a way may be instilled the faith in the brotherhood of humanity as a simple and obvious fact, in the same mode of faith as it is accepted that all the atmosphere will carry all wireless waves, by the obvious fact that they work, which is proved by the transmission across space of symbols, perceptible by the ear. The cinema can transmit across time, symbols visible to the eye, though its type of symbols was reversed, as the telegraph came before telephone, symbols before speech. Yet here is the new power of the cinema, for those who are enlightened enough to take it and use it, not merely as a means for amusement, but as a vehicle of revelation.

REFLECTIONS ON PORTUGUESE LITERATURE

BY ETHEL ROSENTHAL

I

João Baptista de Almeida Garrett (1799—1854) was an author of many parts and wrote some of the finest modern dramas in the Portuguese language. During his absence from Portugal he acquired a vast knowledge of international literature, and his magnificent historical tragedy, “Frei Luiz de Sousa,” is reminiscent, in style, of Goëthe’s “Egmont.” Garrett treated his subject with majestic simplicity, and created an atmosphere of foreboding and dread with a skilful stagecraft worthy of the ancient Greeks.

When the curtain rises on the First Act, Dona Magdalena de Vilhena is discovered with a book in her hand. Slowly she repeats the last sentence which she has been reading—“In that deception of blind soul which fortune will not permit to be maintained for any length of time.” By her remarks it becomes evident that her life is spent under a cloud of fear, which she endeavours to conceal from her second husband, Manuel de Sousa, whom she married, in the belief that her first husband, Dom João of Portugal, had been killed at the famous Battle of Alcacer Kebir, in 1578. King Sebastian of Portugal was defeated by the Moors on this occasion, and was never heard of again. For many years, however, the superstitious peasants maintained that their beloved ruler would escape from captivity to liberate his people from the Spanish yoke, under which Portugal groaned from 1580 to 1640. Magdalena harbours a belief that Dom João may return also and discover that she has been unfaithful to his memory. The only child of the second marriage is Dona Maria de Noronha whom both Manuel and Magdalena adore.

Dom Manuel was a patriot who hated the Spanish rule. Rather than entertain the Spanish governors he gives orders for his home to be set on fire. As the curtain falls at the end of Act I flames spring up and destroy his mansion, while Magdalena and her daughter escape, accompanied by their terrified servants. Magdalena opposes Manuel’s wish to take refuge in the palace which she and Dom João had occupied together some twenty years previously, but Manuel is adamant. There is no other residence available, and Manuel chides Magdalena for her alarm. “I never saw you in such a state before, I never imagined that you would be weak enough to believe in superstitions. There is only one true fear, Magdalena, and that is the fear of

God. What is there on your conscience to make you timid? Your heart and your hands are pure; for those who go before God earth has no dread, nor hell any terror. We will pray for the soul of D. João of Portugal in that blessed chapel which is part of his house. Do not think that his holy soul will return from Heaven to persecute us in this world. He fell in righteous combat, a martyr at the hands of infidels, fighting for his God and his king."

In Act II Dom João returns to his old home disguised as a pilgrim. He informs Magdalena that during his captivity in Jerusalem a fellow-prisoner charged him to escape, and to bear a message to her, saying—"Go to D. Magdalena of Vilhena, tell her that a man who loves her very dearly is here alive.....so much the worse for him.....and that he has not been able to escape or to send her news for twenty years, because he has been a prisoner." Magdalena is thrown into a state of woeful anxiety, and the Pilgrim informs her that his friend was captured at the Battle of Alcacer Kebir, and was transported, subsequently, from Africa to Jerusalem. When asked to identify his portrait the Pilgrim points immediately to the picture of D. João. Magdalena utters a piercing cry of—"My daughter! My daughter!" and flees from the room. Manuel's brother, Frei Jorge Coutinho, questions the Pilgrim respecting his antecedents. In reply, the Pilgrim points again to D. João's likeness and says he is "Ninguém!" (Nobody!)

The dènouement takes place in the Third Act. Adversity has not hardened Dom João's heart, and he resolves to withdraw into obscurity, leaving Magdalena, Manuel and Maria in peace. He charges Telmo, his faithful servitor, who recognises him after his twenty years' absence, to inform Magdalena that the Pilgrim was an impostor. He says—"It is necessary to remedy the evil that I have done. I was imprudent, unjust, hard and cruel. D. João of Portugal died on the day that his wife said he died. His honoured and virtuous wife whom he loved.....Oh! Telmo, Telmo, with what great love did I love her! The wife whom he can love no longer without dishonour and shame! I died in that self-same hour in which she believed in my death."

For purposes of comparison, it is interesting to study this passage in conjunction with the following extract from Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," which treats of Enoch's decision to allow his wife, Annie, to remain in ignorance of his existence, and to continue her life of happiness with Philip, her second husband:—

"He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
'Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
Before I tell you—swear upon the book
Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.'

‘Dead,’ clamoured the good woman, ‘hear him talk !
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round !’
 ‘Swear’ added Enoch sternly ‘on the book !’
 And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.

* * *

‘Woman disturb me not now at the last,
 But let me hold my purpose till I die.
 Sit down again ; mark me and understand,
 While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
 When you shall see her, tell her that I died
 Blessing her, praying for her, loving her.’

* * *

‘And say to Philip that I blest him too ;
 He never meant us anything but good !’

At the close of Act III, Manuel de Sousa is admitted into the Order of Dominican Friars and becomes Brother Luiz de Sousa, while Magdalena takes the veil. As the Prior bestows his blessing upon them both, Maria rushes into the church and interrupts the ceremony, pleading that her father and mother may be restored to her. “Mother you must not die without me.....Father lend me a portion of your garment.....I want to conceal myself here, before that man from the other world approaches and declares to you and me,—before all these people —‘This girl is the daughter of crime and of sin !’.....“ I am not ; say Father that I am not,.....tell all these people that I am not !” (She approaches Magdalena.) “Poor Mother ! you cannot do so.....poor thing ! you have not the courage..... you have never told a lie ? Well, lie now to save your daughter’s honour, so that her father’s name may not be taken from her.”

When the Pilgrim appears at the back of the stage, Maria hides her face on her mother’s breast and moans—“ I die.....of shame.” She drops dead, Manuel and Magdalena prostrate themselves beside the corpse and the Prior exclaims : “My brothers, in this world God afflicts those whom he loves. The crown of glory is bestowed in Heaven only !” The curtain is lowered to the sound of the organ.

In the following description of the historic characters which figure in “Frei Luiz de Sousa” Garrett emphasized their heroism. The summary was included by him in an address which he gave at the Royal Conservatorium of Lisbon in 1843. “The beautiful figure of the handsome Manuel de Sousa Coutinho beside the resigned and angelic form of D. Magdalena, protecting, by

arms intertwined with hers, the innocent fruit of their mutual and fatal love, forms part of a group, such as I would have hewn from a block of Carrara marble, could I handle the chisel of a Canova or a Torwaldsen. I would have imbued it with life more easily, and certainly more successfully, through the medium of sculpture than by means of the three acts of my play." Garrett likened the story of Manuel de Sousa to a Greek Drama. "Chaste and severe as the tragedies of Aeschylus, passionate as those of Euripedes, energetic and natural as those of Sophocles, it possesses a certain calm and delicate sensitiveness, diffused by the Christian spirit, which softens, by tears of contrition, what, amongst Pagan peoples, would have been desperate anguish."

"Frei Luiz de Sousa" has been translated into German, Italian, Spanish, French and English. Elkin Mathews is the publisher of the excellent English version by Edgar Prestage, which appeared in 1909, under the title "Brother Luiz de Sousa." The famous Portuguese critic, Mendes dos Remedios, considers "Frei Luiz de Sousa" to be one of the finest modern contributions to the literature of the Portuguese stage.

Very different from the subject-matter of Garrett's "Frei Luiz de Sousa" is the plot of his "A Sobrinha do Marquez" (The Marquis's Niece) produced in 1848. This is an eighteenth-century costume comedy suggestive of Molière, and Garrett composed it, like his other plays, for the repertoire of the national theatre which he founded. War between the upper and middle classes constitutes the main theme of the drama which scintillates with wit.

The scene is laid in the last days of King Joseph's reign (1750—1777). The noted Marquis of Pombal, famed for his expulsion of the Jesuits from Portuguese territory, was prime minister at this period. In his introduction Garrett wrote—"It is idle to mention that the Jesuits and the great nobles were opponents of the Marquis of Pombal. However it is very necessary to remember that in order to oppose them he established the middle class, if he did not actually create it. He separated it from the people, martialled it under the command of the Crown, and reigned by means of both parties which he dominated, raising and constraining them by one and the same hand.

"Entire annihilation of the aristocracy, or complete triumph of the bourgeoisie—amounting to the same thing—meant abdication into their hands. Rather than abdicate, the minister of King Joseph would have resorted to any measure. Such the vein of thought, and such the epoch of the Marquis of Pombal."

Garrett chose the administration of the celebrated statesman as the background for his picture. He represented the terror and hatred which the Marquis of Pombal inspired in the breasts of the aristocrats and the Jesuits, who hailed the death of King Joseph with relief. Both parties were aware that the accession of Joseph's successor, Donna Maria, meant the fall of the Marquis, and they hoped to regain thereby the power of which Pombal had deprived them. The middle classes, also, feared Pombal and detested his severe discipline. According to Garrett, it was as irksome to them as boots are to the raw recruit on the first days of a march. Apart from the Marquis each character in the play is fictitious.

The Marquis is anxious to arrange a marriage between his niece, Marianna, and D. Luiz de Tavora. D. Luiz's father is the Marquis's mortal enemy and has languished in prison for over fifteen years. In his desire to effect this alliance, Pombal agrees to release the elder Tavora on the day that Luiz weds Marianna, and he promises a safe-conduct to Luiz to enable him to visit his father, immediately provided that Luiz accepts Marianna as his bride-to-be. Pombal sends Marianna to Simoes, a merchant who is in league with Pombal, and also with Luiz. Disguised as Simões's niece, Marianna captivates Luiz, who is working in Simões's business as book-keeper, while pretending to be Simões's nephew. Many comic misunderstandings arise by reason of these impersonations, but all the complications are satisfactorily unravelled at the close of the play. Luiz's father is released, and, in the last act, Luiz asks the Marquis of Pombal for Marianna's hand in marriage. The Marquis consents, and thus a feud of many years' duration is terminated.

Pombal still retains his grudge against the Jesuits however, as revealed in the following conversation, which takes place between him and the Jesuit priest, Father Ignacio:—

THE MARQUIS—"Come Father, your hand" (Shakes hands) "As a friend?"

IGNACIO—"We will see.....And the Society?"

THE MARQUIS—(Dropping the father's hand) "Never!"

IGNACIO—"Then war!"

THE MARQUIS—"Yes."

IGNACIO—"To the death!"

THE MARQUIS—"Let it be so. I shall fall, but....."

IGNACIO—"You certainly must fall."

THE MARQUIS—"But the Jesuits will not rise."

IGNACIO—"We shall see!"

FINIS

In 1869 Pinheiro Chagas's "A Morgadinha de Valflor" was produced for the first time at the benefit of the great actress, Emilia Adelaide, who created the title rôle of Leonor, the morgadinha or heiress of Valflor. It attained remarkable popularity, and occupies a niche apart in the gallery of modern Portuguese dramas. In the preface to the third edition, published in 1891, the author remarked that it was very exceptional for a demand to arise for three editions of a Portuguese play within the space of a few years. He added: "I do not write these few words of preface, with a desire to flatter my vanity, or in a spirit of self-glorification, but solely for the purpose of thanking those great artists who have interpreted the various rôles, with extraordinary insight, at the hundreds of performances which have taken place both in Portugal and Brazil."

The play has been translated into Spanish and Italian, and possesses sociological and historical interest for, once again, class distinction is the leading motive, and the eighteenth-century setting, with the voice of the proletariat heard in the distance, afforded an admirable opportunity to the author for introducing dramatic contrasts into his tragedy.

Luiz, the hero, is an artist who has imbibed democratic ideas during his travels in France and Italy. On his return to Portugal, he is attracted by his little cousin, Mariquinhas, whose father, Leonardo, regards him as a prospective son-in-law. Mariquinhas has been reared in a conservative atmosphere, and believes implicitly in the divine right of kings and noblemen, as proved by her remark to Luiz—"There is no doubt that ladies are different from us. God knew what He was about when He established class distinctions." Mariquinhas informs Luiz that the heiress of Valflor is an only daughter, and tells him that she is proud and haughty, and although she can be charitable and gentle—whenever she speaks, she betrays her deep-rooted conviction that she is a superior being.

Towards the close of Act I, Luiz, who is alone on the stage, reflects upon Leonardo's obvious intention to bestow Mariquinhas's hand upon him in marriage. Luiz is aware that this union promises peace and domestic happiness—and yet?—He has seen the great world, and has been strangely stirred by the exquisitely dressed women whom he has watched entering theatres and operas. His musings are interrupted by a loud knock. A storm has arisen and, as he opens the door, Leonor "the morgadinha," dressed in male attire, enters Leonardo's house as though it belonged to her. Luiz, who has never seen her before, is unaware of her identity. He is intensely irritated by the disdain with which she treats him and to Leonor's annoyance he commences to air his democratic views. Referring to Marie Antoinette

he remarks: "Women with blue blood in their veins believe they can trample under foot, with impunity, the most elementary ideas of morality." He adds: "This too, probably, is the belief of the heiress of Valflores?"

LEONOR—"What do you say about the heiress?"

LUIZ —"I say were the heiress of Valflores a plebeian, she would be the laughing stock of the neighbourhood, with her disdainful habits and her contempt for modesty."

LEONOR—(Choking)"Do you know her?"

LUIZ —"I have never seen her, and I wish I might never see her."

LEONOR—"Then why do you go to the palace?"

LUIZ —"Because I am fulfilling a contract there as a painter."

LEONOR—"And you insult her without knowing her?"

LUIZ —"This frivolous heiress who spends the night in the woods will wake up one day to find herself despised by all who consider themselves to be men of worth."

LEONOR "Ah! you are very insolent!"

At this juncture Leonardo enters. He is horrified to find the morgadinha dressed as a man, and hesitates before allowing Mariquinhas to enter, as he fears she may be demoralised by the sight of a woman in trousers.

When Leonor leaves Leonardo's house, accompanied by the servants who have come in search of her, she flicks off Leonardo's nightcap with her riding whip, before he has time to remove it and bow. Leonor exclaims to Luiz when she has departed—"Isn't she a demon?" Luiz replies in an aside—"Or an angel. Who knows?" The curtain falls.

In Act II the scene is laid in the Valflores palace. Luiz is discovered alone, engaged upon his painting. He admits to himself that he is madly in love with Leonor. He longs for his plebeian pride to revolt against this attachment, but every time that he meets the proud aristocrat, who goes out of her way to insult him, he becomes more and more a slave to his passion. He adds: "Not a spark must be seen of the mad flame which consumes me, though my heart be reduced to ashes!"

Ultimately Leonor confesses to Luiz that she is in love with him. The situation is an impossible one for all concerned, and is aggravated by the fact that Leonor is engaged to be married to her cousin, Rodrigo. When Leonor is discovered in Luiz's arms, her mother, D. Thereza, requests him to leave her house. Luiz charges Rodrigo to fight him, but Rodrigo replies that he is not in the habit of duelling with his servants' relations. Ultimately

Rodrigo agrees to a duel, after Luiz has threatened to strike him, and Luiz gives a sigh of relief. At last he will have the opportunity of meeting his rival in open combat! Luiz is mortally wounded in the duel, but Mariquinhas nurses him with unswerving fidelity. In sickness, as in health, however, it is Leonor round whom Luiz's thoughts centre, and he expires with her hand clasped in his. With his dying breath he prophesies that a time of liberty will arrive when sister souls will be permitted to unite on earth.

To twentieth-century readers "A Morgadinha de Valflores" may appear a trifle melodramatic. The author's skill at characterisation however, invests the tragedy with a vital interest, for he has executed a clear-cut silhouette of each personality. Amongst the secondary characters D. Thereza, Leonor's mother, is particularly arresting. She stands at the parting of the ways between the old and the new regimes. Although when any crisis arise she proves to be a slave to tradition, she is emancipated sufficiently to realise that members of the proletariat may possess nobility of character. Moved by the spirit of self-sacrifice, revealed by Luiz when he begs her to speak slightly of him to Leonor, in order to dispel Leonor's affection for him, D. Thereza admits that many aristocrats might envy him his heroic instincts. She adds, however, that the laws of the world are severe and must be obeyed. "I do not conform to prejudice, but to the will of God, who instituted hierarchies, even in Heaven . . . If I were your own mother I could not be better disposed towards you."

In England, at the present time, it is customary to lament over the dearth of fine dramas available. Producers would do well to turn their attention towards the masterpieces which Portugal can offer. As a nation the Portuguese possess great dramatic and histrionic talents. These national gifts have stood their playwrights in good stead, and it would be a relatively easy matter to translate and adapt many Portuguese works for the London stage. They would offer the charm of novelty, an asset of paramount importance, when it is necessary to cater for the jaded tastes of critical audiences.

One of the most popular nineteenth-century novelists of Portugal was Camillo Castello Branco (1825 or 1826—1890). He was a prolific writer, and his complete works comprise some hundred and fifty volumes. In his "Studies in Portuguese Literature" (Oxford, Blackwell 1914) Mr. A. G. F. Bell described the output of Camillo Castello Branco as—"The sincere expression of a temperament singularly restless and nervous, and, at the same time impressionable as wax with regard to his surroundings and his readings." Chagas classified Branco's style as—"Pure marble from the national quarry." Branco possessed a remarkably extensive vocabulary, and his work constitutes an

admirable medium by which students may enrich their knowledge of the Portuguese language. The scenes which Branco depicts are interesting by reason of their brilliant colouring and forceful setting. His characters are emotional and romantic, but nevertheless they appeal by reason of their very human impulses. Their creator could have been only a warm-blooded Southerner, whose genius had matured under sunny skies. Branco lived much and loved much, and depicted all sorts and conditions of men. Despite his predilection for playing to the gallery, he was the possessor of undoubted genius, and Branco, the brilliant writer, as distinct from Branco the clever poseur, is deserving of respect and admiration.

One of his most characteristic novels is "A Mulher Fatal" (The Fatal Woman). If set as an opera, it should prove as effective as "The Tales of Hoffmann," for each episode is a complete drama in tabloid form. Many of the remarks in the introduction to this work are caustic and pithy, and enable the reader to penetrate the mind of the author. He stated, for instance, that—"the acme of human knowledge consists in glimpsing the reverse side of social tragedies, in which, perforce, the comic element appears. The ignorance which sterilises, withers and renders bald, allows but one side of the picture to be reflected." He wrote further :—"To immortalize laughter in books, verse and speech it is necessary to have wept." "A Mulher Fatal" contains many pages of unsullied lyrical beauty interpolated between passages of biting satire and subtle irony. Philomena's loyalty to her contemptible husband, Carlos, which is the theme of the second half of the story, is handled with the reticent sympathy of the idealist. Philomena's dignified self-reliance is momentous. She bravely supports herself and her children by her own earnings, and contributes towards the maintenance of her unfaithful spouse, at a period when the wage-earning married woman of the educated classes was a negligible social factor. Moreover Philomena was Portuguese, and, to this day, the women of Portugal, in common with those of other southern European countries, are not so independent as their sisters in more northerly lands.

In "Lagrimas Aben Coadas" (Blessed Tears) Branco abandoned entirely the rôle of cynic and painted the good and pure in life. In a few introductory phrases he summarised some of the ideas which inspired this romance. They included the following reflections:—"That happiness is possible on earth."—"That the only true happiness must be sanctioned by conscience."—"That tears constitute the price of happiness, as the consolation of salvation is experienced only after the suffering, caused by the agonies of shipwreck." The author added that the last remark might appear paradoxical to persons unacquainted with true happiness, who had not shed the blessed tears of resignation. The

life of Maria, the heroine of "Lgrimas Aben Coadas," is traced from her infancy, and when describing her up-bringing Branco proved to be in favour of the higher education of women. Her teacher was her uncle, a monk known as Frei Antonio: "An enthusiast where his compatriots and his fatherland were concerned, Brother Antonio inculcated into his niece a love of sixteenth-century Portuguese poetry with all its dignity. By means of the epics she learnt history by heart, and cultivated her taste by developing an appreciation of the genius who taught resignation to the unfortunate. To Maria, Camoes was more than a poem to be studied by heart. Her master interrupted her at each verse, and, as explained by the father, the poem became a fertile source of moral teaching. Exclusive devotion to the literature of his own country did not satisfy the learned man. Brother Antonio liked certain French books and Italian works of all periods. By the time she was ten years old Maria knew both languages, and read, with remarkable insight, in her spare evening hours."

Maria's family had lost their wealth owing to political disturbances, and she contributed to their depleted finances by the manufacture of artificial flowers. Hers was no life of idle luxury, and she grew up with an affection for work that was nothing short of remarkable. In due course she married Alvaro, a wealthy nobleman, whom Brother Antonio had reclaimed from a life of vice. Alvaro's conversion, however, was only temporary and he returned to the company of his evil associates soon after his marriage. In the course of a few years he squandered the whole of his fortune, and during this period Maria retired to a convent where she supported herself by her earnings. Ultimately her courage and steadfastness are rewarded, for Alvaro returns to her, chastened and impoverished. Realizing, at last, the strength and grandeur of Maria's character, he appreciates his wife at her true worth. They are reunited and live together in perfect happiness, notwithstanding their poverty. Subsequently they inherit a large fortune and remove to Alvaro's ancestral home, where they spend their time in doing good. The book closes with a note of peace and of religious comfort, very different to the storm and stress in which Camillo Castello Branco frequently indulged, when giving vent to his fondness for tearing a passion to tatters.

From his father, Branco inherited a morbid strain which led to his terminating his life by his own hand when over sixty years of age, after he had acquired great fame as a novelist. The idea of death appealed to him, and he described it frequently with the sure touch of a great artist.

One of the sentences in "Lgrimas Aben Coadas" which must appeal in particular to poets and musicians, is put into the mouth of Maria, who says

to her uncle, Frei Antonio :—"Intelligence is an electric wire. There are vibrations in my soul, which if unheard by you, would be lost, like the notes from an Aeolian harp, when the wind sweeps across its strings, as it hangs on the summit of a deserted sepulchre." The electric wire of Branco's intelligence vibrated in sympathy with his creative power, which was stimulated to feverish activity by every gust of inspiration.

II

One of the most celebrated names in Portuguese literature is that of A. Herculano (1810— 1879), sometimes styled "The Portuguese Walter Scott," and described by Romero Ortiz as "the most erudite novelist and most conscientious historian of nineteenth century Portugal. His fiction includes two of the finest historical romances in the Portuguese language, "O Bobo" (The Jester) and "O Monge de Cister" (The Cisterian Monk). "O Bobo" first appeared in instalments, in 1843, in "O Panorama," a weekly journal founded by Herculano for the purpose of diffusing scientific and literary knowledge amongst the people. The author revised "O Bobo" several times, until, in its finished form it became a masterpiece. The scene is laid in the twelfth century, in the days when Portugal was suffering from the growing pains, attendant upon the development of a young nation.

The protagonist, "O Bobo," occupies the important post of jester at the court of Donna Theresa, widow of Count Henry of Burgundy, who died in 1114, and mother of Alfonso Henriques, who assumed the title of first King of Portugal, in 1140. At the commencement of the novel Herculano gives a remarkable summary of the duties of the mediæval jester :—

"In those days similarity existed between the duties of jester and those of Roman censor. Passions were gratified openly which were condemned subsequently as ignoble. . . . Hatred and revenge were genuinely fierce, licence was sincere, tyranny was exercised without the restraint of concealment. . . . In the midst of the fearful silence caused by incredible endurance and enforced suffering one person, alone, was free to ascend and descend, at will, the long staircase of privilege. From every step he was at liberty to utter reproaches, to punish crime by bitter abuse and to expose the meanness of the powerful. By this method he frequently avenged, unconsciously, the oppression to which the poor were subjected. This privileged person was the jester a mysterious institution of the Middle Ages. Now-a-days his social significance is contemptible, impalpable then it constituted a mirror in which was reflected, with cruel sincerity, the hideousness of a society in the throes of disorder. The jester

who lodged in the palaces of kings and nobles fulfilled a terrible task. He was both judge and executioner, and, in his private court, with the aid of satire, he punished, not the body, but the spirit of the criminal who stood before him."

In "O Bobo" Herculano refers to the guilty love of Donna Theresa for Don Fernando Peres de Trava, which ultimately proved the source of her undoing. Mr. H. Morse Stephens refers to this incident in "Portugal" (Story of the Nations Series, London), one of the finest books of reference on Portugal in the English language :—

"Donna Theresa devoted herself to her love for Don Fernando Peres de Trava, and thus aroused the hatred of her boy-son, Affonso Henriques, and of Paio Mendes, who, in 1121, had succeeded Maurice Burdino as Archbishop of Braga. Her quarrel with Paio Mendes commenced in the year after he became archbishop, and well illustrates the attitude of the Portuguese bishops. As long as Theresa had remained the living symbol of Portuguese unity and independence, the bishops had followed her, but as soon as she showed her love for a Gallician nobleman they turned against her."

In 1127 Theresa was forced to acknowledge Alfonso VII of Castille as her suzerain lord, but, to continue in the words of Morse Stephens :—"Affonso Henriques, however, though only a boy of seventeen, absolutely refused to recognise the submission made by his mother and his tutor, and, in 1128, he raised an army with the declared intention of expelling Donna Theresa and her lover from the country. In this movement the boy was encouraged by Archbishop Paio, and his brother, Sueiro Mendes. . . . Donna Theresa also collected an army, consisting chiefly of Gallicians, but she was defeated by her son at the battle of S. Mamede, near Guimaraens and taken prisoner, and was shortly afterwards expelled, with Don Fernando, from the country she had ruled so long."

In the concluding chapter of "O Bobo," Herculano deals with the fall of Donna Theresa, and the commencement of the new and brilliant epoch, in which Portugal took her place, as an independent kingdom, amongst the nations of Europe.

In "O Monge de Cister" readers are transported into the reign of João I of Portugal (1385—1433). Vasco da Silva, on his return from the battle of Aljubarrota, at which the Portuguese obtained a noted victory over the Castilians, in 1385, finds his lady-love, Leonor, married to his wealthy rival, Lopo Mendes. His sister has been seduced and abandoned by Don Fernando Affonso, and his father has died from the effects of shame and grief. To avenge his wrongs, and those of his family, Vasco assassinates Lopo Mendes, and, in the guise of a monk,

persecutes Don Fernando Affonso. In the introduction to "O Monge de Cister, Herculano describes his source of inspiration :—

"One day, when passing through the Arab quarter of Lisbon, on my way to the Roman portion of the city, I noticed, by chance, the site of the former Convent dos Bons Homens de Villar or Conegos do Evangelista (The Convent of the Good Men of Villar or Canons of the Gospel), and stopped to study this spot. My examination was both long and conscientious, according to the phraseology of two institutions in which conscience usually is relegated to the background, namely legislative assemblies and the political press. In vain I tried to discover some traces of the primitive building, mentioned by me in the first chapter of "O Monge de Cister" . . . my efforts were fruitless Sorely grieved by my useless expenditure of time and energy, I was continuing my walk, when I was struck by the remembrance of an ancient manuscript which I had perused. This document contained details respecting a certain occurrence, recorded by Fernao Lopes in his chronicle of the reign of João I (1385—1433). The historian makes but passing reference to this incident, but it is circumstantially described in the unpublished record, and it is intimately connected with the history of this former college of the Bishop of Lisbon. . . . I resolved to infuse fresh life into what is only a name at the present day, and, by the time I returned home, I had so far classified my recollections that I had roughly outlined the plot."

The following sketch of Lisbon, which occurs in Chapter IV, gives a good idea of Herculano's descriptive powers :—

"Towards the end of the fifteenth-century, and principally during the course of the sixteenth-century, Lisbon—that city of wonder to foreigners—began to cover the heights of Sancta Catharina, and to spread across the western hills and valleys. Hitherto it had hidden behind its ramparts, and had sought protection from its Moorish castle. At a distance it was almost invisible, and, as though ashamed of its diminutiveness, the city had taken refuge behind the walls with which Don Fernando had screened it, when jealous of its beauty. In those days it was the innocent virgin daughter of Portugal—the honoured warrior. Alas ! this good soldier of the Middle Ages, rendered dissolute by wealth of conquest and intoxication of glory, degenerated before his time. Lisbon, his beautiful and modest daughter, was pure in her poverty. When reared in abundance and luxury she broke the girdle bestowed by Fernando (1367—1383), the last king of the first dynasty. Ascending the eastern hill, like a lost woman she smiled and beckoned to strangers, who, more corrupt than she, satiated her with vice and abomination."

One of the most sympathetic figures in the world of Portuguese letters is Joaquim Guilherme Gomes Coelho (1839—1871), better known by his pseudonym of Julio Diniz. Educated at Porto (Oporto), where he completed his medical studies, and commenced to practise as a physician, Julio Diniz was attracted in his youth towards the magic realm of literature. In his country idyll, "As Pupillas do Senhor Reitor" (The Wards of the Rector), Julio Diniz emphasizes the contrast between the conservative doctor of the old world, and the representative of modern methods, whose theories respecting the origin and cure of disease are regarded with distrust by the magnates of the village.

Julio Diniz's creative work is as healthy, and clean smelling, as new-mown hay. In his preface to "As Pupillas do Senhor Reitor" Alberto Pimentel wrote the following appreciation of Diniz's fiction:—"There is no sweeter, no more consoling literature than that of Julio Diniz—no literature more imbued with refreshing tears for the vanquished, and serene joy for the victors, on whom the laurel wreath of triumph has been bestowed."

Herculano declared "As Pupillas do Senhor Reitor" to be the finest Portuguese romance of the nineteenth century, and this tribute of the "Walter Scott" of Portugal to the "Portuguese George Eliot" has been confirmed by many critics. In the following excerpt from this interesting romance the reader is introduced to an ancient method of celebrating the harvesting season:—

"An enormous mound, built of ears of corn, occupied the centre of the open space, whilst the doors of the farm buildings were thrown back, in pairs, and revealed large baskets, destined to receive the ears from which the husks had been removed. Relations, servants, neighbours and acquaintances were all seated round this pyramidal alter, for such folk congregate in large numbers at these festivals, without troubling about invitations. On this occasion there were no reserved seats. Everyone sat down haphazard, or, to be more accurate, everyone chose the position which he, or she, preferred. Perfect equality reigned amongst the company. When occasion demanded nobody could maintain his dignity better than José das Dornas, but at this function he abandoned all formality as head of the family, and played tricks as jovially as the youngest labourer He was the first person upon whom fortune smiled, or, in other words, he was the first person to find an ear of corn of reddish hue. When he made this discovery the character of the festivities changed completely. Hilarity reigned on all sides, and the farmer was beset by requests to comply with the laws of the feast and to bestow the first round of kisses. The jolly countryman did not wait to be asked twice, and a comic scene ensued as he rose from his seat, and

embraced all and sundry in observance of the festal rites. His vivacious temperament enabled him to perform this task most efficiently, to the accompaniment of jokes, which were greeted by peels of laughter from the listeners."

Of all Julio Diniz's novels "*Uma Familia Inglesa*" possibly makes the most direct appeal to British readers. Written in 1861-1862, the staging and dressing of the story inevitably are out of date. Humanity transcends all dictates of fashion, however, and the members of Diniz's English family are none the less lifelike because their costumes are antiquated. The hearts of Jenny and Cecilia beat as warmly beneath their tight-fitting bodices, as do the hearts of modern heroines beneath jumpers and sports coats. Jenny, her father, Richard Whitestone, and her brother Charles might be seen any day in continental cities where English merchants reside. Below is the portrait of Mr. Whitestone:—

"In appearance Mr. Whitestone was characteristically English
. . . His complexion was of the usual, almost brick-like hue, and his somewhat prominent blue eyes sparkled like sapphires. His reddish hair and whiskers resembled flames which illuminated his thin cheeks. His regular pearl-like teeth were as white as snow-capped mountains. He held himself erect, his movements were swift, and there was a look of constant satisfaction on his face. His clothes were true to type and were English to the last thread."

Mr. Whitestone had lived in Portugal for twenty years and had acquired a fine appreciation for the merits of genuine portwine, but his British fibre revolted against the exigencies of Portuguese grammar. He ignored every rule with lordly disdain, and treated every branch of the language with majestic irreverence.

"Lobato and Madureira must have turned in their graves whenever Mr. Whitestone attempted to speak Portuguese. He mutilated the most trivial rules of syntax, in a manner so cold-blooded, that he might have been likened to a member of the Jockey Club trampling upon a lounge on the course, or a competitor who had been thrown from his horse."

Indeed, in his speech, Mr. Richard seemed to attempt an agreement between substantives and adjectives, in opposition to all objections raised by gender and number, as though he wished to modify the whole grammatical structure of the Portuguese language.

Very different from the web and woof of Julio Diniz's work is the texture of the fiction of Eça de Queiroz, a realist who depicts vice denuded of its glamour, and shorn of all illusion. With great dexterity Eça de Queiroz shows both sides of his pictures—the attractive guise in which temptation at first appears, and the hideousness which subsequently is revealed to the victim who listens to the voice of evil. Eça de Queiroz served as Portuguese consul in Cuba, Bristol

and Paris, and in this capacity glimpsed life from many viewpoints. In 1919, in a passage of enlightened criticism, Manuel Gaio observed that now-a-days it may be asserted that Eça de Queiroz exercised a healthy influence, despite opinions held to the contrary. The atmosphere which he created was salubrious, rather than edifying, and acts as a moral stimulant. Surely all unbiassed readers of his two famous novels, "O Crime do Padre Amaro" (The Crime of Father Amaro) and "O Primo Bazilio" (Cousin Bazilio), must endorse Manuel Gaio's opinion, for both works demonstrate sin under revolting aspects. Amelia in "O Crime do Padre Amaro" and Luiza in "O Primo Bazilio" are two silly little fools, who deliberately throw away virtue, happiness and peace of mind,—most precious of human possessions, whilst Amaro and Bazilio, who lead them astray, are so utterly despicable that, of necessity, they arouse the ire and contempt of all readers.

In the preface to the second edition of "O Crime do Padre Amaro" Eça de Queiroz referred to certain Portuguese and Brazilian critics, who alleged that "O Crime do Padre Amaro" was written in imitation of Zola's "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret." He demonstrated the inaccuracy of this theory, by reminding the public that "O Crime do Padre Amaro" was written in 1871, and published in 1874, whereas Zola's novel was written in 1875 and appeared in the same year. Beyond the similarity between the titles there are no points of resemblance between the Portuguese and French romances. The principal episode of "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret" consists of the allegorical picture, representing the first man and first woman and their initiation into the mysteries of love, whereas the main theme of "O Crime do Padre Amaro" is based upon clerical intrigue in a provincial town of Portugal.

No greater contrast to the self-indulgent Amaro could be found than the figure of the unworldly Abbe Ferrao—an ideal parish priest, described by Eça de Queiroz with loving care and respect.

"There he remained, dwelling amongst the villagers in the midst of a poverty-stricken, unfertile area. He lived upon bread and milk, and was clad in a clean cassock, which resembled a map by reason of its many darns and patches. Regardless of distance, or of the inclemencies of the weather, and at a moment's notice, he would hasten to the home of a parishioner who was suffering from toothache, or he would spend an hour ungrudgingly, consoling an old woman upon the death of a goat. Forever in a good temper, he never failed to produce a coin from his pocket for the benefit of a necessitous neighbour. He was exceedingly popular with all the small boys, for whom he made boats out of corks, and he was always ready with a 'God bless you pretty maid!' when he met a handsome girl,—an incident of rare occurrence in his parish."

In the following description of High Mass in a provincial cathedral Eça de Queiroz rivals Gabriele d'Annunzio as an artist in words. The Italian writer's account, in "Il Trionfo della Morte," of a pilgrimage to a remote corner of Italy belongs to the same picture gallery as the Portuguese author's canvas.

"The church was full. A mass was about to be sung in honour of the Blessed Sacrament. According to a custom of the diocese the accompanying instruments were a rebeck, a violincello and a flute, on account of the presence of the Host. This contravention of ritual was rigorously censured by Father Silverio, who paid strict attention to the details of the liturgy. The altar, upon which the relics were exposed, was elaborately decorated, and stood out with festive whiteness. Canopy, frontal missal ornaments—all were in white with pale gold reliefs. Pyramids of white flowers and leaves crowned the vases. The velvet decorations, suspended like sails on each side of the tabernacle, resembled to white vast extended wings suggestive of the Holy Dove. The yellow flames of the twenty candles formed a throne of light, and illuminated the monstrance, which displayed the Host—an opaque disc, placed on high, in its setting of shining gold. Throughout the crowded church there was a low murmur—here and there a sufferer from catarrh expectorated, and a child whimpered. The smell of incense filled the air, which was exhausted by the exhalations from the crowd. The figures of the musicians moved amid the choir stalls and desks, from whence there proceeded a tuneful sigh from the rebeck and a wail from the flute. . . . Two acolytes entered from the sacristy, one was as stiff as a pine tree, the other was stout and slovenly. They bore before them, high and straight, the two consecrated candlesticks. Clad in a vestment that was too large for him, and carrying the silver censer, the cross-eyed Pimenta walked behind them with slow, pompous steps. . . .

The choir attacked the introit. The church vibrated to the tones of the full organ. With mouths wide open, the choristers sang with all their might. . . . Carried away by the frenzy of the performance, the conductor waved, despairingly, the roll of plain song which served as a baton."

In "O Primo Bazilio" Eça de Queiroz describes with meticulous care the psychology of Luiza, Jorge's youthful wife, and her infatuation for her scoundrel cousin, Bazilio. To Luiza, reared in a quiet domestic atmosphere, and to whom travel is unknown, Bazilio is the symbol of the great world. To her eyes he is shrouded in the charm of mystery, and she is captivated by his suave manner and elegant appearance. The leading motive of the tragedy is indicated in the opening chapter, when Luiza reads to her husband the announcement of Bazilio's forthcoming return to Portugal, after an absence of several years spent in Brazil, where he is supposed to have accumulated a fortune. The editor of the paper, in which this news appears,

adds that Bazilio has been travelling extensively in Europe, and that he will be warmly welcomed by his large circle of friends, upon his arrival in the capital.

During Jorge's absence from Lisbon, Bazilio visits Luiza, and, before long, she becomes his willing slave. As the scales fall from her eyes, and she sees Bazilio in his true colours, Luiza is overcome by remorse. Her agony of mind is intensified by the persecution of Juliana, the middle-aged housemaid, who steals some of her love letters, and blackmails her with heartless persistence. Juliana is one of the most sinister characters in fiction. From the moment when she enters the room, at the commencement of the narratives, the reader feels that she is a bird of ill omen :—

“ Juliana entered, fumbling nervously with her collar and brooch. She must have been forty years of age, at least, and she was very thin. The dull yellow of her sharp featured face denoted heart trouble. Her large, sunken eyes were bloodshot, and roved inquisitively and uneasily, under her reddened eyelids. She wore a huge cap of plaited design, which made her head appear enormous, and she had a nervous affection of the nostrils. Her bodice was drawn flat across her chest, and her short skirt, distended over her stiff petticoats, set off her small shapely feet, which were encased in tight little boots with patent leather shoe caps.”

Both in “ O Crime do Padre Amaro,” and “ O Primo Bazilio,” Eça de Queiroz allowed no digressions to interfere with the course of his narratives, which flow on relentlessly to their tragic conclusion.

Beyond the confines of Portugal and Brazil, Portuguese fiction is deserving of far great recognition than it hitherto has received. Possibly a useful introduction to the study of this interesting literature may be furnished by perusal of the novels mentioned in the foregoing pages, and, for the benefit of readers, who may experience difficulty in obtaining them outside Portugal, details of publication are appended.

“ O Bobo ” and “ O Monge de Cister ” (two vols.) are obtainable from the publishers, Messrs. Aillaud, Alves, Bastos & Cie, 73-75, Rua Garret, Lisbon ; the publishers of “ O Crime do Padre Amaro ” and “ O Primo Bazilio ” are Messrs. Chardron de Lalo & Irmao, 144, Ruadas Carmelitas, Porto, (Oporto); “ As Pupillas do Senhor Reitor ” and “ Uma Familia Inglesa ” may be procured through either of the above mentioned firms. Booksellers in Nova Goa, Portuguese India, stock all the standard Portuguese novels, of which those selected for the basis of this article are but a few examples.

ETHEL ROSENTHAL



PRANAVA

P. K. Chatterji.

LOVE IN AN EASTERN GARDEN

BY J. VIJAYATUNGA

It is pleasant to have that reluctant feeling in the early morning, when it comes to exchanging the snug warmth of a well-blanketed bed for the raw air of the bedroom and the bath. It is pleasant to be able to go for a long walk at midday and to be able to sit through a long evening in front of a big log-fire, with just the right kind of book and in just the right kind of arm-chair. Were this the weather that India had to provide all the year round, the country would be a perfect climatic paradise. But alas ! within two short months from now the particular place at which I am living will have lost every trace of this transient illusion of the West. Its sun will be burning, venomous, dangerous. Its air will be parched and torrid, and, as every week passes, it will develop a more ruthless and unsparing temperature, until, by the middle of May, it will have become (what it annually succeeds in becoming) one of the hottest places on this terrestrial globe.*

Well, is that not a true description of this big Eastern garden—India ? And would you not expect Love within a garden of such markedly extreme climatic conditions to be equally marked, extreme and all-devouring. Now I must confess that for some time past I have been in love—mostly in imagination. And I have tried to imagine what it is that makes loving under a tropical sun so intensely passionate ; what it is that gives the steely, lingering quiver to Tara's embrace ; what stolen nectar was there in her kiss to intoxicate you every time your mind dwells in that happy valley of a moment. What is it that, brooks no dispute nor foreign claim ; briefly what is there distinctly Eastern in our " Love."

If it were a Love that begins as a mere caprice, a romantic fancy, it will pass off as easily as it came. No ! It is a love that is kindled in the inmost recesses of the heart ; it is a throb that stopped somewhere before in a previous birth and starts again when the dew of recognition falls on it. It is a prize regained from Fate, for even Fate is not powerful enough to rob " Memory's dear domain." Thus the Indian lover challenges Fate :

" Why will you vex me with your futile conflict,
Why will you strive with me, O foolish Fate ?

* E. A. Wodehouse in " Nondescript Notes," *New India*, 24th January, 1923.

You cannot break me with your poignant envy,
 You cannot slay me with your subtle hate
 For all the cruel folly you pursue
 I will not cry with suppliant hands to you.

You may perchance wreck in your bitter malice
 The radiant empire of mine eager eyes . . .
 Say can you rob my memory's dear domain
 O'er sunlit mountains and sidereal skies ?
 In my enduring treasures I hold
 Their ageless splendour of unravished gold." *

The unravished gold of love that shines with increased lustre at the magic touch of recognition ! This recognition is not a recognition of mere face, hands or hair, nor the recognition of mere sounds of words. It is a recognition of Souls, it is a language of heart to heart.

" Then something in my heart began to sing
 And secretly I longed to see the king." †

Zira who is a captive being taken to the capital of the Sultan, overhears the talk round the camp-fire. Let her tell her own story :

Behind those jagged mountain's lilac crest,
 Once lay the captive bird's small rifled nest,
 There was my brother slain, my sister bound ;
 His blood, her tears, drunk by the thirsty ground.

Then while the burning village smoked on high,
 And desecrated all the peaceful sky,
 They took us captive, us, born frank and free,
 On fleet strong camels through the sandy sea.

Yet, when we rested, night times on the sand
 By the rare waters of this weary land,
 Our captors, ere the camp was wrapped in sleep,
 Talked, and I listened and forgot to weep.

" Is he not brave and fair," they asked, " Our King,
 Slender as one tall palm-tree by a spring ;
 Erect, serene, with gravely brilliant eyes,
 As deeply dark as are these dessert skies." ‡

* Sarojini Naidu.

† Laurence Hope.

‡ Laurence Hope.

Then something in my heart began to sing There it is ! A tune heard before surely ; else the *vina*-strings of her heart would not have responded so readily. A familiar picture sure enough, else she would not offer her heart to a Lord who was yet far away. She made no mistake, she felt no doubt and thenceforth he is "My Lord." At the sight of the city where he dwells, she sees him in her mind as vividly as if she had seen him in the flesh and she succumbs to that Indian virgin's adoration of her lover.

All speech forsook me and my eyelids fell,
Since I already loved my Lord so well.

There you see the love of the Indian wife. She knows him well ; she knows they have met in many previous lives. Therefore it is not necessary for her to see him to love him. Instead with drooped eyelids she sees him with her mind's eye.

Zira is brought to the Sultan's palace and day after day she expectantly listens to the sound of his feet. But they tarry long, perhaps, owing to affairs of State, and when her poor satisfaction lies only in listening over again to the servants' praises of him, she bursts out :

What need, what need ? the women wasted art ;
I loved you with every fibre of my heart
Already. My God ! when did I not love you,
In life, in death, when shall I not love you ?

Naturally, then, such deep love does not expect to be treated lightly. She has not loved with her whole being only to be a mere object with pleasing looks and words which may be discarded when these cease to please. No : That day when she heard the music of the flutes at the marriage of Lalita, her friend, she too raised her fluttering heart in sole dedication to him who will on a like day be hers, to serve, to love, and to die for. When Piyari, her brother, returned home the proud victor at the village wrestling bout, she had seen in her mind, the form of a strong-limbed, victorious husband. When at the temple she offered the pieces of cocoanut she remembered in her prayers one who was on his way to her. When in the evening she sang those songs to Krishna and fetched the music from her *sitar* she sang to him. Such is love under "this burning, venomous, dangerous sun" born.

If by any mishap the hopes of us lovers are unfulfilled, what misery can be greater.

But O Beloved Unknown, my heart is weak,
And scarce can live through loving thee in vain—

Thou art so fair, for all thy peach brown skin
 So delicately chiselled, sweetest, best,
 And I would gladly pay the price, sin—
 To hold thee, for one moment, on my breast.*

Let the hands of a foe snatch such keenly sought for and guarded treasure. Here is an instance :

Soorj Dehu was the Lord of the Rajputs of Naurpoor. Shureef Khan, a Muslim was his enemy. One day he was captured by his enemies and

. . . swore fiercely Shureef Khan
 That Soorj should die in torment or live a Mussulman.†

As the brave Soorj would not stain a Rajput's honour, he was mercilessly tortured. News of this was brought to his wife, Ranee Neila. She disguised herself as a nautch girl, went to Shureef's camp, and spoke to her imprisoned lover.

"Ah Soorj"—so followed answer—"here thine own Neila stands, faithful n life and death alike—look up and take my hands."

Then leaving him with more words of comfort she announced herself as a nautch girl and was brought before Shureef.

Then all before the Muslims aflame with lawless wine
 Entered the Ranee Neila, in grace and face divine
 Sang the melting music, swayed the languorous limb ;
 Shureef's drunken heart beat—Shureef's eyes waxed dim.

Intoxicated by both music and wine, he

Glared his eyes on her eyes, passing o'er the plain
 Glared at the tent—purdah—never glared again !
 For the kiss she gave him was his first and last—
 Kiss of dagger, driven to his heart, and past.

She rides back to her brothers with the head of her husband's enemy. Soorj himself is already dead under the strain of the tortures he underwent. A funeral pyre is made, and,

"In the lap of Neila, seated on the pile,
 Laid his head—she radiant, like a queen the while,
 Then the lamp is lighted, and the ghee is poured—
 Soorj, we burn together ; O my love, my lord !"

* Gladys' Emanuel.

† Sir Edwin Arnold.

Such is Indian love, consecrated even on the funeral pyre. It will not stand any violation of this age-long tie. Often death is its climax, but Death does not limit Eastern love. It is a breath blown over the portal of Death to be caught on the other side. In the theme of every poet who has sung of Eastern love, Death is mocked, flouted in its very face, for love lives beyond. Hear the secret lover, wounded by the husband.

The thirsty desert sucks up my blood
From that wound in my back—but I do not mind,
For Tara loved me a whole night through ;
Yes, one whole night she was kind—

I can smell her champa-scented hair,
I can hear her anklets clink
I can see her cool brown slender hands
Held cup-like for me to drink

And then he came in the early dawn
She was not expected till noon
I saw the knife, I heard her scream,
I must have drooped in a swoon.

* * * *

Let him finish off if he like.
What matters it to me ?
For Tara loved me a whole night through
And 'tis worth eternity.*

J. VIJAYATUNGA

THE CAVES OF WESTERN, SOUTHERN AND EASTERN INDIA

BY DR. K. N. SITARAM

Roughly speaking, the cave districts in India comprise about fifty different and distinct groups though the majority of them are to be found within the limits of the Presidency of Bombay. All told the caves both those which were only natural formation ones, and those specially hewed from out of the sides of the living mountains or detached rocks big enough for the same purpose, number easily more than a thousand, although some of these are no bigger than mere manholes, which house some of the slum population in the least sanitary parts of the city of Bombay, while others, like those of the CHAITYA Halls that lend dignity and charm to Karla, Kanheri, Ajanta, Bedsa and Bhaja, are structural excavations of whose 'Tour d'force' any nation in the world might be proud of.

There are others which were Viharas once, and housed either a college or only a community of meditating monks, which though secondarily for architecture, but still primarily are now invaluable for the students as well as connoisseurs of art, throughout the world, because of the precious fragments of frescoe which still adhere to their walls, ceilings and pillars, in some of which the colours are still as fresh as when they left the hands of their masters nearly two thousand years ago.

If the caves in the Ramgarh Hills can claim priority because of their antiquity, and as the earliest to delineate in colour the joy in life which the ancient Indian felt, then the caves of Sittanavasal, twelve miles from Puducottah, near Trichinopoly, contain some of the loveliest cave paintings which the hands of the Jain masters of the brush has as yet given to us. Ajanta contains the largest number of paintings executed in glorification of the Mahayana form of the Buddhistic Faith, though some of the paintings are far from being either religious or Buddhistic. One may say that the paintings of Bagh (Gwalior) are more or less contemporary with the latest of the wall paintings at Ajanta, even though from the point of technical achievement and the colour scheme, some of them may be said to be superior and gayer even to those at Ajanta, especially the scenes in the Rangamaharaj which depict Indian dancing. Those which are in the island of Ceylon, and the gem among them, namely, Sigiriya which still contain some precious fragments of frescoe do not come within the scope of this paper as it strictly confines itself only to the caves of India.

Besides these caves abovementioned whose celebrity is due to the precious fragments of coloured frescoe which still tenaciously cling to their

walls and pillars, there are others, which contain sculpture probably some of the most beautiful and forceful which the human chisel has yet given to us, which were once at least covered with coloured stucco. Instances in point are the sculptures at Elepanta (seven miles from Apollo Bunder, Bombay), Badami, Mahabalipuram (35 miles from Madras by water and 53 miles by road) and Kanheri (six miles by cart from the Borivili station on the B.,B. & C.I.).

There are others in which this coloured stucco coating is not visible, which may be due to the fact that they have frayed away because of time, or torn away by vandalism, or they might have been instead coated only with prepared oil or wax by a process resembling the GANOSIS practised by the ancient Greeks; and still continued in South India, without either sense or artistic motive. The chief caves which come under this category are those which are found scattered, and practically grouped round either the Barabar Hills, near Gaya, or a few miles from Bhuvaneswar in Orissa and cut out either in the range known as the Khandagiri or the Udayagiri, the prominent amongst these caves being the Raja Rani, the Ganesa and the Hathi Gumpha, which seem to be neither Buddhistic nor Jain but Hindu, though strongly coloured by Jain tendencies like the caves at Jogeswari and Matapeswari (a few miles from a railway station of the same name, Jogeswari on the B.,B. & C.I., next station to Andheri, away from Bombay).

Among all these cave groups mentioned above, namely, those belonging to South India, Berar and Orissa and Western India, the latter group easily occupies the first rank not only because of their sheer numbers, but also because of the wonderful "chef d'ouvres" of Indian art which they represent from the viewpoint of architecture, sculpture and painting.

Nowhere in the world, not even in the chief cave-rich countries of the world like Egypt and Italy, are so many to be found nor excavations which show man's mastery over the intractability of Nature as manifested in living mountains and hard masses of amygdaloid trap formation. The nature of the mountain formation in this part of the Indian continent not only invites man, but even compells him not to let go this precious opportunity furnished by Nature, without converting these perpendicular masses of volcanic rock, close grained and hard without a flaw into habitable structures where Religion and higher Thought can brood on, stimulated by Nature at some of her loveliest and grandest manifestations. For these are hard to beat not only because of the difficulty of their achievement, but also because, they are by far the loveliest spots in these ranges where the mind of Man can draw its inspiration from Nature showing herself at her best.

Among these, whose number easily reaches a thousand if we calculate even the smaller excavations and the caves which cluster round a central Hall as individual caves, the earliest are those which are found scattered round about Kolhapur, and especially those which are on the Panhala range, and those which are to be found on one of its outlying spurs, namely, the Hill near to the village of Pavala, a few miles from Sontali (about nine miles from Kolhapur). Of these, those known locally as the Pandava Dara are picturesquely hewed out at the extremity of a delightfully wooded chasm, looking down from a height of a thousand feet on the surrounding plain which itself, since it forms part of the Southern Maharatta plateau, is nearly 2,000 feet above the sea-level. Away from human habitations with its fresh gurgling spring of water sweet like the newly drawn juice of the sugar-cane, it is a thousand pities that so little should be known about this little bit of Mother Arnyani's Paradise. Since the interior of the caves is delightfully warm in winter and refreshingly cool even in the worst dog-days of June, they must have afforded an ideal shelter for those Bikkus (Monks) of ancient India, to think out their problems, concerning, the whence, the wherefore and the why of human existence. The scarp which is situated at the extremity of this wooded ravine is as beautifully curved as the crescent-like formation on the rocks of Ellora, and rise to a height of twenty-five feet, the chord across which measures about thirty-eight yards. The entrances face the rising sun, and contain apartments originally used for living purposes, with a cell at each extremity of the scarp. One of these principal apartments appears to have been a temple or place of worship, and the other a lecture hall, while the other eight cells of varying dimensions seemed to have served the monks as residential quarters. At present, a decent part of these structures as well as the terrace seem to have fallen in, partly due to an earthquake but more so due to the Musalman zeal for destroying Hindu buildings. So, at present, only four cells remain still "in situ" with some mutilated carvings, and only the fragments of pillars are left standing in stumps like the truncated arms and legs of a wounded soldier in the Great War. In one of these, Stupa architecture can still be traced, with capitals of mutilated pillar shafts which once bore the symbolism of the 'Turning of the Wheel of Law'—a representation of the first sermon which the Lord delivered at the Deer Park at Saranath, near Benares.

A few miles from Sontali deriving their name from a neighbouring village, namely, Pavala are another series of caves which are also as old as those that compose the Panch Pandava group. These consist of a Stupa shrine, a big lecture Hall, inside and connected with which are some rooms

or cubicles intended for purposes of residence. Besides these, there are also some separate residential cells, and the usual never-drying cistern for the storage of rain-water, which is a characteristic of all the caves of Western India. The big lecture hall is nearly as big as the biggest cave at Karad, and at least three-quarters of the cave at Jogeswari. It contains side rooms and cubicles and if some attention is paid to this and the cave is once more cleared of the rubbish that chokes it and if the dampness and the oozing moisture also are stopped, this will be one of the finest and noblest caves in this part of India. The other, its neighbour is a Stupa shrine, which now contains only the Hemispherical Anda or dome, as well as parts of the Tee which once connected it to the roof. Here also vandalism has done its worst, and human neglect has now made this place, a regular sewer, wherein there is always even at the driest season, at least two feet of water.

The next in point of antiquity to these earliest Hinayana Caves of Western India (anterior to the second century B.C.) are those which are found at a few miles distance from Karad, forty-nine miles from Kolhapur towards Satara. These also belong to the Hinayana type and are as old as the sculptures and the Stupa of Barhut, now dismantled and housed in the Indian Museum, Calcutta. One of these invaluable fragments of probably the earliest Indian Stupa now known to us to contain sculpture, to which also are subjoined an inscription has a piece saying that a particular thing there was an offering from the pilgrims hailing from Karad.

The caves here are located on three separate ranges of Hills and in all total about sixty-three, though by far, the biggest ones are to be found on the so-called Agashiv Hill, numbering nearly twenty-eight. Among these, the most important one is that Stupa shrine which still contains a perfect Stone structural Stupa, though a little part towards its top has not escaped the hands of vandalism. On the entrance to the shrine, are carved two down-turned lotus capital pillars, mounted on each of which is the beautiful usual Dharma Chakra with its thirty-two spokes, guarded by lions, and the art displayed is as naive and antique as the one represented at Barhut itself. There are other shrines also containing structural Stupas, at least three more in number, but none of these can approach the previously mentioned one either in point of beauty or spaciousness. Evidently, here we can put one finger and say that this was the ancestor of the Chaitya Halls of Bedsa, Bhaja, Kanheri, etc., but more so of that best among them, namely, the one at Karla. Besides the relic or the Stupa shrines, there are also others, containing near them beautiful cisterns for the storage of rain-water or small springs, a very large number of caves among them being used as lecture

Halls while others served for residential purposes. Those used for lecture Halls are indeed very spacious for this type of architecture, while those which strictly served only to house the monks against the inclemencies of the weather contain stone benches, and originally their entrances must have been protected from the chill air and the rains by means of wooden screens, the places wherein they were mortised into the stone walls being still visible. One of these a central Hall with half-a-dozen rooms opening into it has been converted into a modern shrine by a votary, and possesses inside it now, two Linga shrines on the head of which Phallus perennial water is always dripping from above. On the entrance, this contains on its side walls two pieces of sculpture, one of which represents a Stupa and an ogee-shaped window and the other contains remnants of a Stupa, which is adored by flying figures of Gandharvas and Apasarasees, of which only the faintest traces now remain, because of mutilation. Altogether these form a very interesting group, especially so, because of their very difficult accessibility. The other caves belonging to this same Hinayana type are those which are found at Junir, near Poona, and the Ganapati Pula, and the Khed cave, near Ratnagiri. Next in point of time to these, come the semi-Hindu, semi-Jain caves at Mantapeswari and Yogeswari, a few miles from Andheri on the B.,B. & C.I. Railway and later on the Indra Sabha (Ellora). In its days of prime, before destruction overtook it, the Yogeswari must have been one of the finest caves of Western India, and even now it contains, though as yet it is not immune from the drunken hands of some of the worst slum dregs of the Bombay underworld, some really fine pieces of sculpture, which are in no way inferior to the finest achievements of the Indian chisel whether it be at Elephanta, or Mahabalipuram. One such is the marriage of Siva and Parvati and another which depicts the temptation of a Saint by the troops of Mara or The Evil One. The remnants of architecture, stamp it as typically South Indian, and the Dwarapalas have a close resemblance to the unifacial Parakham statue, now in the Mathura Museum.

The Rani Gumpha, the Ganesa and the Hathi Gumphas, near Bhuvaneswar, the tiger cave near Cuttack, and also some of the Hindu caves at Mahabalipuram belong to the same epoch of excavation, though lack of space forbids us to describe them. Yet they contain some of the finest specimens of ancient Indian sculpture.

The caves at Nasik, like the Nahapana, the Gautamiputra and the Yegna Sri, come next in order of time since all of them owe their origin to the spacious days of the Andhrabritya Dynasty, a hoard of whose dynastic coinage as yet unknown to the world of numismatics forms now the cherished possession of the KOLHAPUR Durbar. These caves lead us on into those of the Mahayanist



SELF-PORTRAIT

Thas Schloussner.

group, like those at Bedsa, Bhaja, Kanheri, Karla and Ajanta, wherein, that Saint who most emphatically said that the postulation of a God was not necessary for human salvation, and who defined the Brahmanic searching after an abstract Brahman, as the attempt of a man who was looking for a black cat in a dark room on a new moon night when the cat itself was not there, became himself deified into a God, with hosts of attendants, both male and female. Among these Mahayana caves Karla contains the largest and the finest Chaitya Hall where the entrance of Light is so adjusted that it falls in one undivided volume only on the main central object of worship, namely, the Stupa, and is purposely kept cut off or subdued from the other objects in the shrine. The Chaitya Halls at Bhaja and Bedsa are only imitations of Karla, on a smaller scale with less of ornament and sculpture, but otherwise, good copies. Kanheri contains more than a hundred caves, among which the best is the two-storied building containing a Stupa similar in construction, pillar arrangement, etc., to the Chaitya Hall at Karli. On the entrance to this is a rail, now covered with moss which strongly reminds one of the technique of Amaravati (near Bezwada, Krishna District), now housed both in the Madras Museum, as well as in the British Museum, London. The figures of the donors on the front wall of the Chaitya, along with their wives are strongly reminiscent of similar work at Karla, while the two Buddhas, on the walls to the right and left, challenge comparison with the giant Dwarapalas at the Linga shrine of the biggest cave at Elephanta, and tell us that the days of the Gomateswara, Karakala and Yenur statues of the Jain Tirthankaras (South Canara) are not far off.

Among the Brahmanical caves, those at Badami, (especially No. III) at Mahabalipuram like the Yamapuri, the Varaha Avatar, the Milkmaids, etc., contain some of the finest sculptures, closely followed by Viswakarma, the Ravana, the Dhumar Lena, the Dasavatar, etc., which cluster round that gem of Clyptic Architecture, namely, the Kailasa at Ellora, a masterpiece of what South India can achieve in this titanic mode of architectonics. As the latest among these wonderful specimens of Indian patience and religious effort, come the caves of Bagh, as well as the groups near to it, at Dhumar and Kholvi, just as the earliest among these, come the caves on the Barabar Hills, near Gaya, namely, the Satapanni, the Karna Chopar, the Sudama, the Milkmaids and the Lomas Rishi, of which the Satapanni seems to be the oldest, for, in front of it was held the FIRST Buddhistic Sangha or convocation nearly six hundred years before the temple walls of Jerusalem echoed with the teachings of Jesus Christ.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

SHAMA'A

Throughout 1925 and 1926 we were in receipt of repeated suggestions from many sympathetic friends and subscribers to change the official year of *Shama'a* from October to January. In response to this demand we have decided, as already notified individually to our subscribers, to begin every new volume in January, the other numbers to be, as usual, those in the months of April, July and October. We hope that this change will be widely appreciated and will meet the convenience of one and all, inasmuch as every volume will hereafter be complete in the year itself. In other respects *Shama'a* remains unchanged and will continue to devote itself, in its own humble way, to the full development of cultural and artistic life. It is in these spheres that we see the pure workings of the Spirit which brings mankind closer and closer together, revealing the highest and the best in every individual as well as in the various groups of people, whether called nations, empires or continents. For, the limitless Spirit is conditioned not so much by the *maya* of manifestation, as by the vastness of human ignorance. We are blessed if our tiny Light carries with it a little of that ancient fire which inspired the sage to address the whole world as "Ye! Children of Immortal Bliss!"

We are deeply thankful to the encouragement and support extended to us during these six years from various quarters in this country and from abroad. But yet much work remains to be done. The exploration of the hidden treasures of the past with a view to the true understanding of the landmarks of our cultural background; to formulate the tendencies of the Indian Renaissance as well as be a channel of its expression; and to note some at least of the great world-movements in art, literature and philosophy—these shall be our endeavour, and in the years to come we hope to be more and more equal to it.

G. K. C. AT THE EMPIRE POETRY LEAGUE—ANNUAL GARDEN FÊTÊ[^]

Poetry and the Play, "the only quarterly in the British Empire devoted exclusively to lyric and dramatic poetry" announces that with the issue of July—September, 1926, it will appear as a quarterly instead of a monthly magazine and will be issued by the Empire Poetry League. The editorial further says that an article of exceptional interest upon the contemporary poetry of the Indian Empire will be forthcoming in the next issue. As we are going to Press we have received the October—December number which contains two articles (1) The Spirit of Indian Poetry, (2) Modern Indian Poetry; translations and originals, extracts from the latter of which are given below.

The Empire Poetry Annual Fête was held at Oaklands, Handsworthwood, near Birmingham. We take the following from the presidential address of Mr. G. K. Chesterton:—

"The aberrations of some modern writers have the intellectual interest of raising the question of what poetry is or is not.

"Many people go by their likes and dislikes in the matter—which is very happy for them, but not helpful in furthering the establishment of criticism.

"It is not much use to tell the young poet who writes in the zip-bang-whizz fashion that he ought to write in the style of "Paradise Lost." He will very truly reply that he cannot spend his whole life writing to write like Milton, and then undoubtedly being told that he cannot do it. He

will say 'There must be some function for me which is not the function of Milton.' That is the foundation of all experiment and change in verse. People are perfectly right when they try to do things slightly different from the things their fathers were doing, but the test they are making of the direction in which this should take place seem almost of the reverse of the right ones.

"Some modern writers have said that poetry has been too rhythmic in the past, and they have wanted it to go irregularly—simply making poetry into prose. We ought rather to make prose into poetry. Our conversation is by no means so real and true as the poetry that we write—and we all write poetry, though only a few unfortunate people are driven, by economic necessity, and other things, to publish it.

"Poetry is a more complete and more real language than our ordinary language. Can we not imagine an Utopia in which poetry is introduced into the ordinary conversation of the postman and the policeman, the tram conductor and the shop-keeper—when they all join in one great chorus? That would be poetry supreme in the world.

"We shall not see it, any more than we shall see any other good thing completely supreme in the world, but at least we might try for that and not for the very opposite.

"If we have an innovation in poetry, should it not be the very opposite of the staccato type? Should we not aim to introduce the poetry and harmonies of the sonnet into our daily speech? If I were able to do so at this moment, I would address you in one crystal torrent of song." Finally, Mr. Chesterton said that what we needed to-day was not the destruction, but the vitalising of the patterns in which we worked.

RHYTHM IN ENGLISH VERSE

Mr. Fowler Wright contributes a very lucid and thoughtful article on "The Bases of English Verse" in the July—September number of *Poetry and the Play*. The first part begins with an amplification of the statement that the basis of all modern English verse are a trinity of accent, metre and inflection—ornamented by the devices of rhyme, assonance and alliteration. The writer quotes the opening stanza of the *Elegy* and enquires why in spite of countless stanzas written in that metre, we do not get the same result? He then points out that "there is usually sufficient difference between one poet and another to enable us to say on hearing a stanza read: "That is by Tennyson," or "that is by Rossetti," and this without any reference to the subject-matter, and through the metrical form be one that is the common property of a hundred poets. Still more can we observe such a difference between the verse of one century and another." The suggested explanation, which the writer says he has not noticed in any book on prosody, is "that we have misled ourselves by thinking of accents as though they were all alike, and of syllables as though they were of only two lengths. Syllables are of many lengths (it. bit-bite-bligh), and accents vary, both in their degree of stress, *and in their position on the syllable to which they apply.* . . . The point which I have italicised may prove to be of unobserved importance. If we take the syllables 'point' and 'port' from the last sentence we shall readily observe that the accent falls earlier on the first than on the second. It will also be observed that though they would both be classed as long syllables, the one is at least half as long again as the other. There are variations here which can be combined in literally millions of different ways within the compass of the simplest stanzaic form, from which it follows that it is not only easy to avoid monotony of construction, but that it is extremely difficult to repeat the music of a stanza of any pronounced individuality, unless we repeat the actual words or a majority of them. In this may be the secret of the popularity of a refrain at a time when our language was feeling its way towards a settled accentuation, and when its pronunciation was less settled than it has since become." Coming to the consideration of rhythm, the writer says:—

"The meaning of metre is simple and unmistakable. It deals solely with the length of lines or of the syllables which compose them. The meaning of rhythm is more complex, and possibly

more disputable. All passionate speech is rhythmical, but it may not be metrical—at least not so if we consider 'metrical' to imply a repetition, a pattern of lengths. There are metrical laws, I think, underlying all rhythmical speech ; but that, if it be so, is outside our present subject.

" Not only all speech which is prompted by emotion—in fact, by heart-beats—is rhythmical, but all good prose is so. Rhythm is the foundation of 'style' in prose. Rhythm, as I understand it, is the result of rising and falling waves of sound, which must have length, and must therefore be metrical, regularly or irregularly, but they differ from the idea of metre in that they depend upon accent and inflection for their effect, with neither of which metre has any concern. In some prose styles these waves are short and sharp, in others they are long and slow ; in some they rise abruptly and fall slowly, or rise slowly and fall abruptly. The appreciation of these cadences depends to some extent on the reader. There are those who cannot perceive them. If they read prose aloud they do it in a dull level of monotone. If they read verse they do it in a 'sing-song' way, because, they have just sufficient ear to perceive the regularity of accented syllables, and they suppose the beauty of verse to be solely in the position of these accents ! Fortunately such people are not numerous.

" In verse, as in prose, the use of rhythm, constitutes the *style* of the poet, by which his work may be most certainly recognized. The choice and control of rhythm, and the capacity to repeat it stanza after stanza, varies greatly among the leading English poet. *In Memoriam* is the most conspicuous example of the successful repetition of a four-line stanza, so that (almost) everyone could be recognized at a first hearing as belonging to that poem. The form of stanza has been used by others before and since, but never with a similar rhythmical result.

" *Omar Khayyam* owes its success mainly to the exceptional rhythmical unity of the whole poem. The stanzas echo and re-echo the same cadences until the dumbest ear can hear them. To one who is normally sensitive to verse the effect is cumulative.

" A poet who can create a new rhythm for a common stanza, and who can emphasise it by continuing it with variations throughout a poem of a suitable content, has made a bold claim for immortality. Unfortunately for himself, he is liable to die before it be recognized. Poetry which depends for its effect upon such qualities usually wins recognition very slowly. It seems to take years—sometimes, many—before the new music becomes audible.

" The first edition of *Omar* was unsaleable. It might never have sold at all, and have been already forgotten, if Rossetti and Swinburne had not stumbled upon a copy in a twopenny box—or so goes the legend which is too good to be false. It seems strange enough to us. So may a young dog wonder why his grandfather was killed by a motor, he himself having been born with a capacity to avoid such danger.

" It scarcely needs to be said that this repetition of rhythmical effect could be obtained very easily, could a poet use words without regard to their meaning, as a musician may use his notes, because he would have many thousands of words to choose. His difficulty—which might seem insuperable had we not the evidence that it can be overcome—is to produce the music and convey the thought at the same time. Poets have varied greatly in the relative importance which they have attached to these two objects. It was the prosodic strength and the poetic weakness of Tennyson that he always put the sound first, if choose he must, however patiently he might labour to satisfy both requirements. Faced by the same difficulty, Scott would always make the opposite choice, though I think he must have had the finest ear of any English poet, except Swinburne and Gray—and, perhaps, Milton. Swinburne approached most nearly to the method of the musician. He depended more definitely than any other English poet upon the sound of the line to convey the sense. To reach the ultimate

heights of poetry it is necessary that the thought should be expressed in words which are at once perfect in themselves and in their rhythm, and that that rhythm should be suitable to the emotion which they contain.

“ Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,” is such, and so is—

“ Hell heard the insufferable noise, Hell saw
Heaven running from Heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted, but strict fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations.”

“ The earlier parts of *Paradise Lost* contain many such passages, but they require great labour as well as genius, for their construction, and the latter portion of that poem contain also some of the poorest blank verse which has been published in our language.”

With much of all this we no doubt agree. Mr. Fowler Wright was perhaps limiting himself to the analysis of the physical basis of the poetic movement. The wondrous power of poetic utterance lies deeper still. Sri Aurobindo Ghose's articles on “ The Future Poetry ” in the *Arya* are the most remarkable studies we have so far seen. In the chapter on “ Rhythm and Movement ” the question is thus taken up.

“ The mantra, poetic expression of the deepest spiritual reality, is only possible when three highest intensities of poetic speech meet and become indissolubly one, a highest intensity of rhythmic movement, a highest intensity of verbal form and thought-substance, of style, and of a highest intensity of the soul's vision of truth. All great poetry comes about by a unison of these three elements ; it is the insufficiency of the one or the other which makes the inequalities in the work of even the greatest poets ; and it is the failure of some one element which is the cause of their lapses, of the scoriac in their work, the spots in the sun. But it is only a certain highest level of the fused intensities that the mantra becomes possible” Then emphasising rhythm as “ the first fundamental ” and discussing the attempts of Whitman, Carpenter and the experimentalists in *vers libre* in France to get rid of metre and referring to the “ queer poetical thrones ” of the Macaulays and Kiplings, Sri Aurobindo goes on to state “ But even high above this level we still do not get at once the great sound movement we are speaking. Poets of considerable power, sometimes the greatest, are satisfied ordinarily with a set harmony or a set melody, which is very satisfying to the outward ear and carries the æsthetic sense along with it in a sort of even, indistinctive pleasure, and into this mould of easy melody or harmony, they throw their teeming or flowing imagination without difficulty or check, without any need of an intenser heightening, a deeper appeal. It is beautiful poetry ; it satisfies the æsthetic sense, the imagination and the ear ; but there the charm ends. Once we have heard its rhythm, we have nothing new to expect, no surprise for the inner ear, no danger of the soul being suddenly seized and carried away into unknown depths. It is sure of being floated along evenly as if upon a flowing stream. Or sometimes it is not so much a flowing stream as a steady march or other even movement : this comes oftenest in poets who appeal more to the thought than to the ear ; they are concerned chiefly with the thing they have to say and satisfied to have found an adequate rhythmic mould into which they can throw it without any further pre-occupation.

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“ Poetic rhythm begins to reach its highest levels, the greater poetic movements become possible when rising from and beyond any of these powers, the soul begins to make its direct demand and yearn for a profounder satisfaction ; they awake when the inner ear begins to listen. Techni-

cally, we may say that this comes in when the poet becomes, in Keat's phrase, a miser of sound and syllable, economical of his means, not in the sense of a niggardly sparing, but of making the most of all its possibilities of sound. It is then that poetry gets farthest away from the method of prose-rhythm. Prose-rhythm aims characteristically at a general harmony in which the parts are subdued to get the tone of a total effect; even the sounds which give the support or the relief, yet to a great extent seem to be trying to efface themselves in order not to disturb by a too striking particular affect the general harmony which is the whole aim. Poetry on the contrary makes much of its beats and measures; it seeks for very definite and insistent rhythm. But still where the greater rhythmical intensities are not pursued, it is only some total effect that predominates and the rest is subdued to it. But in these highest, intensest rhythms every sound is made the most of, whether in its suppression or in its swelling expansion, its narrowness or its open wideness, in order to get in the combined effect something which the ordinary flow of poetry cannot give us.

"But this is only the technical side, the physical means by which the effect is produced. It is not the artistic intelligence or the listening physical ear which is most at work, but something within trying to bring out an echo of hidden harmonies, a secret of rhythmical infinities within us. It is not a labour of the devising intellect or the aesthetic sense which the poet has achieved, but the labour of the spirit within itself to cast something out of the surge of the eternal depths. The other faculties are there in their place, but the conductor of the orchestral movement is the soul coming forward to get its own work done by its own higher and unanalysable methods. The result is something as near to word-less music as word-music can get, and with the same powers of soul life, of soul-emotion, of profound supra-intellectual significance. In these higher harmonies and melodies the metrical rhythm is taken up by the spiritual; it is filled with or sometimes it seems rolled away and lost in a music that has really another and spiritual secret of movement.

"This is the intensity of poetic movement out of which the greatest possibility of poetic expression arises. It is where the metrical movement remains as a base, but either enshrines and contains or is itself contained and floats in an element of greater music which exceeds it, and yet brings out all its possibilities, that the music fit for the mantle makes it audible. It is the triumph of the spirit over the difficulties and limitations of its physical instrument. Its listener seems to be that eternal spirit whom the Upanishad speaks of as the ear of the ear, he who listens to all hearings; and 'behind the instabilities of word and speech' it is the inevitable harmonies of his own thought and vision for which he is listening."

MODERN INDIAN POETRY.

But to continue with Mr. Fowler Wright. The following is the article we have referred to above:—

"Language, written or spoken, is the foundation of human intercourse. That is the argument for a universal language.

"Language is the expression of personality. In a larger sense, it is the expression of nationality. That is the argument against a universal language.

"It is significant fact that no language, within recorded millenniums, has yet succeeded in asserting even a temporary supremacy. The tale of the Tower of Babel suggests that this has been the greatest obstacle to human 'progress.' Probably that may be so on material issues. If we approach the question from spiritual or æsthetic standpoints we find less ground for assurance.

"Latin, at one period, seemed to approach the possibility of such dominance, at least in Europe. Had it secured that position, it might have spread further. It was a great language. It had exceptional vitality. Even now it is scarcely dead. In the hands of poets and orators it proved an instrument of beauty and dignity.

"But Latin could not survive as a living tongue when the Roman Empire perished. It had the qualities of the race that formed it. Even in its homeland it could not continue when those qualities had departed. It was succeeded by Italian, a language of very different accents and cadences, suitable to the spirit of modern Italy.

"Should we regard this failure of the Latin tongue with satisfaction or regret? There seems cause for regret in the fact that the literary beauty, if not the substantial contents, of the works of Latin genius are receding every year into a deeper twilight. In the end they must perish; as works in other forms of art, of less durable nature, have done already.

"We learn that art has no permanence: that beauty of all products of human hands or brains must pass like a sunset.

"The law of change appears to be fundamental. Individual life does not continue. Life succeeds life, sunset succeeds sunset, language succeeds language, with inexhaustible affluence.

"If there be loss there is gain also. In each language, there are different possibilities, as in every sunset there is a different beauty. The riches of English poetry would not have been produced in the Latin tongue.

"A language may be compared to a musical instrument. A drum differs from a flute; an organ from a violin. Each of these may give out great music in a master's hand; but their possibilities differ, and we should be poorer without them all.

"Now the English tongue, though very far from universally spoken, has spread to an extent which causes it to be used by many peoples to whom it is not native, and it appears to be taking a firm root—in some cases it has already taken such root—among many different races. It is spoken by the peoples of Ireland and Wales, who are radically much further separated from the English than are some of the nations of India. It is spoken by millions of Africans, both in the United States and in their own Continent.

"This fact may appear to defeat the contention that a language is inseparable from the spirit of the race which formed it; but if we look more closely we shall find confirmation even here, and a question that follows.

"For we find, first, that the English tongue, with the expansion of its use, has grown also in vocabulary, and in the flexibility of its constructions, beyond any known precedent. And we find, second, that every race which adopts it modifies it according to its own genius, introducing its literary manifestations—which usually aim at correctness—new words, new constructions, and, most particularly, *new rhythms*, by which it is further enriched and extended. If we consider the melodies of Irish, Scottish or Negro song we shall observe the language put to purposes which we may be quite capable of admiring, which we may be able to imitate, but which no Englishman would have originated in a million years.

"It appears to me that one of the decisive questions for the world's future (scientific devilishness permitting that our civilisation have any future at all), and especially for that of the United

States and the British and Indian Empires, is whether a unity of language can be established and preserved over areas so wide, and among races so diverse.

" Mere improvements of intercourse will not do it, though they may be helpful.

" Pronunciations will change. Coloquial speech will become different.

" Even in England, natives of Yorkshire and Dorset find it difficult to exchange ideas by oral speech.

" I suppose that if there be a possibility of the establishment of a common tongue over so large a portion of the earth's surface it can only be through the written word. It must be the work of the starved disciple of literature, and in particular, of the poet, because poetry is universal in its appeal, and self-assertive in its pronunciation.

" In the light of these considerations it becomes a matter of great interest, on several grounds, to discover what is being done by those of Indian birth and culture in the English tongue, and in what directions, if at all, they are likely to modify or enrich the new medium in which they are writing.

" With this object, and with the intention of bringing the poets of the Empire into touch with one another to its farthest limits, which is one of the fundamental purposes for which the Empire Poetry League was established, and with the valued assistance of many correspondents, among whom Mr. J. H. Cousins deserves special recognition, some examples of contemporary Indian poetry have been collected, both in translations from the vernacular and in original English compositions.

" Now the first point which these poems demonstrate is that which I have made already on other grounds—that the Hindu is racially more akin to the Englishman than is the Celt, the Erse, or (of course) the Negro. For while they show sufficient evidences that the authors are using a language which is not their native speech, yet in rhythm and structure they are almost identical with the work of typical English poets, and particularly so in rhythm, which I regard as the most radical difference between the poetry of different races.

" The points at which they diverge are intellectual and emotional. Religious mysticism is more dominant, and overshadows the erotic elements. Indeed it is difficult to discover any quantity of love-poetry which is not metaphorical and mystical in its ultimate interpretation.

" That is the basic difference between Indian and English poetry.

" It is also more exotic in tone, and with something which I cannot define better than a passive voluptuousness.

" It is more constantly aware of the infinite, but its attitude (with exceptions) is more fatalistic, and more submissive.

" The subjects considered suitable for poetry are fewer than with English poets, and Indian poetry is little concerned with occupations of daily life, or individual reactions to it."

Here follow about Seven poems from some of the writers from India who have written some verse. These examples, as the writer admits, are taken very casually. The specimens of vernacular poetry number about eight—from Bengali, Marathi, Punjabi, Tamil and Telugu. Mr. Fowler Wright remarks : " Surveying Indian poetry as a whole—and we must not forget that it is the poetry of a semi-continent, and of many languages—we are inclined to think that its greatest deficiency (an Indian poet would use a different word) as compared to that of Europe, is the absence of what we call love-poetry

of the higher kind. There is sufficient that is frankly sensuous, if not sensual ; but if we find a poem which appears to exalt the relations of men and women which we regard as the most sacred, we shall probably find that it is the language of metaphor, and that we are actually reading a mystical or devotional poem.

"Yet even this difference must have exceptions. Professor Seshadri, of the Benares University, has just published an English translation of a Kashmir poem of the eleventh century, A.D., *Bilhana*, which might well be regarded, were not the gulfs of space and language too absolute, as the parent of the romantic poetry of western Europe.

"Professor Seshadri, having had the advantage both of Sanskrit and English, states that the original is of the quality of Keats, but that the author's outlook is mostly akin to that of D. G. Rossetti. Both these things may be, but the concluding portion will suggest Swinburne most forcibly to an English reader. . . ."

A SELF-PORTRAIT.

We have reproduced elsewhere a self-portrait by Thea Schloussner. She is one of the great artists of Germany to-day. Albrecht Weber, the well-known orientalist (see *Śrama'a*, April, 1926) was her grandfather—it is therefore but natural that she is a friend and helper of the Indians in Germany. We thank her for the original from which our reproduction is taken.

EXHIBITION AT THE TOWN HALL OF BOMBAY, SEPTEMBER, 1926.

OLD INDIAN PAINTINGS AND TEXTILES.

The exhibition of old paintings and textiles awakens both curiosity and admiration. The common everyday view of Indian Art of one who has seen an old painting, or textile, or carving, is, that whatever its merits may have been in the past, it is uncommonly dead to-day. In this state of suspended animation, this exhibition will serve its purpose by showing how full of vitality it was in the past. There were the beginnings when native strength borrowed inspirations from Persians, there was the dash of youth which developed on its own lines. There were the supreme heights of accomplishments under the Great Moguls—lastly, there was a frailty of age: its hesitations, its fruitless experiments, finally there was the complete collapse which now may strive hopefully, and with the promise of success, to build itself again.

Among the loan collections are those of Sir Dorab Tata, Messrs. Guzdar, Mavjee and Sirdar Muzumdar of Poona. It would be a hopeless task to attempt a detailed description of the exquisite paintings of richness and delicacy born of infinite labour. There are some priceless gems scattered in the hall, and they impress one afresh with a conviction that this is the most essentially aristocratic fashion of painting in the world. In the portrait of Ibrahim Adhem the artist's imagination is poetic and dignified ; the technique is perfect ; the single outstanding figure behind the Sufi Saint is admirably part of, and aloof from, the atmospheric intention of the darkness of the background ; the spirituality of the saint is delicately enhanced ; the foliage of the tree points to the happy manner of the Indian artist, for the convention of the leaves is near to the perfect compromise between an effect of realism and artistic formalism. The portrait of Jhangir shows the double mastery of convention over interpretation.

TEXTILES.

The noteworthy textiles of India have a history that is lost in the dim ages of obscurity. Their tradition identifies itself with poetic beauty and charm, where craftsmanship and interpretative or creative art seem to merge one into the other clearly indicating that from very early times the

Indians were born artisans and lovers of the æsthetic and the beautiful. There is an immeasurable pleasure in the glow of their wonderful colours which have stood the wear and tear of several centuries mellowed by the passing of time. The filmy mulls of Dacca—the brocades of Ahmedabad, Baroda and Surat, the shawls of Kashmir, the carpets of Amritsar, the intense richness of the Kabnan Mukhmal (velvet), the countless silk, woollen, and cotton fabrics, embroideries and stitclings—have been the subject of profound and everlasting admiration. Poets have sung praises of the gossamer airiness of "Sherbeti" (name of mulmul) the formalised symbolism of the intricate pattern weaving of the shawls has baffled the imagination of the painter. The multi-coloured evenness of "Himru and Mishru" throws the modern textile mill-owner and expert in agonies of despair, and silently witnesses his complete defeat.

In ancient India a trade guild institution protected the weavers, dyers and painters (and all artisans) from outside cares and impositions. Special officers were appointed to look after their comforts in every possible way, and under such congenial and peaceful surroundings, living in the companionship of Nature, and studying in that university, the sleek, dark bodies of keen eyes and deft fingers, contemplated upon unrivalled schemes of colour and harmony, assisted by a deep introspection of higher things produced such incomparable and great works of art that has elicited universal wonder and that despite all modern efforts at inventing huge machinery at gigantic fortunes and personal discomfiture—(thereby entirely upsetting the economic and natural arrangement of calm existence), the present-day productions are cheap, vulgar and worthless, appeal superficially to the outer sense, and last only while the season lasts. Sentiment and feeling play no part whatever, the chief idea being "quantity and not quality" of producing a heap of rubbish and not one single work of art.

The entire process is reduced to being stereotyped and mechanical. There is the iron machine with its grating grinding sounds—there is the poor mill-hand, once an art artisan of the village, labouring stupidly—there are the unintelligent masses, buying the commonest, ugliest stuff in the market, the three combined complete the hideous unpardonable system of modernism, with the result that the incomparable art handicrafts have died local deaths—the artisans have scattered away from their native abodes, in search of bread by some strange garish occupation that does not belong to them, the industry is ousted, the talent is crippled, the enticing tales of the art fabrics of India are of the past and forgotten !

The present exhibition of textiles and paintings is the laudable premier attempt towards associating ourselves with old works to simplify their inspection and familiarity ; and facilitate future research in their traditional and historical details. As you enter the Town Hall, you feel a sense of harmonious relief. The subdued colourings commune with the inner sense and you see the picture of a pretty village, with a group of gaily coloured maidens engaged busily in arranging indigenous dyes, extracted from flowers, roots and wood in a systematic sequence, dipping the strands of cotton or silk with an unerring judgment in accordance with the shape it is going to take ; weaving the cotton of hair breadth fineness invisible to the eye, with a precision and accuracy beyond all imagination, and you are tempted to wish earnestly according to the immortal Hafiz گرو نمی پسندی تعیزده قضا را "If you do not like the present arrangement change it and create your own." This senseless drudgery—this insane rush and strife—this hideous striving for something that does not belong to you, thereby becoming unnatural and unhappy, upsetting nature and life into a chaotic confusion !

The maxim that the born collector knows no limits of category or period of his ideal could scarcely find better proof than these which Bombay is privileged to see in the collections in Town Hall.

Mr. Guzder's textiles and paintings, as a whole, are the most important. He has not been guided by a partiality to what is merely curious or antique but every item possesses a real value, artistically and historically. The greatest movements in art have been primarily inspired by religious motives and it follows that ecclesiastical motives and influences frequently govern designs. There are three large textile panels in which the beautifully painted spaces of mythological motifs from pieces of mural decoration originally intended for temples. The decided drawing shows the precision with which the brush was handled almost to mechanical accuracy.

The group of "Asavri" Chanderi holds one in a mystic spell, and the exquisite harmony of jewelled 'Minakari' (enamel weave) revealed the feeling of beauty that must have characterised the temperaments of the painstaking weavers. The Mogul period was one in which all sciences and arts rose to the zenith of perfection. There are seven rare specimens of 'Cummerbunds' (waist bands) of 'Malboosé Khas' (Royal wear). The waxy smoothness of surface—the delicate merging of one tint into another—the perfection of form and grace—completeness and unity of pattern combined with a tender manipulation of ornament, is unsurpassed.

From the 'Cummerbunds' you turn to the jewelled paintings in which you see the 'Cummerbunds' adorning the waists and giving a finishing touch to the robe.

PERSIAN INFLUENCE.

With Muslim intervention the Persian and Indian artistic tendencies intermingled with each other in carpets, shawls, velvets, 'damishque' (mis-named 'damask,') paintings, calligraphy, and gardens—and the Indians were born artisans, they only equalled in richness of colouring and quality, but never excelled the highly romantic and poetic, ultra emotional, and sensitive feelings of their Persian neighbour. In Mr. Mawjee's collection are one or two genuine specimens of the far-famed Kashan velvets—origin of the velvets of the world. The freshness of these wonderful fabrics displays the nature, judgment and deep scientific knowledge of the dyers and weavers. There is a black Kashmiri shawl which has the Royal peacock design in the finest 'Tilli' stitching in an excellent state of preservation. It is a magnificent example.

There is also a large number of Pataolas of Patan scattered in the Hall. In them is seen the free use of geometrical and formal patterns for decorative tableaux, of black, white, yellow and crimson, the colours that characterise Pataolas. It is an auspicious cloth used on certain sacred ceremonials and its fascination is everlasting.

Samples of Kimkhab, Mishru, Himru, Malmal, Makhmal, dying and printing and a number of textiles placed in cases illustrating the imagination of restless genius seeking new methods, and to express new ideas. There is one piece of delicate handspun, hand-woven Mulmul round which a wistful charm lingers, and one turns to the dainty maidens in the paintings grouped expectant, or shrinking in the vicinity of the shade and pools draped in the gossamer webs of this exquisite fabric which scarcely hides their charms. There are also some specimens of jewel like richness of brocades displaying an academic technique, warmed to life by the under-lying fire of the imaginative conception of the designers.

In the three Royal 'Jamas' (robes) may be traced the elaborately pleated and convoluted draperies massive and dignified, representing the husk of a great tradition. The surface of a green Maratha 'Jama' is covered with a pattern of 'impress' work, manipulated with hot irons—a speciality of Bijapur art. The garment is a well worn one, and yet the impress has withstood long ages and is amazingly intact.

IMPRESS ART.

There are two varieties of this impress art. That which is worked on plain silk surfaces with a hot iron point, is called '*Uttee*,' and lasts for centuries; the other is manipulated with long finger nails, and the impression is worked in daily on kurtas (shirts), angarkhas (coats) and on delicate white mulmuls. The effect which is shadowy and ethereal, is called '*Nastalique Nakhoon*' or writing of the nail. There is one 'Jama' of fine mulmul—the weight of which is one and a-quarter pound, and a circumference 38 feet. The technical proficiency and the naturally gifted individuality of the weavers acting upon the crystallised symbolic influences are asserted in these beautiful creations and confound the senses. Mr. Parikh displays three panels of mythological interest; they are hand-painted Pudukotta temple screens of historical value; they are artistic in colour and effect. The excellence of the preparation of the surface shows an extraordinary aptitude for delineating the characteristic compositions of religious 'Kathas' (stories) with unfailing regularity. These panels are decorative as large beautiful mural paintings.

The beautiful hand-painted and dyed fabrics of Masulipatam bear unmistakable evidence of the most skilful craftsmanship and of the source that inspired the ability of the designer and tender love of the wearer. The great secret of these arts is lost in the growing gloom and depression of the present time, but a careful study of each work will enable the observer to enter into the spirit of the ages, and admire the craftsmanship of their ancestors.

RUPAM ON THE PRIZE OF DELHI SCHEME AND OFFICIAL PATRONAGE OF INDIAN ART.

Our readers will remember that we had in a previous issue (see *Shama'a*, April, 1926), referred to the proposals for the establishment of a Central Art Institute at Delhi. In this connection the April number of *Rupam* contains the following remarks, which emphasise an aspect so persistently ignored, that we take the liberty of quoting them in full: "To the string of agitators who conspire to make the life of Government officials uncomfortable in India has recently been added the champion of the cause of Indian artists for official recognition. In the wake of agitation for political rights, civic privileges and economic demands has come the claim of the living Indian artist. Excepting one solitary occasion the Indian National Congress has never put forward the legitimate demand of the modern Indian artist in the scheme of things in India. In Mr. Havell an ex-official of the bureaucratic Government, the Indian artist was fortunate to possess a warm friend and an enthusiastic champion. It was he who discovered for England, as well as for New India, the unique quality and character of Indian art. And for years together this distinguished champion has been dinning into official ears the claims of Indian art, with a view to awaken the sleeping bureaucratic conscience and to help to realise the heavy burden of the White Man's responsibility in this phase of Indian problem. To the denationalized Indian, impervious to all kinds of art culture, and particularly to the great art of traditions of his own country, Mr. Havell's exhortations have been couched in equally unpalatable terms. When the schemes for the construction of the New Delhi were hatched in official nests, Mr. Havell carried on a systematic campaign, very seldom assisted by Indians, for a recognition of the claims of the indigenous architects in connection with the new buildings at Delhi. He was able to convince unbiassed public opinion in England that the Indian master builder was not a figment of his imagination but a living reality the truth of which was demonstrated by an enquiry as to the present state of architectural talent in India. The report of Gordon Sanderson proved beyond all doubt that a living school of Indian craftsmen have actually survived who are capable of executing schemes of architectural construction of any pretension or magnitude, and that they have actually carried out, right up to the present day, magnificent edifices of all shapes and kinds, civil and religious, in the states governed

by the Native Princes, while the Public Works and Educational Departments of the Government of India by propagating European architectural ideas of questionable brand and antiquated methods of art teaching have been sapping the foundations of Indian art and architecture in British India. It must be stated that, notwithstanding a general anglicising of outlook, the Native Princes of India have kept up the finest building traditions of India. However that may be, notwithstanding the opportunity that presented itself to allow the native Indian craftsman to make a living contribution to British Indian history and, incidentally, to encourage a great architectural tradition to live and prosper, the claims of the native architect were ruthlessly set aside, ignored and trampled upon in favour of the imperial artist imported over the seas. There can be no doubt that notwithstanding the Delhi schemes being inspired, engineered and designed by British architects, the actual building operations have for many years afforded work for native Indian *mistris* principally in menial and mechanical operations. They have, indeed, been able to pick up the proverbial crumbs from the rich man's table, but the fat commissions and really remunerative fees have not come to their lot. Apart from the question of sordid economic considerations, the Delhi operations have not afforded any real artistic co-operation between the European architect and the Indian craftsman, as in the fruitful days of the Moghul Emperors. The Indian *mistris* may, indeed, have come in contact with the *sahib* 'master' from overseas, but it has not brought about any healthy intellectual fusion or fertile aesthetic *rapprochement*. They have not understood, much less influenced, each other. The New Delhi has been built, British architects had come and gone pocketing their fat commissions, the Indian *mistry* has earned his miserable pittance, but the fate of the Indian artist and the future of Indian art are as black as ever.

"In the meantime a group of hopeful young Indians have been busy with a sincere, earnest and devoted worship of a new ideal in Indian painting. They began from a small group, drawing tiny little pictures inspired by the traditions of old, and built up an ideal of art for their own edification, not caring for patronage or commissions, official or private. Their pictures gradually attracted attention, warm recognition, and educated appreciation. These came principally from European connoisseurs for the educated Indians had no eye to understand or appreciate works of beauty, art being a forbidden fruit in the Indian universities. Amongst the jeers and taunts of Indian critics, the new Indian school pursued their newly formed ideals, producing now and then, little masterpieces of beauty and inspiration, now and then catching the flavour of old Indian art, in a new and exquisitely conceived form, but always working with hope and love. At last their courage was roused and they sent their little pictures across the seas for exhibition in Paris, the *cul-de-sac* of the art of the world. It was a triumph, for the whole of artistic Paris gave the new Indian artist their bows of appreciation. It was one of the memorable achievements of new India and the revelation of a new Indian consciousness in a new renaissance. Indeed the "école de Calcutta" was actually acclaimed by Parisian Connoisseurs as a new artistic manifestation of great significance and beauty. The name and fame of the new school spread in all directions and invitations poured in from all quarters for exhibitions of the works in all centres of Europe. And in due course—South Kensington imitated the examples set by Paris. This may be said to be the first official recognition of Indian art by the British people. The war came with its message of Death and dark days followed. The little pictures came back to India, with their laurels, having won many new friends amongst non-official art circles in England and elsewhere. The English officials in India, as in England, looked on with amused curiosity and even indulgent smiles but hardly thought it necessary to give it any serious attention, much less consider it worth an official encouragement. Vincent Smith was still upholding with his solid British prejudice that Indian art was a bastard of the Greek genius and Birdwood had just delivered himself of his infamous, but now historic, calumny of the ideals of Buddhist sculpture. Fortunately the master-pieces of the Far East had already prepared

a section of English critics to a sensitive understanding of new forms of art and Birdwood's ignorant denunciation met with a solid protest from educated critics of eminence and standing. The official "authority" on Indian art at South Kensington had to step down from his official pedestal. Scales began to fall from even official eyes and an uncomfortable sense came over the British attitude towards Indian art. Many began to revise their old notions and attempted to brush aside their time-honoured prejudices. After all Havell might have been right. Indian art may have made novel contributions to the art of the world. Even the faith of archaeologists, built on intimate contact with Indian monuments for several years, began to tremble. The Greek "Stunt," (they began to feel), in Indian art has been overdone a bit. After all the school of Gandhara sculpture was not pure Greek art; it was the Hellenistic phase. If the Greeks have not inspired Indian art, they may have given lessons in technique and stimulated productions of stone sculpture in large quantities. However, these "small mercies" shown to Indian art had some useful effect, though it did not entirely change the angle of vision. It became fashionable to assume a pose of sympathy to the claims of Indian art. Official heads of Art school in India became anxious to tell that they were 'friends' of Indian art and had a respect for its aims and ideals. In the meantime the illuminating studies of Dr. Coomaraswamy opened vistas through which respectable European critics looked with greedy eyes. The revelation of the great message of Indian art is one of the outstanding land-marks of the opening years of the twentieth century. Roger Fry, Laurence Binnyon and William Cohn took off their hats and gave Indian art their gracious tributes. And finally one of the finest collections of old Indian art, represented in its many phases, found its home in the heart of America through the enlightened appreciation of Dr. Ross, a great authority on Art education in the United States. The art of India has now found its niche of honour in the temple of the world's art.

"Such briefly is the career of old Indian art in the estimation of the world. In the natural course of things living artists of India have claimed their share of attention. The programme prescribed in the official schools of art for a long time handicapped the native Indian expression. But forces and eventualities which we need not discuss here brought out a new outlook. And modern Indian artists in all parts of India have during the last few years showed distinct signs of a new life and, incidently, have established their right to their great inheritance. In Bengal the sympathy and sagacity of a highly gifted official made it possible for the new movement in painting to enlarge its scope and means of development. And the first official recognition and encouragement to living Indian art came to be extended in Bengal for the first time. Following this worthy example, an *ex-Governor* of Bombay boldly pleaded the cause of the living Indian artists for a share in the decorations of the buildings at New Delhi. Taking this as a clue, a Committee was formed in Bombay, after a public meeting, to press on the Government of India the eligibility and the rights of modern Indian artists for a share in painting frescoes and executing other decorative works in connection with the official buildings in the Imperial City, and in this connection a "Prize of Delhi" scheme has been suggested on the analogy of the "Prix de Rome," which could be competed for by talented artists from all parts of India after going through an advanced course of Art education in a Central Institute at Delhi. The matter has been persistently agitated in the Council and in the columns of daily Journals, chiefly through the indefatigable energy of Mr. Vakil, to whom Indian artists cannot be too grateful. The labours of the Committee has borne some fruits and as a result of the demand a Committee was appointed by the Government with the official heads of the Government Schools of Art in Calcutta, Bombay and Madras (Lucknow and Lahore being excluded) with a view to make suitable recommendations on the demands raised by the Committee, *viz.*, first, for the employment of Indian talent on the decoration of the New Delhi, secondly, for providing facilities for the advanced training of Indian artists. The Committee is reported to have formulated their views in the shape of a note in which the Committee have suggested the establishment of a Central

Institute of Art at Delhi for advanced teaching in mural painting, sculpture and certain other branches of the Fine Arts. Incidentally the Committee is reported to have recorded certain views as to the value of the available artistic talents in India at present. They are reported to have expressed the opinion that "Indian artists qualified to tackle important works of this nature do not at present exist." (!!!) It is our painful duty on behalf of Indian artists to record our emphatic protests against the hollowness of this charge. It has been one of the peculiar characteristics of Indian culture and civilization that it has not, even under the most depressing political or economical conditions, given any signs, at any time, of any failure of energy, cultural or otherwise. We have already alluded to the survival of the great architectural tradition of India. Metal statuary of singular excellence and power and various kinds of distinguished craftsmanship have continued to live and thrive in Nepal right up to the present day. During the anarchy that followed the disruption of the Moghul Empire, distinguished works of miniature painting, upholding all the qualities of the glorious Moghul period have been produced by the talent and genius of Indian artists very nearly up to the end of the nineteenth century. In the recesses of the Himalayas the native Indian school of painting has produced (during practically the whole of the nineteenth century and to some extent covering a period contemporary with the introduction of English education in India) a remarkable series of mural as well as miniature paintings which have commanded warm appreciation in all parts of the world. It is only when the indigenous talent has come in contact with the methods and outlook of European painting, as taught in the official schools of art that the native genius has to come to grief. The new movement in Indian painting, to which we have alluded above, has thoroughly succeeded in counteracting unhealthy influences, and in restoring the traditions of Indian painting on a secure foundation without, in any way, sacrificing the peculiar genius and flavour of Indian art. It must be well known to some members of the Committee that the new school of Bengal has produced artists of great talent and technical accomplishment who are fit to take their places as living masters of modern art in any part of the world. It may be useful for the members of the Committee to acquaint themselves with the estimate at which their works have been valued by art circles in Berlin, in 1923. It will be sufficient to quote here one authority: "The Indian art exhibition in Berlin struck us with the full force of a revelation. We witnessed the tense lining up of a broad column of talents whose works and aims are rooted in, and carried by, the general uplift of a promising life. The attention and admiration of the German art lovers has been roused by the Indian individuality of the pictures which have come to us. The old manual facilities, the deep dreamy sentiment, the distinction and refinement of principles, these elements which were the outstanding features of the great old Indian art, have not died out" (Dr. Max Osborn). It may also give the worthy members of the Committee some useful education to ascertain what appreciation the works of Nandalal Bose have met with in the hands of Mr. Taikan and Mr. Simamura Kanzan, two of the greatest living artists of Japan.

"We can emphatically claim that there are many members in the Bengal group alone, who are eminently qualified to execute the frescoes and other decorations for the Imperial City. And to assert otherwise is to offer a gratuitous insult to the talent and capacity of living Indian artists. Apart from Bengal, we have been told by at least one member of this Committee that the School of Art at Bombay has produced artists with special inclination and training for fresco painting, and as an official recognition of this claim a Governor of Bombay thought it a privilege to employ some of these talented artists to execute frescoes on the walls of the Governor's residence at Bombay. It is difficult for us, under the circumstances, to follow how the member of the Committee from Bombay could subscribe, without dissent, to the proposition that there does not exist at present Indian artists qualified to tackle important works of the nature required at the Imperial City. There may be thousand and one reasons, perfectly valid and honest, which could preclude the employment of Indian artists, at

the present moment, on the Delhi decorations, but surely lack or dearth of local talent cannot be put forward as anything like a legitimate excuse. Assuming for a moment that the available native Indian talent is not quite a flaming genius in fresco painting (England, by the way, is not particularly strong, in this branch, for the present), the beauty of the Imperial City cannot be tarnished by the designs of even a second-rate Indian decorator. On the other hand, the call to native Indian talent to make a contribution to a serious work of this nature might bring forward that radiant fire which is lying dormant for lack of exercise and worthy opportunity. It is the signal failure of political wisdom to refuse to make any demand on the talent and heritage of the Indian artist. The Moghul Emperors, made that demand and were able to bequeath to the world its greatest architectural masterpiece. We are still awaiting the supreme gift of the British artist to Imperial India. After all the history of the employment of artistic talent on civic and public monuments in England itself is not very encouraging. George Fredrick Watts was never allowed to paint the walls of a railway station, which was the ambition of his life. And it was by a capricious chance that Madox Brown was able to paint the Town Hall of Manchester. Mr. Herbert Baker, the collaborating architect of the "New Delhi" has recently read a paper before the Royal Society of Arts, in which he pleaded for a museum of old Indian pictures and other objects of art at Delhi. Of what use is to place in an Imperial museum the precious old Indian relics of beauty and skill, if there is no evidence in our new public buildings of any of this vitality to-day? Professor William Rothenstein has furnished a more suitable rejoinder: "We may as well be content to sit with folded hands while the singing birds of the country-side are destroyed and then in their stead arranged some stuffed specimens in cases for the education and happiness of the people."

REVIEWS

Life of Sri Ramakrishna, International Metaphysic Institute, Masters of Modern Art, Renoir,

Life of Sri Ramakrishna, Published by the Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati, Almora, U.P.

To attempt a comprehensive life of Ramakrishna Paramahansa is indeed a task of utmost difficulty. His famous disciple Swami Vivekananda—that “very lion among men”—as he marched from triumph to triumph, unfurling the banner of Vedanta and the deep truths of Indian Spirituality even in the very heart of the proud and hostile countries of the West, impressed all eyes with the spectacular magnificence of his career. But what of this man, his guru—shall we say, the power behind the throne? Here are no external and thrilling excitements, no dramatic incidents and none of the grandiose panorama of modern life. He was a simple priest, who worshipped in the temple of Dakshineswar, to whom the deity was the Mother. To all outward appearances he was but an ordinary priest performing his *pūja* with an extra amount of zeal and perhaps even fanaticism. But withal he was a spiritual being, the puissance of whose *tapasya* could alone give back to this country its fast disappearing spiritual life.

Twenty years before the Mutiny, India had perhaps touched the worst depths of misery. Amidst political turmoil, economic prostration and social evils, the ancient Hindu Religion seemed almost dead and Yoga itself had retreated into forests and mountain fastnesses. The young and militant religions were making their easy inroads into its ranks and its own reforming zeal had only produced here and there rebellious creeds and sects which, though owning nominal allegiance to the orthodox religion, had but scarcely veiled contempt for its many rituals and images. Then was born on the 18th of February, 1836 the infant—Gadadhar—in the Chattopadhyaya family of the village of Kamarpukur, situated in the western promontary of the Hoogly District in Bengal. As he grew up he was known as Ramakrishna Paramahansa and many devotees gathered round him and worshipped him as a god. Death occurred on the 16th of August, 1886. But apparently nothing happened . . . when, lo! and behold on the 19th of September, 1893 that august assembly in Chicago found revealed before them a new world of the spirit. We all know the rest; how the great disciple swept everything before him as no one else has ever done. Science, materialistic science, had reared its formidable head in Europe and even Christianity was offering but feeble resistance to it. At such a time the re-birth of Hindu Religion in the very citadels of science is a matter of the deepest significance. Sri Ramakrishna combined in himself the central truths of that religion as well as its myriad forms. Buddha, Sankara and other celebrated masters of the past had all gone forth into the world, preached and taught and lived a life of activity. But Sri Ramakrishna was a unique personality who had accomplished in his life a complete passivity, yet so intense, that with an un-erring hand he had opened the flood gates of spiritual forces. The book under review published by the Advaita Ashrama is by far the fullest account we have of that life. The ceaseless *sadhana* of the early days when he passed through the various arduous paths of Yoga; the stern worship and consecration at the feet of *Kali*; the meditations at Panchavati; the varieties of religious experiences which included not only every phase of Hinduism with its much mis-understood Shakta forms, but also those of Christianity and Muhamadanism, nay even the “sex-idea”; the rare and purified transcendental relationship with women devotees; the life

with the disciples; the visions and *samadhi*; and that atmosphere of ecstasy and *ananda* which "make ordinary moments wonderful," and which perennially surrounded the master as with a divinity—are all described in this book. Most important of all are the numerous collections of the master's utterances on difficult points of God realisation. Sri Ramakrishna not merely felt the presence of God, but lived and moved and had his being in that higher plane of super-consciousness. It was *that* he revealed to his disciples and helped them to attain. He did not talk dry philosophy or metaphysics or discourse on the holy scriptures, but in a few simple sentences, often by mere touch of his hand, conveyed to them, in the measure of their understanding and nature, the meaning of Yogic experiences and of the fact of the existence of God. His life was simplicity itself—no child was more innocent than he. Yet scholars and famous men like Keshab Chunder Sen, Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, Michael Madhusudhan Dutt and many others had no doubt of the strange power he had to reveal the hidden truths of religion. It will not be possible here to choose from out of the many sayings recorded in this book. Sri Ramakrishna points out two pitfalls in the path of the Yogi—*Kam Kanchana* (lust and wealth) which the *sadakh* has to conquer by renunciation and discrimination. Above all he insisted upon faith and realisation—faith in God, faith in the Mother. Indeed the history of Vivekananda's discipleship, which might have been dealt with more fully in this book, is the history of the struggle between faith and intellect—the mental intelligence of the lower Buddhi, till it was finally illumined by the truth of Brahman. When the master had done that he had conquered for Vedanta and the Hindu Religion its fiercest enemy—the materialistic, rationalistic mind. Whether this conquest is complete or not is yet too soon to say. Nevertheless it is a distinct step in human evolution. It remains to be seen if the mind will only be mere mind, powerful but blind, imperfect and uncertain, or whether it will fulfil its highest purpose of exceeding itself and becoming a perfect instrument in the hands of the Divine. A vast synthesis awaits the future.

Before concluding, we may be pardoned for referring to the somewhat apologetic remarks in the "Publisher's Note" on what is called the 'Supernatural element' in the book. The 'trances,' which word but feebly expresses the supreme poise of *Samadhi*, and other phenomena, recorded in the book, have centuries of Indian religious experience behind them; the science of Yoga is founded upon them. We must also notice the broad insistence in the book upon the idea of "incarnation." Is not Sri Ramakrishna above all special pleading, beyond all labels and formulas?

The book is well got up and neatly printed and should be in the hands of everybody desirous of understanding spirituality and Yoga in India.

International Metapsychic Institute. Review Metapsychic, 89 Avenue Niel, 89 Paris.

We regret we were unable to notice before this the very important work planned by the International Metaphysic Institute, Paris, as can be gathered from the Committee appeal and scheme for research sent to us. Believing that "human thought" should be "the exclusive object of philosophical and religious conceptions" and conscious that the scientific world was "devoting its whole time and efforts to the exploration of certain superficial planes of the human psychism, which taught nothing respecting the fundamental qualities of man, and was completely ignorant of the existence (even) of transcendental planes of psychism whose manifestations (once it is known how and where to produce them) are provable by experiment, and which alone are capable of enlightening us concerning the real nature of our thought" this Institute, founded by Jean Meyer, came into existence. Its three aims are stated to be—

"1. To pursue scientifically the study of dynamopsychism in its so-called metapsychic manifestations, and, at the same time, if necessary, in all manifestations of unknown intelligent forces.

"2. To give demonstration of these phenomena to the scientific elite in order that the greatest possible number of possible investigators should be encouraged to undertake to research along this line.

"3. To obtain, within an early period of time, the admission of the solid acquisitions of metapsychics into the domain of universally accepted science."

Dr. Osty, the Principal of the I. M. I., presented a programme of research which is full of interest. Space does not permit us to quote *in extenso* even the portion of his report that appears in the Committee appeal. We shall content ourselves with some extracts. "To consider in their totality the phenomena of metapsychics it is advisable, in practice, to distinguish two classes: those which concern the property of superanormal knowledge and those which relate to superanormal action of the human being (telekinesis, teleplastics) it being understood that 'supernormal' does not mean 'supernatural' as certain persons persist in translating it, but something superior to the normal, the exceptional as contrasted with the habitual." They are referred to the various experiments involved in the scientific study of these phenomena. "In seeking to know what the faculty of supernormal knowledge is, and how from every point of view its production takes place, it is necessary to explore the unknown planes of thought which conceal the greatest mystery of life in the 'detected,' that is the normal man and in every human being: that faculty of knowledge transcending the common limitations of space and time." The immediate efforts of the I. M. I. according to Dr. Osty should be—

"1. To demonstrate to the scientific world that there is such a thing as metapsychical science, that there is a human supernormal region, by offering the circumstances in which to observe this phenomenon, plain, healthy and easy to examine, and the primordial importance of 'metagnomy of human objectivity.'"

"2. To pursue by means of experiments devised in different ways the progressive study of the psychological, physiological, and physical determining laws of this phenomenon, which represents what is most important in man, and is the most unknown to us; the capacity of recognition and the nature of man's thought."

The subject of "transmission of thought" is dealt with in some detail, in view of the reluctance of the scientific world to at all accept it. The following are the observations about a certain state of 'trance':—"we know that metagnomic subjects discover their paranormal faculty as soon as they put themselves into the psycho-physiological state, still mysterious, known as 'trance.' To a greater or less extent, according to the subject, this state brings about the eclipse or passivity of the conscious state, and what is more, the appearance of a special sense. What is it that changes in the functioning of a human body which cause (in some persons in an instant) the appearance of a new sense and the temporary monopolisation of a brain by a metagnomic activity? There is nothing to authorise the belief that attempts to act upon the organism by physical or chemical means to encourage, accentuate or inhibit the trance state would not succeed directly, or by repercussion upon research in finding out the secret of this existing enigma, teaching us at the same time what are the physiological reasons for the fact that hypnosis only produces in the majority of hypnotic subjects suggestibility or imaginative construction whilst in some few only it opens (owing to some special differentiation of the sensibility) a window looking out on the normally imperceptible."

According to Dr. Osty the discovery of 'thought radiations' will lead to very important results and psychology will have very largely extended its territory by the perception of the "energetic quality of thought which passes from one psychism to another."

Then, coming to the "knowledge of the past life of the deceased," the problem is stated thus:—"Is it from a universal consciousness that he obtains the history of some particular life? Is it elsewhere and where? And in any case, how? Thus, does the problem of the fundamental nature and destiny of the human being which humanity has vainly discussed by pure speculation since it has been capable of thinking, thus does it present itself to experimental research, with every hope of arriving at solid explanations and at certainties."

Finally, "the culminating manifestation of human thought" is when "it grasps his (man's) future"—"I desire to say that the demonstration of precognition of the individual human future to the scientific world would be an event of great importance. A new dawn would enlighten a new world. The science of man would at once become transformed by it. To offer a clear, indisputable definite proof that this phenomenon exists would convince the scientific world that knowledge precedes reality—in other words, that thought conditions matter, and that the time has come to abandon the belief in the converse. To offer the proof that it is through mental collaboration that the subject obtains knowledge of our individual futures, would render it probable that the transcendental faculty of cognition and of thought thus presumed to exist in the psychism which is in each one of us, is not the product of one single brain." We are also told that "practically . . . every human being placed in certain physiological conditions should be able to gain knowledge about his future." In fact, the object is to demonstrate all this scientifically. "It is unknown man, the unseen immensity of his psychism, which we give ourselves as a mission to explore, and to translate into exact, demonstrable, verifiable knowledge."

European science is often baffled by some of the "mysterious" and "eccentric" developments of the human mind. As for religion, science has very little to do with it. Fortunately for India its Yogis have revealed the truths of religion not by mere mental approximation but by actual realisation. They may not be 'proved' according to the standards of modern logic. But the time is long past for the acceptance of Yoga as the most potent instrument for the uplift of the human race. The inner life of every individual is a vast field for research, complex enough for the boldest and most difficult scientific venture. It is there that we discover the ranges behind our personality and how only the veriest surface is all that we see of this moving world. Perhaps the Institute will succeed in lifting the veil in a manner acceptable to European thought. The methods of Yoga and its experiences cannot now be said to be a sealed book. Sri Aurobindo Ghose has surveyed the field in the illuminating pages of the *Arya* and has expressed, as far as possible, in the terms of modern thought the vast discoveries of Yoga. The Institute has as its organ of publicity for its proceedings the "Revue Metapsychic" in French. We welcome the Magazine as a very useful endeavour. These may be the beginnings of the scientific endeavour to envisage the unity of life and to see in man the progressive self-manifestation of nature.

Masters of Modern Art, Renoir, by Francois Fosca, Translated by Hubert Wellington (Published by John Lane, The Bodley, Ltd., 5s. net).

It is in the fitness of things that Renoir should be among the first volumes in *The Masters of Modern Art*, series announced by the well-known firm of John Lane. For, according to Walter Pagh in *The Masters of Modern Art*, "modern art is, if not exclusively French, an art having Paris as its hearth and focus." Though Renoir was born in Limoges, soon after his birth his parents moved to Paris. He entered the studio of Gleyre and soon came in contact with various personalities. The genius for painting was irrepressible in him. Even as a child he painted on tea-cups and on transparent paper to imitate stained glass. We have heard that his paintings number nearly four thousand. It was not to mythology or to ancient legends that Renoir turned for inspiration. He

found his subjects at the Louvre, in the suburbs of Grenouillere, in the public ball rooms, restaurants, boating parties and the seemingly tiresome and vulgar country folk.—“Renoir brings back for us a whole world of the 1870—80 period. We find it again in several of the books of de Maupassant described with great exactness and precision but with less delicacy and charm. Renoir takes the stong, vulgar, full-blooded poetry of the riverside, these rowdy, merry fellows in striped jerseys, with their reckless young women, sun-tanned like apricots, lightens it all and transfigures it. For he is no realist. He never merely transcribes reality just as it presents itself: he selects from it what he wants—subject and materials.” The author quotes M. Vollard* “one day, when I was in ecstasies over a Fragonard, a *shepherdess*, with a dream of a petticoat which in itself made the whole picture, I’m blessed if I did’t hear someone behind me say that the shepherdess of that time must have been as dirty as those of to-day! What the devil I care! And, besides, supposing they were, ought’t we to admire a painter who, from the dirty subjects in front of him, makes us a jewel instead?”

It was not Renoir’s way to laboriously build up his canvass with rigid outlines and excessive details. He creates the form as he paints and with brilliant strokes of his brush arrives at the precision he is looking for. This is to some extent responsible for the unequal character of his works.

“It is Renoir who is the great artist of the XVIII century, the man who was to that age what Rubens was to the 17th,” says our author. The various stages through which the artist passed show, according to the author, the evolution of his talent. In the early period up to 1875 the young painter seems to have wavered between several influences, those of Courbet and Delacroix in particular. The *Box* and *Dancer* reproduced in this book belong to this period. Then came the impressionist period. It was then that the peculiar type of feminine beauty dear to Renoir began to take shape. In 1880 the artist left for Italy and lived at Rome and Naples. There he was struck by Raphæl’s frescoes at the Farnese Palace and by the paintings at Pompeii, the marbles at the Vatican and great collections of ancient art at Rome and Naples. Our author thinks that Renoir was profoundly influenced by Ingres, and that his art was thereby enriched in its development, so much so that he calls this period the Ingres period. Towards 1900 illness took him to Provence—the “Hellas of France.” There surrounded by the beautiful country he painted his later landscapes. Finally, we find the artist trying his hand at sculpture—the Statue of Venus.

Such in brief outline is what the author has dealt with in this book. He has shown us the growth of the artist’s technique as well as the gradual unfolding of his genius. So far as we know there is no other book in English which gives in a small compass the essentials of the subject so lucidly. The forty illustrations are chosen with discrimination. A number of paintings of children are given. We think Renoir had a real insight into the child-nature—its innocence and waywardness. There are also some of the landscapes reproduced. The pictures showing the life of the people—the riverside lunch, etc.—are done in the manner already stated. We must make special mention of the reproduction of the pictures of nude women. Renoir was one of those artists to whom the beauty of human flesh had an endless fascination. As Joyant said:—“To paint a woman excites him more than if he were caressing her.”—No doubt these pictures are sensual. But they are healthy; it is the artist’s dream that we see in form and colour.

* Renoir (1841—1919) an intimate record by Ambrose Vollard. This book is now available in English, translated by Harold L. Van Doreen and Randolph T. Weaver (Knoff St. ed.).

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Studio
Commercial Art
Drawing and Design

} **44, Leicester Square, London.**

It has not been always possible for us to deal with in detail even the more important magazines or other periodicals received by us. Often we had to content ourselves with some extracts from them. We must, however, make special mention of the gorgeous *Studio* which is now well-nigh a quarter of a century old but has gone on steadily improving, till it has reached the high-water mark of artistic production. The September number (Vol. 29, No. 402), now before us is a glorious feast of colour and splendour. There are over two hundred reproductions executed with rare skill and ability and illustrating the articles of the writers. "Rinnaxi," Wood-sculpture, by Sekino-Shoun; "Paysanne Aux Pommes" by P. Th. Roberts; "Kneeling Woman" by Paul Gruson; Paul Jouve's Pictures of Animals—are only some of the many striking reproductions in this number.

Of the articles, the note on Museum Association of Exhibitions indicates the usefulness of travelling exhibitions by their bringing to the little towns the works of the great English artists—a thing unknown in this country where the growth of art is yet largely without the usual stimulus from exhibitions, museums and picture-galleries. The Zwey-Bruck School of Drawing and Applied Art described in another article, also shows the progress made in Europe in the education of children in arts and crafts. Readers of Kipling will be delighted with the first article on Paul Jouve, the artist who illustrated the "Jungle Book," Edith Valerio writes a succinct account of Benito Quinquela Martin. Georg Brochner dealing with Czecho-Slovak graphic art points out that Joseph Manes is the creator of Czecho-Slovak art as the world knows it to-day.

We think the notes on the artists in the various countries of the world are of invaluable help to every student of art. They refer to art world in London, Birmingham, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, Zurich, Milan, Grenada, New York, Tokoyo, etc. The present age is remarkable for the phenomenal increase of artistic output. Not that creative activity can execute a finished picture in twenty minutes as a Ford car is said to emerge from the factory. The genius of the American millionaire has enabled fast conveyance to be within easy reach of a modest income. This may or may not have any ultimate value; but it is indeed a very great blessing that *Studio* has enabled its readers, for a small investment, to be in possession of such a brilliant galaxy of pictures and helpful letter-press. Many of the works of European artists are more or less inaccessible to art lovers in this country. *Studio* enables us to be in touch with the living growth of Modern art. Yet, we wonder, how many of even the libraries in India can boast of this veritable treasure-house on its tables? In Madras, we are afraid, we shall search for it in vain.

If that be so with *Studio*, *Commercial Art* and *Drawing and Design* are in a much worse position; they are practically unknown in this part of the country. 'Art' might be thought to be negated rather than qualified by anything 'Commercial.' Yet how long can industry remain untouched by the elevation of art? Opening our copy of *Commercial Art* we have the first article on "Artistic Advertising," and we read "The real meaning of 'artistic' is 'according to the laws of art.' A piece of work done in an *artistic* manner is a piece of work done in the best manner to express the end, and with an exact appreciation of the end desired. If anyone word can explain it, it is 'Fitness'

which means that the work is right from whatever angle we look at it, whether of beauty or use." We have only to see what Wilhelm Lotz has stated in his article in this journal on German Industry, to realize how much can be achieved in the direction of a real collaboration between artist, manufacturer and merchant on a common ground. We would like to present this article to the motor-bus owners and their association, in Madras, if only for the design of the interior of the new motor omnibus, for them to see what a contrast it is to that moving pandemonium which is such a pest in this city. If only we care we can beautify our homes as well as our industry—that is the lesson of this Journal. We are not now on the question, bread first or art? Life cannot be made to follow the clever sequence of logical formulæ. But one thing is certain. This is the age of industry and machinery. Shall we wait and drift, till we also like Europe allow ourselves to be overborne by those forces and then while in their grip laboriously strive to bring back the banished gods? In the west at least they seem to be alive to certain aspects of the problem. The article on Machine Production is full of interest. We wonder what Mahatma Gandhi or Tagore would say to such a thing as "the æsthetics of machinery," or to the sentiment "machinery is the most beautiful achievement of applied art in modern times. The fragments of machinery, which the archæologists of the future may unearth, will probably become the most cherished relics of our civilisation. Divorced from their familiar associations, they will give the collector that exquisite pleasure of an almost mathematical kind which seems the very root of good art!" Even selling and shop-keeping, in their relation to art, are carefully studied and the surprising results described in the articles on 'Ovington Campaign' and 'Aspects of the selling art.' Those who are sick of all kinds of advertisements which deface their own and their neighbours' walls, will read with profit the article on 'Modern Japanese posters.' Needless to say the journal is handsomely illustrated as well.

Drawing and Design gives various studies of different artists. The reproductions of the drawings of the Spanish artist Pablo Picasso are some of the most fascinating in this number. Similarly those of Charles Keene, whom the readers of *Punch* might recollect, but who is here shown in a much higher and truer light. The study of Paul Nash's works, which is the first article in this number, shows that his method was more after that of the Indian artist, for, we read: "The musician may express the emotion he got from a sea-shore, though he may not be so banal as to imitate the sound of the waves. The poet will sing the skylark as a "blithe spirit," and omit to tell us that it has wings, a beak and feathers. The painter—well, why should he be forbidden the same latitude in art? If he gives us a form which expresses the *idea* of nature then he has done his work. This is what Paul Nash is constantly striving to do. He sees more with the mind than with the eyes, that is more as human beings with fine emotions than as a camera. He seeks to express the body of Nature in abstract terms, to find the design inherent in it. He does not impose merely a decoration upon Nature, but tries to elicit from it its plan and aspiration." The notes on African Sculpture are written with sympathy and understanding. "Edmund Burke, in the course of a speculation on Beauty, mentioned that to the negro a negress was actually beautiful, pointing out the difference made by one's point of view. The artist knows very well that the negro face is beautiful from the point of view of art, that their features are massive and boldly designed, and their colour produces a gorgeous play of light and shade. Their own sculpture extracts these qualities. It possesses the mass, the repose, the design, and the mystery of all real sculpture, and will bear an æsthetic comparison with the sculptured gods of India and China, with the figures that cover the front of Chartres cathedral or the tombs of Egypt."

The illustrations are well chosen and finely executed. In get-up and outlook these magazines are, every inch of them, artistic. Journals such as these are not mere luxuries of the drawing-room or of ladies' tables, but essentials of a real cultural education.

THE REVIEW OF NATIONS

C/O BANQUE DE PARIS AND DES PAYS BAS, 6 RUE DE HOLLANDE, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

We have just received the first copy of *The Review of Nations*, "an organ for Pan-Humanism and Spiritual Freedom" published in Geneva under the editorship of Felix Valyi. Among the writers are many scholars and men of light and leading from various parts of the world including Switzerland, Germany, France, India, China and Japan. One feature of the present number is that some of the articles are in French and some are in English. A *fac simile* of Mahatma Gandhi's message is the frontispiece. Though such subjects as, The Minority Problem, Japan's Pacific Policy, The Spectre of Colour, the Evolution of the League, Poland and the League of Nations, The Negro Problem in America—are all outside the scope of *Shama'a*, yet the objects of the publication are stated to be, "The New International Magazine, of which this is the first issue, is an enterprise of universal character. Universality in the true sense of the term is our aim: universality of mind, of sympathy for all nations, universality of knowledge and of science, including in our field of research and study everything human, political science as well as history, philosophy and psychology of nations as well as economics, world finance, international law, sociology of religions, the social teachings of old civilisations as well as the sympathetic consideration of new efforts towards the synthesis of human culture as a whole. Universality, sympathy, synthesis: these three words express our religion of knowledge. . . . After sixty centuries of incessant struggle . . . time is rife for an attempt to attain purification of the human soul, to attain synthesis through knowledge . . . We recognize one single form of conquest: moral and spiritual conquests. . . . We believe in moral and spiritual values . . . we believe in the benefits of knowledge in the sense in which all great religions, all great thinkers, all great spiritual movements did. Spiritual subjugation by genius, freely accepted, is the unique form of domination which does no harm to the human soul. It means Hierarchy through freedom, not subordination by violence. . . ."

Every attempt at synthesis on spiritual basis shall receive our warm recognition and co-operation. But we do not become spiritual by merely talking about it. *Our* faith is not in unity through mere political adjustments or diplomatic labyrinths or intellectual propaganda. Unless the world consents to be spiritualised, by deep and persistent efforts, there will be no end to quarrel and strife. Nevertheless we welcome every attempt to reach the goal and wish this new venture from Switzerland every success.

Among the English articles, D. W. H. Solf deals with Mahayana (this we are told was a lecture delivered before the Asiatic Society of Japan). Jawahar Lal Nehru, on the Psychology of Indian Nationalism, seems to have dealt with more on the *facts* rather than the psychology of it. Marmaduke Pickthall writes on Education in Islam. Of the articles—not in English, we note, The Spirit of Asia and Asiatic History by Felix Valyi; Vital Sources of Chinese Poetry by Richard Wilhelm; Afterlife in Oriental Thought by Paul Masson Oursel.

Our readers will thus see the variety of subjects that are discussed in this number itself. The printing and general get-up are of a very high order and leave nothing to be desired. Subscription is ten dollars per year or fifty Swiss francs—quite a reasonable amount for a monthly of such excellent quality.



OUR FRONTISPIECE

THE subject of our frontispiece is Yakusih Nyorai, the physician in the Buddhist pantheon. This bronze group is by Tori Busshi in the temple at Horiuji, Nara, Japan—one of the earliest Buddhist temples in that country, built by Prince Shotoku. A brief account of the rise of Buddhism and its influence on the growth of art and sculpture appears elsewhere. We are indebted to Mr. W. G. Blaikie Murdoch for the photographs from which our reproduction is taken.

THE spiritual view holds that the mind, life, body are man's means and not his aims and even that they are not his last and highest means ; it sees them as his outer instrumental self and not his whole being. It sees the infinite behind all things finite and it adjudges the values of the finite by higher infinite values of which they are the imperfect translation and towards which, to a truer expression of them, they are always trying to arrive. It sees a greater reality than the apparent not only behind man and the world, but within man and the world, and this soul, self, divine thing in man it holds to be that in him which is of the highest importance, that which everything else in him must try in whatever way to bring out and express, and this soul, self, divine presence in the world it holds to be that which man has ever to try to see and recognize through all appearances, to unite his thought and life with it and in it to find his unity with his fellows. This alters necessarily our whole normal view of things ; even in preserving all the aims of human life, it will give them a different sense and direction.

*SRI AUROBINDO GHOSE
(From "The Renaissance in India.")*

THE SWORD OF DERMOT *

(A Poetical Drama in Thrice Acts . . .)

BY JAMES H. COUSINS

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Bryan : Chief of the Clan MacDermot
Cahill : His Son and Heir
Una : Bryan's Daughter
Owen : Chief of the Clan MacCostello
A Soldier
Another Soldier
Attendant on Owen

ACT I

Outside the gate of the strong castle of MacDermot on an island in Lough Ce in the West of Ireland some time before the seventeenth century.

It is night. A sound of revelry is heard within the castle out of which emerges the last verse of a song sung in a male voice.

SONG

Dermot's house and lineal lord
Rules plough-land and pasture-land
Till his undefeated sword
Passes to a stranger's hand.

BRYAN, aged, but of strong physique and forceful character, has been walking up and down in front of the castle showing signs of gloom and uncertainty.

CAHILL, aged eighteen, and obviously his father's son, comes suddenly out of the castle.

Cahill : Father, why have you left the feasting-hall
To wander in darkness?

Bryan : Because dark shadows fall
About my pathway, Cahill.

Cahill : Shadows? why,
When the chief of the poets is sending our laughter high
Like kites in the wind with merry songs?

Bryan :

My son,

When you a scroll of far-sung deeds have won,
And reared a name that beggars a crown on the brow,
You too may one day stand, as I do now,
Where life, that took the highway with a stride,
Swinging along the simple path of pride
To quietness, comes on a double voice,
Where left and right call equally for choice,
And both are thick with gloom. You too may screen
Your thoughts in darkness.

Cahill : I know not what you mean,
But you are the only one who is not gay
In Dermot's hall to-night.

Bryan : Old bards would say
That some high God's adventurings portend
When a king laughs at a sad story's end,
Or when the royal master of a feast,
Of all who laugh, laughs quietest and least

Cahill : It is to laughter, out of this chilling wind,
I come to call you, so that Fergal find
For his quick temper's smouldering fire no ground
In your long absence. He looks and looks around
As if he missed a face.

Bryan : Has Una come ?

Cahill : Not yet. She says sickness has made her dumb
To all but the dark and her heart's quietness.
She hates loud songs of danger and distress,
Of forays and the driving home of preys.

Bryan : In that I am her kinsman, though our ways
Be wide apart as spring and the falling leaf.
I seek the peace of silence that my grief
Lose not its acid sweetness in the wild
Rude songs of war ; and she that was my child
Buries herself, that joy just come to birth
Suffer no stain from shallow songs of mirth.

Cahill : Father, what do you mean ? . . . Is Una gone ?

Bryan : I almost wish she were.

Cahill : What has she done ?

Bryan : She has undone the royal hopes and dreams
That from my mind flowed round her in rich streams
Watering her future's fields.

Cahill : Oh tell me all.

Bryan : It is to no poor feasting in our hall
That Fergal has come, with men of gentle craft,
With poets and chiefs, the first to leave the haft
Asleep in the scabbard of his heady breed,
Kindred in blood, but by a bloody deed,
Ages sword-parted.

Cahill : For what then does he come ?

Bryan : For that which makes my mind a throbbing drum
Of hope and fear.

Cahill : Fear touched not one who drew
The sword of Dermot.

Bryan : No one hitherto
Has turned its edge. For ages it has led
The kindred through the harvest of the dead
To peace that crowns the shout of victory ;
So that has come the ancient prophecy
That Dermot's bards their final tale shall tell
When one of three things held impossible
Shall come to pass. The Dermot is accurst.

Cahill : Yes, they were sung just now . . . the first . . . the first . . .
I cannot bring to mind, . . . no . . . nor the next,
But there was something in the third that vexed
A way into my memory. Its sound
Is singing in my ears :

Dermot's house and lineal lord
Rules plough-land and pasture-land
Till his undefeatd sword
Passes to a stranger's hand.

Then Fergal frowned.

Bryan : I do not fear his frown. His smile of cheer
Is what I dread.

Cahill : A strange thing, that, to fear.

Bryan : Son, when a king leads men in laughing rows,
With singers and with many gifts, he goes
To woo a queen.

Cahill : Ah, now I understand . . .
But surely that brings joy across the land,
For Una then as Fergal's queen will reign,
And Fergal will not frown on us again ?

Bryan : Thus is my grief turned ten times grievously
Because of peace that might but cannot be.

Cahill : Who shall withstand your will or dare your wroth ?

Bryan : Una has given her love and plighted troth
To Owen MacCostello.

Cahill : What ! would she hold
Her name as lightly as a tale that's told
By marriage with a vassal ? Has she not heard
The sons of Dermot sung by many a bard
For triumphs over the clan of Costello ?
And would not twelve score of their cattle go
As price for Dermot's chessboard ?

Bryan : Last night he came
Alone at my lone ear to set his claim.
I turned him from the gate. With eyes aglow
He vowed to come to night.

Cahill : If you say No ?

Bryan : Then he will come to-morrow hot for fight,
And not alone.

Cahill : Aye, and to-morrow night
You will give answer to him, and not alone.
O father ! have I not from childhood grown ?
Let me no more be nursed with infant care.
Let me now take my place as Dermot's heir,
And meet this vassal and his touting plea.

Bryan : No no, my son, your time for jeopardy
Has not yet come.

Cahill : Oh, why hold back the hour
Of my first valour-deed, that shows my power
Worthy my race ?

Bryan : Nay, for a little while
Build up life's fortress till across the stile
You step to youth's great fulness, you, decreed
Dermot's new chief.

Cahill : And is not this the deed
To prove my kingship ?

Bryan : Nay, our ancient race
Needs not poor proof like men of meaner place.
When to your hand your father's sword you win
Then to your arm the strength of Dermot's kin
Will pass.

Cahill : Then let me bear your sword, and go
Beside you proudly in the least, that so
My arm in its proud usage well begun,
Like yours may well resign it.

Bryan : My brave son
Blooms into life as goodly as the rose,
And one day may be called—how soon, who knows?—
To guard its honour. Take the royal blade.
Never was it unsheathed in coward shade ;
But in day's light where traitorous foemen swooned ;
For though the sons of Dermot take no wound
Without retaliation, none they give
Save in good cause.

Cahill : Nor I—but while you live
May I not wield it on the ridge of war
Before your fight is done ? Let me no more
Be dandled on the knees of bearded men
As Cahill the Young. The bull will break its pen
Or its wild heart. Oh let my name now run
As Cahill, son of Bryan, Dermot's son

Bryan : Why then, some day your arm, with cut and thrust,
May win it for your own, when in the dust
You lay a foe in open equal sum
Of arms and strength. (*Noise inside.*)

Cahill : Fergal grows restless.

Bryan : Come.

They go into the castle, Cahill leading the way with the sword of Dermot held ceremoniously in his hand.

When I have breasted the sweet waters at the
call of your love-lit star,
And have spread my arms to come to you, I have
passed from the things that are
To a dream of myself as Mananaum, Lord of the
sea,
Who sped to wrap your beauty close in the Robe
of Invisibility.

He breaks off the song with a touch of resentment.

So that it be not soiled by the rude lips
Of strangers who have come hither in their ships.

Una : And sometimes when in dream I pass the will,
I am the Goddess Ce, who left her hill
And the free comradeship of tireless wing
To house with mortals.

Owen : Ah, but ancients sing
She had no beauty more than a wilted rush,
And you are beauty's queen.

Una : Oh hush, love, hush.
But for men's thought all women were as she,

Owen : Oh, be you then unbeautiful as Ce,
And I shall be Usheen whose vision's lance
Pierced her thick mask, and saw, beyond his glance,
Immortal loveliness, and on the throne
Of his glad heart set her as queen alone.

Una : " And together they went away
To the Land of the Ever Young."

Owen : Tell me, my love, what makes your eyes' clear light
As dim as the moon in the mist of autumn night ?
What is your sorrow ?

Una : That whose proffered hand
Should bring my father joy, and bring the land
Contentment. Fergal of Moylurg has come
With princes and men of song, with harp and drum
And hefty bearers of rich gifts that seek
No dumb equivalent.

Owen : Then I must speak
With Bryan now ? Where is he ? He shall turn
Black Fergal back. My suit he shall not spurn.

Una : If the desire of Fergal will not move
As easily and certainly as love
Would set the stars dancing to its own tune,
Think you my father would refuse his boon
And make forever lordless the red stream
That for a generation put the gleam
Of blood between the children of one house ?

Owen : Yet I shall keep the vows I made.

Una : What vows ?

Owen : When the MacDermot spurned me from his gate
I vowed that I would come in warlike state
And force my claim.

Una : God gave you not the power
To thwart Black Fergal in his passionate hour,
Or dam the torrent of MacDermot's will
When his Atlantic's cloud is on the hill.

Owen : You doubt my love ?

Una : The heart that is in doubt
Drums eye and ear through darkness in a rout.
But love that is made perfect and most wise
Can look unflinchingly in its own eyes
And doubt, as light may question sister light.
You tell me that your love is infinite,
Infinite in its depth, its height, its strength,
Oh far beyond my poor worth's little length,
Unless for all the praise your song has spread
It takes some human frailty on its head,
And set your infinite strength on balance true
With infinite weakness.

Owen : Oh, my love, for you
I could outface the powers of earth and sky
That made Cuchullain tremble. I could die
A score of deaths to serve you.

Una : That, I know,
And therefore doubt your strength against the blow
Of Fergal, who would risk no finger's bone
For love of me, but in his pride high-flown
Would march and counter-march toward his end
Fergal would die not once for me, but spend
His life in ease, and at its ripened fall
There would of hope be no grim burial,
No bitter mocking laughter at dreams outworn.

Owen : Must all our dreams end in the laugh of scorn,
Our hopes in mockery ?

Una : "You doubt my love ?"

- Owen :* Ah, Una, why do you pierce my heart's white dove?
Why do you weave curtains of strangeness cold
And hang them thick between us fold by fold?
Is it that yet love's power we never knew,
And that you want my love to turn from you
Into red hatred for your father's sake?
- Una .* You could not hate me now. Your hate would break
To flowers through gnarled bark until it grew
As beautiful as love. You would love it too.
You would make poems on it, sharp and sweet,
Full of the yearning that love's heavy feet
Tread out of life, when life is love's poor all,
Houses and lands and children, and no call
Out of the distance that we prize so much
Because it moves beyond the staining touch
Of our poor selfishness. Through your pure eyes
I read your strength, and know its virtue lies
Not in the measuring of means and hours,
But slumbers under coverlets of flowers,
And will, I know, richly its promise prove
When fate's horn sounds . . . Now do you doubt my love
- Owen :* I doubt my own poor heart.
- Una :* I do not doubt
Its love for me. Your songs have given out
That this frail body is a cup of gold
Filled with immortal essence that you hold
To your soul's lips. That is the song you have sung,
And that is truth talked in the angel tongue.
But Fergal has no song, no rainbow dream,
No search for changeless things through things that seem,
No reaching out beyond the feel of hands.
He counts me for posterity's demands,
Life's baking-bowl to fill his race's need,
To bear and nourish sons of royal breed ;
To sit beside him on high feasting days,
Dispenser of loud gifts to win him praise.
That his proud name thereafter sing in rhymes,
And linger on, a whisper in far times.

And that is all. And that is why I said
That in his life no hopes of his would shed
Their leaves in mockery.

Owen :

Can such desire
Live for a moment by the holy fire
Of love like ours? Has Nature only thrown
Magnificent dust in men's eyes batlike grown,
To gloss the squalid purposes of clay,
And fill with dust the mouth of some far day?
Are our large thoughts and the deep-hearted urge
That set themselves to rhythm of ocean surge,
And find their harvest in the starry sheaves,
Their voices in the whispering of leaves,
The song of rain, the coo that sweetly floats
From woods dove-haunted, are they but light notes
A hidden player brings with scornful tone
Out of our heart-strings?

Una :

Some through life have gone
Seeking your answer, but with wasted breath.

Owen :

Aye, and it may be we must go through death
Before the answer rings out starry clear . . .
But I must see MacDermot.

CAHILL (*who has entered*)

He is here.

Owen :

What, is the fruitage mimicked by the seed?
Ripeness is yet before you.

Cahill :

I only need
The sword of one I have slain in open fight
To deck my belt. Before a king to-night
I answered for MacDermot. For a rogue
I have as good an answer.

Una :

Cahill Og!
You do not know the word MacCostello
Brings for your father's ear.

Cahill :

I know
Enough, the message, the reply,
And the reward when I have done
My valour-deed

Una : What frenzy fills your eye
 With fire ?

Cahill : It is the sun
To burn away the shame
That you would put upon your father's name
By marrying his vassal.

Una : What mad pride
Is this? I am the guide
Of my own life.

Cahill : I guard my father's name

Una : You who have never been a bowman's aim
Beyond your fosterer's knee !

Cahill : At that same knee
I learned that it is nobler far to be
Guard of the door where honour stays
Than in dishonour to crawl by darkened ways
Into another's treasure-house.

Owen : Wild youth !
Dare you speak thus of me ?

Cahill : I dare speak truth,—
That you have stolen cravenly
Into my sister's heart
That you through village street and mart
May trail a boast, and spite the sword
That is your lord.
But now must end your lanced joy.

Owen : Not by the heady tolly of a boy.

Cahill : I was a boy this morning, Cahill the Young.
To-night by bards I shall be sung
For true man's deed.

CAHILL approaches Owen threateningly, his hand on the hilt of a sword concealed beneath his tunic.

Una : Would you bring down our roof-tree like a weed ?

Cahill : I have no need to fear a vassal's sword
That I have sworn to lay on Dermot's board
With Dermot's undefeated blade.

He flashes out the sword of Dermot and forces Owen to draw his sword unwillingly in self-defence. Owen parries Cahill's attack, and they move out of the scene fighting.

Una : And who would hold me guiltless, with Cahill dead,
The sword he carried proudly at the feast
Red in my hand ; no voice to speak my cause ;
The old Gods banished since a traitorous hand

Opened the gates of Ireland to the stranger ;
The new God far away and silent. No,
Some other day (*pushing him off*), O God ! some other day,
You shall return the sword to the MacDermot
When you can meet him openly in strength
Where danger wears no mask and no dishonour.
Go quickly, go. When fortune clears the way
My light once more shall call you from my window. (*He goes*).

BRYAN (*within*).

Cahill ! (*entering*) Where are you, Cahill.
(*Seeing Una*) Ah, daughter, I can tell you what you seek.

Una : Father, we know not what our fate may find
Round the first corner of the way of life.

Bryan : I hope to find my daughter strong and true
To fate's most happy purpose

Una : O my father !
I must be true to my own destiny.
Do not be hard on Owen.

Bryan : Why does he come
To win away the heart of my dear child ?
There stands between you and my deepest love
Only my son, the roof-tree of my house.
Whose proud ancestral spirit even now
Prompts him to deeds of valour.

Una : O father, father !
It was all Cahill's fault, his only.

Bryan : Fault ?
Fault ? Where is Cahill ? What vague dread is this ?
What shaking of the pillars of my life ?
What fear that I have let a boy's hot arm
Outreach the steady purposes of fate
And hack in pride about the roots of things.
I must take back my sword.

Una : (*Falling at his feet*). The sword of Dermot
Has passed to-night into a stranger's hand !

(*The Act closes*).

ACT II

The scene is the same. It is the next night.

TWO SOLDIERS *on guard enter from each side.*

First Soldier : There is no light in her window to-night.

Second Soldier : No light, there is no light anywhere.

First Soldier : You are not merry, friend, to-night.

Second Soldier : Merry ? A man can hardly be merry who has seen
A snail at sunrise crawling on a stone . . .

First Soldier : A wretched omen.

Second Soldier : You know the song

“ When the snail crawls over the bare flagstone,
When the sun to the moon is nigh,
When the spear-grass on the white sea-sand
Draws its rings awry,
Hold thou thy breath
For Death,
Death passes by.”

And now a thin new moon
Treads on the sun's red heels across the hills.

First Soldier : Worse . . . and still worse . . . as if young Cahill's death
Was not enough disaster for twelve moons.

Second Soldier : Enough ? It seems to me this pale-faced princess
Will bring the house of Dermot about our ears.
It was for her young Cahill found his end.
It was for her the sword of Dermot passed
Into a stranger's hand. And now she flings
Black Fergal's marriage offer in his face,
And he is gone with oaths and threatenings
To raise his clan. So does the prophecy
Begin to work like yeast in the housewife's loaf,
And we may eat the bread of slavery
From Fergal's hands. Bryan goes prowling round
Like a lost ghost, as full of pricking temper
As hedgehogs of stiff quills. He puts a sting
In every mother's son of his own people
Till they are quarreling with their own shadows ;
And that one flame of their united strength
That rose to heaven, falls in pale sputtering sparks.

First Soldier : It is a thriftless beggar's preparation
For the next coming of MacCostello,
And rumour has it he will come in force
This very night to carry Una hence

Second Soldier : Between the threat of war on the right hand
And on the left, all through a wilful girl,
We shall have need for prayer to all the saints
That we can call to mind, and Dermot's clan
May rue her birthday.

BRYAN (*entering angrily*)

Where is the princess Una ?

First Soldier : Chieftain, how should we know ?

Second Soldier : The princess Una
Would hardly deign to answer humble clansmen
If we made question of her coming or going.

Bryan : Can I not get an answer straight and clear
From any one ? Are you too leagued with her
To make your house a laughing-stock and shame ?

Second Soldier : Our lives would guard the honour of your name.

Bryan : I thought so . . . You have caught the very trick
She too has talk of honour . . . Sure and quick
Your honour will have little time for talk
When to our door Black Fergal sets his baulk . . .
Come, answer me, where is she ?

First Soldier : We do not know.

Bryan : Then make a circuit quickly. Go !
Let not the slightest shadow unchallenged pass.
Let no unanswering challenge fail of proof . . .
And find her. (*To himself*). If she will not marry Fergal,
She marries no one else. (*He goes out*).

First Soldier : The princess Una
Will not obey us.

Second Soldier : She might be persuaded.

First Soldier : I see a hard cold purpose in your mind.

Second Soldier : I have one purpose, our whole kindred's good.

First Soldier : Share with a kinsman.

Second Soldier :

It might reach his ears
And spoil its chance of service. Have you forgotten
His flaming passions—and his swift remorse
On many an oldtime foray? Something now
Moves him to frenzy. He would ravage Ireland
To break her will. To-morrow, when the mood
Veers with the morning wind, his power again
Would ravage it to please her lightest whim,
I keep my thought. Let's go. (*They go off at each side*).
BRYAN *enters dragging Una by the hand.*

Bryan :

A pretty fancy
For Dermot's daughter,—a cold stone for couch,
Chill waters at your feet, not even a mantle
To blunt the teeth of the wind.

Una :

My heart has chosen
The place of its desire . . . I am at rest.

Bryan :

What madness can have drawn you from your room
And the companionship of faithful maidens.
To show such coldness to the funeral chamber
Of your dead brother?

Una :

I need to be alone.

Bryan :

Your need is changed since yesternight you stole
To meet your lover.

Una :

I am most alone.
When I am nearest him. He calls my soul
Across harsh mountains into quiet valleys.
He shepherds all my thoughts that stray apart,
And leads them to the fold of his pure heart.
And then those eyes that open not by day,
And shine not when the feast is loud and gay
Around the honey-cup, look still and cool
Upon a hidden face more beautiful
Than water touched by moonlight, and I know
Its beauty is mine, for he has told me so.

Bryan :

It must be beautiful, for it has taken
The beauty that once shone from Dermot's isle,
And left a pale-faced changeling in its place.
Come come, my child. These spectres of the mind
Will draw you to your death. Come away from here

- Una :* I am very happy here. The friendly stars
Flicker above and dance in the lake below.
Yet they are fixed for ever and they change not.
But in your hall the torches cast black shadows
That make uncertain warfare with themselves.
Here everything is certain and at peace.
- Bryan :* If you remain here death indeed is certain.
- Una :* And in your hall death is uncertain, father.
- Bryan :* My daughter, do not let your song-filled brain
Be scattered in a whirlwind of vague dreams.
Come to the fireside and the laden board . . .
Come . . . Do not set a canker-worm of grief
In your old father's heart . . . I too have dreams.
Last night I dreamt you struck the silence gong
In a king's chamber, yes, and wept for joy
That tribulation in the end had fled
From Dermot's kin, united by your marriage.
Come, Una, bring to mind your ancient race.
Kings have been your progenitors, and kings
Shall be your children. Come . . . Strengthen yourself.
- Una :* Yesterday I had strength to choose my path,
And strength to choose the right may choose the left
And all the weary zigzag of the world.
To-night I have outgrown the thing called strength
Into such weakness as may not retrace
Its steps.
- Bryan :* I shall have strong arms in an instant
To bear you in.
- Una :* Stay, father. The dark bearers
Will come for us all in fortune's perfect hour.
I am content to wait.
- Bryan :* What foolishness
Is this, my daughter. I too may pass my strength
And fall to angry weakness. Choose, once for all,—
Your dream or mine, the peace that Fergal gives
Or . . . or . . .
- Una :* Life offers no alternatives.
That is the poor illusion of man's pride.
We chase a laughing ghost through meadows wide

Counting us the pursuers, while on our backs
Fate holds our reigns. No waspish whip he cracks
Nor plies a spur, but to a soundless drum
He makes us dance with sun and moon.

Bryan : Come, come,
Choose once for all.

Una : My troth I shall fulfil

Bryan : Then you dely me ?

Una : Name it what you will.
The name is nothing. We are mocked by names,—
Power, pride, race,—painted masks on mouldering frames
To frighten babes. Oh, sweetly as a flower
The Eternal blossomed to our plighting hour,
The Eternal mingled in our loving-cup
And the Eternal shall be withered up
And split like a forgotten poet's stave
Ere we forget, here or beyond the grave.

Bryan : Then be it so. I can remember too.
I can store up, like a most deadly brew,
A memory of faithlessness that swells
Till it shall poison all my life's deep wells.
The strong arms that had borne you to a crown
And a queen's chamber, now shall bear you down
To the deep dungeon at the rock's black heart.
On every step a curse shall barb its dart.
Rail at your walls of stone when madness swells
Your bloodshot eyes, —my hate's grim sentinels
Will stand immovable on every stair
Till your forgotten dust is on the air,
And Dermot's house clean swept of shame and sin.

Una : Oh, welcome sentinels who shut me in
From proud and angry tongues, with silent tears
That are all speech of love to opened ears.
Oh, welcome walls that fold me safe about
Till you shall topple at my love's great shout
When he shall come to claim his ready bride.

Bryan : Is that your thought ! Then fling it now aside.
If choice must be'twixt war from north or south,

It will suffice to hear black Fergal's mouth
 Along his ranks the horn of battle blow.
 There lies your way. . . . Go to your lover go . . .
 Stripped of your name, clad only in the scorn
 Of him who rues the day that you were born.

Una goes away.

FIRST SOLDIER (*entering hastily*).

Chieftain, the waters of the lake are white,
 Beaten to foam by twice a thousand oars
 Of clansmen of MacCostello. Their arrows
 Already fall among the reeds in showers
 Their battle-cry is "Una." We have not found her

Bryan : Then find her quickly She has gone this way
 And bear her, very gently, out of danger
 To her own room. Let double guards be set
 Man all the walls Go (*Goes into the castle*).

SECOND SOLDIER *enters*.

First Soldier : Have you found her yet ?

Second Soldier : I have, but not before fate's irony
 Came as quick death straight from the bow of love.
 An arrow found her on the beach . . . her arms
 Were spread in welcome,

First Soldier : Then let us bear her, gently,
 To her own chamber . . . quickly . . . quickly . . . ha !
 An arrow passed my cheek. (*They go out*).
Commotion arises. Voices cry "Una, Una."

OWEN

rushing up to the castle gate brandishing the sword of Dermot
 The sword of Dermot in his daughter's cause.

(*The act closes quickly*).

ACT III

The scene is the same. It is again night. Some days have passed.

BRYAN *is walking gloomily up and down in front of the gate.*

A SOLDIER *enters wishing to speak to Bryan yet hesitating.*

Soldier : Chieftain, the kindred ask with heavy heart,
Why does the son of Dermot stay away
From the death couches of his children?

Bryan : Why?
Because more pitiable is my condition
Than Cormac, son of Art, when he exchanged
Fulfilment of the ghostly stranger's wish
For that old silver branch whose shaken music
Brings pleasant slumber and forgetfulness.

Soldier : Chieftain, the funeral candles flicker low
In Una's chamber. Since the set of sun
They have shone like signals to the world of spirits
Bidding them ready the fair house of God
For one of royal blood.

Bryan : (*to himself*). The mist-eyed stranger
Set his desire upon the wife of Cormac,
And on his princely son, and on his daughter,—
But me he left no silver branch of healing
For my divided heart.

Soldier : Chieftain, the weepers
Grow weary, and the watchers' eyes are heavy.

Bryan : Oh ! let them weep. Their boats of mournful sound
Shall bear away their burden, but no more
Shall song bring ease of heart to me, no more.

Soldier : Chieftain, the funeral boat is at the shore.
It rocks in silent grief The very lake
Has voices full of sobbing. Now the monks
Await your final words before they bear
Their heavy burdens on their perilous journey.

Bryan : I had forgotten.—Have the outposts yet
Sent word that all is well?

Soldier :

There is not a reed
Unwatched from here to the dark isle of tombs.
Some rumour of the princess Una's death
Has surely found MacCostello, for now
His galleys are unmanned,—a sweet respite
After these days of conflict.

Bryan :

It is more like
He has grown tired of beating all in vain
On Dermot's rock and my unshaken will.
What news has come from Moylurg ?

Soldier :

Watchers tell
Of secret hosting when the darkness fell,
And Fergal muttering along the camp.
Chieftain, before the leaf with dew is damp
It would be well to bear the bodies forth,
For double lightning from the south and north
Might leave more stricken men than chanting hours
To do them funeral honours.

Bryan :

Thunder showers
Bring forth the strength where valour's seed has stirred.
Bid each man to his post and wait my word.
Bring the dead forth. Put out her chamber light.
Fitley we make the silence and black night
Pall-bearers to the beautiful and brave

They go into the castle, Bryan first.

OWEN *and an ATTENDANT enter from opposite sides*

Owen :

Is all at peace ?

Attendant :

As quiet as the grave.

Owen :

You see that planet sending light afar.

Attendant :

I see a window-light. I see no star.

Owen :

Ah ! friend, when you have cleared your spirit's eyes,
You too will see the glory of the skies
In common things, and earth lifted above.
That is the light that calls me to my love.
When it is shining not by night, I know
That power has bound her, and with power I go
To set its shoulder to her prison walls,
As in past days. But now its signal calls
Across the lake, and tells me she is free.

And I have brought you hither, friend, with me
 Because it may be peace will friendlier prove
 Than conflict to the holy will of love,
 And we may bear her hence love's hearth to bless
 With beauty's light.

Attendant :

A dream of love's excess.

Owen :

No, but the simple urge of famine's pain,
 The call of the hungry heart upon the brain
 To knead and bake for its true nourishment
 What fate has unto eyes and ear-gate sent.
 So are all things, when hearts are true and fond,
 Symbols of life that moves our life beyond.
 This castle is to me a gilded cage
 Whose bird is mine as freedom's happy wage ;
 A fast-bound casket where a jewel lies,
 And for its shattering I win the prize.
 And that sweet light that now is burning low
 Is as a window where thought's eye may go
 Beyond the flaming barriers of the suns
 Into the palace of the eternal ones
 Who die not, being dead. (*Noise*). What sounds now shake
 Night's peace ? Go see. (*Attendant goes out. Owen speaks*
towards the lighted window).

With tumult in my wake
 I set my strength at sunset hitherward,
 But on the lake a sudden gale blew hard
 And backed my sails. I knew the windy war
 Was fairy-raised. Then shone your beckoning star,
 And I have come to pluck my lily fair
 From midnight's lake, and on my bosom bear
 Its whiteness, where sun's blaze or chilling blast
 Can hurt it not. Oh heart ! she comes at last.
 Her light dies down. It vanishes. Her feet
 Are on the stairs.

ATTENDANT (*entering in agitation*).

A thousand oarsmen beat
 The lake to moony whiteness.

Owen :

Ha ! from whence ?

Attendant :

From Moylurg.
 Fergal comes to take her home !

Owen : “ The Sword of Dermot ” be our battle-cry.
The sword of Dermot’s lightnings now shall fly
In Dermot’s cause, though from a stranger’s hand.
(*To the window, now dark*). A little while, O love !
and we shall stand
Love’s victors. (*To Attendant*). Come.

They go out, Owen leading the way with the sword of Dermot.

The castle gate opens, and the funeral procession of Cahill and Una comes out, monks chanting solemnly.

O my harp ! how sad they strain
For the slain, the dark-eyed dead.
Bright the beam that blessed their birth.
Now the earth is wrapped in red.

Sad the ending to thy song
Loud and long in distant days.
Now you weep them, tongue that told
Oft of old their princely praise.

A noise of conflict has become mixed with the chant.

Bryan hears the noise and remains with an attendant after the procession has passed away.

A SOLDIER *enters hurriedly.*

Bryan : Whence comes that sound
That seems to shake the ground ?

Soldier : Two warriors, men of hero might,
Meet on the shore in single fight
As is the ancient right.
A mighty crowd on either hand
With spears at poise beside them stand.

BRYAN (*to Attendant*).

Bid the picked archers man the walls,
The spearmen guard the gates. (*Attendant goes away*).

SOLDIER (*looking intently off*).

One falls.

A blow has cut his corselet through.
The victor’s blade has snapped in two.
The crowd to earth their spear-points turn
In token of defeat. They mourn

Their chieftain dead with sad acclaim.

His name . . . yes . . . Fergal is the name !

Bryan : Fergal ! Then fate had swifter speed
Than he. But who has done this deed ?

Soldier : His face is marred by bitter strife
Beyond the comely guise of life.
I know him not.

Bryan : Who'er he be,
His place is by the side of me,
Where honoured as my son, he stands,
Lord of the richest of my lands,
And bards shall tell with royal praise
His mighty deed to after days.

Soldier : Now he comes weakly from the strand,
The sword of Fergal in his hand.
His head is high with triumph, but his eyes
Look past this world. Chieftain, he dies.

OWEN *enters supported by his Attendant.*

Bryan : Owen !

Owen : That name at last.

Bryan : Owen, my son
By conquering love and deed most nobly done
Owen : The sword is snapped, but she may sleep in peace.
The sword is broken, but all conflicts cease.
The sword is broken, but I bring the sword
Of Fergal with his people's plighted word
Of brother-kindness now the bride is won,
And all is good in the end, if it be the end.

Bryan : My son !
By wedded love beyond life's wavering breath,
Sealed with the blessing of immortal death.

OWEN *on the ground, as if in a dream, weakening*
Usheen must carry home his lovely bride
Over the mountains, over the murmuring tide . . .
"And together they went away
To the Land of the Ever Young." (*He dies*).

(*End of the Drama*).

LEAF FROM SHYK-I-AKBAR

THE BEZEL OF SETH (FASI-SETHIYYA).^{*}

This is an indirect inspiration of the Word of Seth. Gifts that are bestowed on creatures are either with their instrumentality or without their instrumentality. These Gifts are of two kinds, gifts of Dhat and gifts of asma, which are appreciated only by adepts. Some of these gifts whether they be definite or indefinite are obtained for asking and some without asking. In asking for a definite gift, the supplicant refers to a particular object desired by him, and in an indefinite asking the supplicant merely asks for a thing that is for his best. The supplicants too are of two kinds. The first is a person who is actuated by his nature to ask, for man is a creature characterized by hurry (*Al insana khuliqa ooajula*); and the second is a supplicant who is actuated by the idea that such a thing is in the knowledge of God and is to be had for the asking. He does not know what it is in the knowledge of God, and whether his present aptitude is susceptible of acceptance; for aptitudes change from time to time. Aptitudes are known only after they have been proved by the acceptance or non-acceptance of supplication; or are known by their own nature in the man, who realizes that he possesses such aptitudes. Some others supplicate only on the ground of the verse *Udini astajib lakum* (ask of Me and I will grant); they are servants; who simply carry out a command and are not concerned with the question of definiteness or indefiniteness, or remain quiet as in the case of Job who remained quiet in his calamities in particular circumstances and supplicated when the circumstances changed—and got out of calamities. A supplication is fruitful only in its time and not beforehand or after; and its granting is held over to the appointed time, it made beforehand.

We have referred to the supplication without asking. By this is meant non-vocal supplication, for supplication is always necessary for the grant of gift, whether it be of words or of attitude or of aptitude. Man cannot understand aptitudes, he can understand only states which create perturbation in his mind and body. Aptitude is a suppressed desire; it is also a sort of supplication. People who are conscious of their aptitudes refrain from making a supplication, as they know what pertains to their *ayan* in the knowledge of God will come to pass, and they prepare themselves for the same and absent themselves from their desires (*nafs*) and purposes. They are the people who are acquainted with the mysteries of *Qaza wa Qadr*; some of them know this in abstract and some in detail. Those who know in detail have knowledge co-extensive with God's, in respect of the *ayan*

^{*} An extract from the forthcoming publication of Mr. Khaja Khan, entitled *Wisdom of the Prophets*.

yakunu fi ilmihi bi nafsiki bi munzilati ilmilla, for both knowledges are from the same source though the knowledge of God is foremost and the knowledge of abd is a concession from Him. They are those who know by kashf, the stream of limitless states that pass over their *ayan-i-thabita*. Now we turn to gifts, which are either of Dhat or of asma. The gift of Dhat is a tajalli (illumination) of God ; and this tajalli will be in the form, of which the illuminated had the capacity and not in any other form. Hence the illuminated sees his own form in the mirror of God, and does not see God. If you gaze into the mirror ; the mirror disappears and you see your own form, the mirror being between the sight of the on-looker and the form. This is only an illustration of what takes place and not of the reality. This is the highest stage, to which the created can reach. Do not aspire to anything higher, and get puzzled, God is not in the higher reaches ; all is blank there (*Ma badhu illa adumul mahaz*). In enabling you to see your nafs, he becomes your mirror ; and in displaying His asma, you become His mirror. The mirror of Dhat is nothing less than the Reality. Those who remain quiet in this stage are The Seal of the Prophets and The Seal of Awliya. Other Prophets and Awliya see through the lights of these seals. Prophetship has end, and wilayat has no end. A Prophet has his outward ordinances (shariat) and a wali has no such ordinances ; and he follows the shariat of the Prophet. The Seal of the Prophets was before the advent of all Prophets ; for from his lamp all the other Prophets lighted their lamps. *Kuntu nabiyan wa Adama bynul mae wa tin*. "I was Prophet when Adam was still between mud and water," said the Holy Prophet (Peace be on him). So also is the case of the Seal of Awliya. Awliya are those who acquire the attributes of God being annihilated in their selves and permanent in God. Wilayat is one of the attributes of God, one of whose name is wali. The Prophet was wali Rasul and Nabi all combined and the Seal of the Awliya is only wali and waris (heir). Hence the Seal of the Prophet will open the door of Intercession. His stage is above that of all asma, the ism Rahman (the merciful) will not intercede before the ism Muntaqim (the avenger).

All the gifts of God are obtained from His asma—through His Blessings which are pure blessings. The ism Rahman gives such palatable food as will be free from blame on the day of Judgment, it also gives bitter medicine, which results in good health. God's asma are more innumerable than the sands on the seashore. Asma are only relationships of Dhat with particular attributes, which are only aspects of Dhat. Each ism is differentiated from another ism in manifestation ; while in its internality, it is the same as the other. It is only owing to their innumerableness that there is no repetition of the gifts of the asma. This was the particular knowledge that was possessed by Seth. His soul helps the

people who take interest in such matters, except the Soul of the Prophet ; for the latter's soul is the fountain-head from which all souls derive their inspiration and this fountain-head (Wahdat) is the internal stage and above the stages of asma. The Prophet is, on account of his station, cognizant of all asma, but on account of his physical body, is not cognizant, just as God possesses contradictory attributes Himself, like Zahir (external) and Batin (internal), Awwal (First) and Akhar (Last) ; and He is their reality. He is knowing and not knowing, seeing and not seeing, Seth possessed the key to this knowledge of gifts. Thus was Seth bestowed on Adam.

God gave Seth out of Seth's self *Al walalu sirrum li abihi* (the son is the secret of his father) ; the son remains hidden in the existence of his father and comes out in the form of a drop and becomes human in the form of his father. Thus whatever he had was from himself. There is nothing in a person from God or from another ; it is all from himself. Things come to him in the shape of gifts from himself according to his aptitude. When a man of kashf sees a figure, which gives instruction in matters that he did not know before, that figure is from his own ayn (reality). It is just like his figure in the mirror, which appears oblong or round, larger or smaller according to the character of the mirror.

The variations are the gifts of one in whom the tajalli takes place—and whom we have compared to a mirror, and one who has understood this, understood his capacity to understand to accept the different figures, and he cannot understand in detail until after he has accepted the figures although before accepting, he understood this in the abstract. While people think that God does whatever He likes, they attribute such things to Him as are contrary to His ism Al Hakim (The wise) and therefore negate Possible Existence. People of real truth accept and prove Possible Existence which is the existence of God in the limitation of knowledge. The Possible is eternal without beginning (azali) as well as without end (abadi) in the view of Urufa (gnostics) ; but only eternal without end (abadi) in that of Mutakallimin (rationalists). Among mankind a male child will be born after the manner of Seth, and he will understand his secret and will become the seal of the generation of mankind ; he will be twin-born with a female child who will be born first, the head of the male child being at the feet of the female child. This male child will be born in China, people will then become barren, although there will be abundance of marriages. This man will call the people towards God but they will not listen. The people will not observe *halal* and *haram* and will live like cattle and then there will be the day of Judgment.

NOTE.—This chapter of Fusus-ul-Hakim relates to gifts and the necessity of the same from God. The first gift to Adam was that of a knowledge of His asma. The Lord assembled the angels and said to them "I am going to

place in earth one who shall rule (in it)," they said, "What, wilt Thou place in it such an one as make mischief in it and shed blood." And He (the Lord) taught Adams the names of all things and presented them to angels, and said, "tell me the names of these, if you are right." They aid; "Glory be to Thee : we have no knowledge but only so much of it as Thou hast taught us. Thou art knowing and the Wise."

He said : " O Adam, inform them of their names." Then He informed them of their names ;—*

Adam was taught all the attributes and asma of God, manifest in himself and in the world around, while the angels had knowledge of particular asma of which they were manifestations.

This gift of the knowledge of asma was bestowed particularly on Seth the son of Adam as a matter of grace and not in virtue of acquisition. *Al waladu sirrun li abih* (son is the secret of his father). The knowledge of the Dhat was not taught either to Adam (Humanity) or to the hierarchy of angels. Hidden behind the attributes is the Dhat. Man advances up to asma, and further up is the Dhat and in Dhat he sees his own face (reality) just as God sees Himself in the mirror of His asma. God becomes the mirror of abd just as abd becomes the mirror of God. This is the state of Transcendental wonder accruing from knowledge and not from ignorance. What one sees and speaks to, in this state is His own Namus (individualized ayn). The fire that spoke to Moses from the burning bush was his own NAMUS ; for Moses had gone there in search of fire. The figure of His own ayn (reality) appeared before him and spoke to him on the mountain.

The Namus of the Prophet (Peace be on him), i.e., his own AYN appeared before him in the night of Mairaj in the shape of a beardless youth (*amradin khatitt*). Each salik sees the figures of his own AYN at the time of ascent (uruj). Hence, it was said :—*Mon arafa nafsahu fa qad arafa Rabbahu*. He who understood his nafs understood his God.

The birds in Fariduddin Attar's allegory start on a long journey in search of Simurgh passing over high mountains and deep valleys, some drop off from the journey, some drop down by the wayside and only thirty of them reach the goal, to find that they themselves were the Simurgh (Thirty-birds).

The reality of AYAN alone remains ;—

Kullu mon alayha fan wu ya)qa wajhu rabbi ka dhul jalali wal kbaram.

*Suratu'l Baqara II, 30—33.

Everything is in state of annihilation, except the face of thy Lord, with His grace and glory.

The Mawlana says :

*kulli shayin halikum juz wajhi wu
gur tui dar wajhi wu hasti maju.*

Everything is in annihilation except His face.

If you are in His face, do not seek existence.

This gazing into the face led the Chistiyya Order of sufis to gaze into the face of their Murshid, who is annihilated in the Prophet (Peace be on him), who in his turn is annihilated in the Dhat.

It is one thing to reach in one's suluk the partition that separates the Dhat from the AYAN and to find one's own AYN reflected back on one's vision and another to gaze on one's face in a mirror or in the face of one's Murshid, and to realize one's AYN in an atmosphere of artificiality. This latter practice is apt to leap to idolatry. To gaze into the face of Sri Krishna, and thus to find out their own AYN, the Rishis made idols of his likeness and worshipped them.

The realities of AYAN acquire shapes according to times and circumstances, beautiful or ugly and terrific as the case may be. The AYAN embody themselves first in the soul World (which is the World of absolute thought) and then in the Mithal World (which is the world of circumscribed thought). AYAN also take forms in real dreams.

God grants the prayer of Ayan according to their aptitudes and not arbitrarily, otherwise His ism Al-Hakim (the wise) will become null and void. The Ayan of abd are in the knowledge of God. Before they are individualized in knowledge, the known, knowledge and knower are the same. In the stage of Ahdiyyat, they are the aptitudes of the Dhat and are *ipso facto* the Dhat itself; after individualization, they take forms each individual Ayn, consisting of several forms. The forms in the Ayn of each individual are there from his conception to his disappearance from the material world (to take only the material world, apart from other worlds, into account) and the roll is unrolled, as the light of Existence falls on it. It is just like the figures on the films of a cinema. As the electric light falls on the unrolling film, the drama of life unfolds itself from beginning to end. If there is no light, the figures may be there; but still in adum (nothingness). The Ayan are there in the film of knowledge; and to them, on their supplication, God commands 'Be'; and they 'become.' Without supplication, God does not grant His gifts, for His name is Gani (independent). *allahu ghaniun un il ala min* (God is independent of both the Worlds).

There is thus life and death uninterruptedly succeeding each other, *Balhum fi labsin min khalaqin jadid*. This is the spreading of Existence over Ayan as explained in the doctrine of Tajaddud-i-amthal. The limitations are in incessant change, and not the One under limitations.

When Existence manifests itself according to Ayan by means of Nafsi-Rahmani (the Holy Breath), the world appears.

The knowledge of God is eternal, for in the stage of Wadhat, it is the reality of the Dhat itself. It is not an addition on Dhat. Unless the Ayan are qadim (eternal from the view-point of beginning), knowledge cannot be from eternity. The Mutukallimin (the scholastics), however, say that knowledge is an addition, and its connection with Ayan is *haudith* (temporary). Ayan are, however, states in knowledge, *i.e.*, God's own predilections and aptitudes in the forms of thoughts.

Shayki-Akbar discusses how gifts are bestowed :—By vocal supplication, by attitudinal supplication, and by aptitudinal supplication. Prophets are the manifestation of particular asma. The Seal of the Prophets is the manifestation of the fountain head of all asma (in the stage of Wahdat or the Haqiqati Muhammadi.) Hence the one with collective names alone is fit to intercede for the World, for a Prophet who is the manifestations of the name Rahman only, for example, cannot intercede with the name Muntaqim (the Avenger). A Prophet is both a wali (one who has acquired proximity with God) and a messenger ; while a wali is only the former, being annihilated in himself and being permanent by the attributes and Dhat of God. A Prophet is first a wali and then a rasul (messenger), one who brings down a shariat. The Prophet (Peace be on him) had thus wilayet in him in addition to prophetship and was the manifestation of all asma and hence his followers are addressed as the best of followers *kuntum khaira ummatin ukhariat lin nas* (you are the best of followers who have arisen amongst mankind). The Seal of the Awliyya, Imam Mehdi has no shariat of his own, and will adopt that of the Seal of the Prophets. Seth is the manifestation of the names Wahab (gilt-giver) and Futtah (opener) ; and his soul helps other souls in this matter, but not the soul of the Prophet (Peace be on him), which is Ruhi-Azam (the Great Soul), *i.e.*, the fountain-head of all souls. The soul of the Prophet derives its subsistence direct from God (Ahdiyyat).

Seth is the fountain-head of all tajallyat of Dhat and asma. Just as the world began with the twin-borns of Adam, so will it end with twin-borns (who will be born in China, *i.e.*, any country outside Arabia) and the race of mankind will come to an end for want of fecundity.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF PRINCE SHOTOKU 572-621 A.D.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE DAWN OF BUDDHISM IN JAPAN

BY W. G. BLAICKIE MURDOCH

The progress of mankind is due to those who think and, of people who were given to that uncommon practice, it is not a very large number to whom the world owes more than it does to Prince Shotoku. In the mid-6th century



PRINCE SHOTOKU, WITH TWO OF HIS
SONS

From a picture belonging to the Emperor of Japan.

A.D., otherwise, on the eve of his birth, Japan was still essentially primitive, almost barbarous. Her religion was Shintō, or the Spirit Path, the central tenet of which lies in calling on men to pray to their own departed ancestors. As result of this belief, that the dead have power to help the living, much care was taken to placate the former; and frequently, rude figures of clay were set around the graves, to guard those interred. These figures were as yet, the sole sculpture in Japan; she had no painting, no literature; and the best of the Shintō fanes were mere thatched cottages. Even as the Spirit Path had not evoked any fine art, so too was the cult without any moral code. And it is the prime glory of Shotoku or the Taishi, which means Crown Prince, that he was the chief instrument in making the

Land of sunrise conversant with that fair Indian faith which is so appropriately called the Light of Asia.

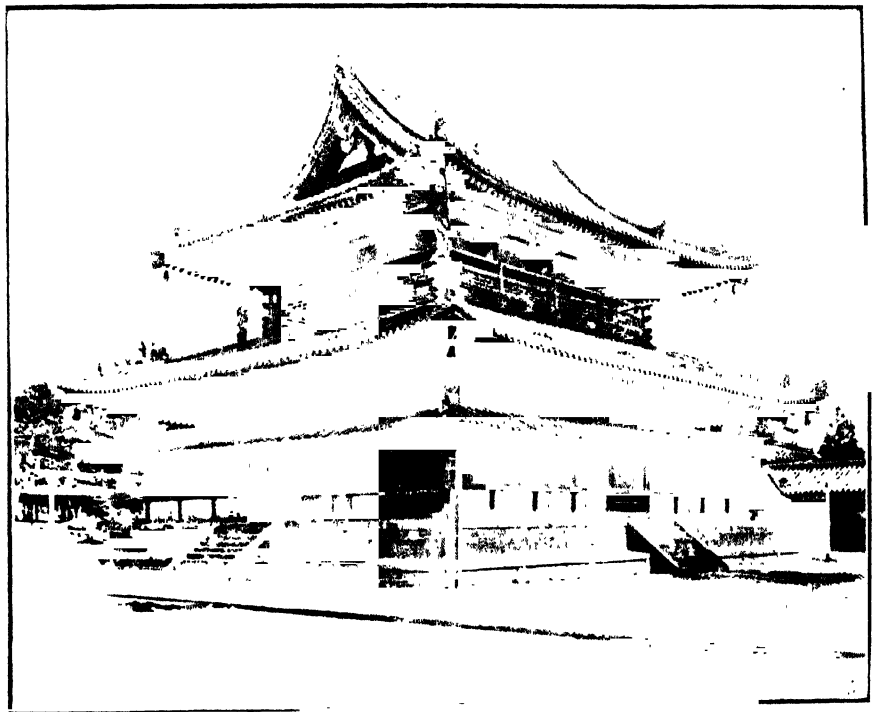
At the time under review, Korea was tolerably civilised. For the refining spell of Buddhism had lately taken firm hold with her, and she was becoming acquainted with Chinese culture, which was already an ancient thing. In 552, King Myong of Kudra, in Korea, sent to the reigning Mikado, Kimmei, a Buddhist sculpture, along with a letter extolling Buddhism. But its promulgation was resolutely opposed by the barons in the Island Empire; and it was but very slowly that a tiny number of people there espoused the foreign religion. Brawls between them and the conservatives upholding Shintō occasionally took place. And when the Mikado Yomer, though careful to say that he revered the Spirit

Path, spoke of feeling inclined to become a Buddhist, some of his countrymen were so shocked, that they stirred up an armed revolt against the crown. Manifestly, would the Light of Asia spread its beneficent rays through Nippon, the faith must have an enthusiastic apostle.

Brilliant from his childhood, the Crown Prince Shotoku was entrusted then to two foreign tutors, the one Chinese, the other Korean. It was the latter who poured into his ears, the wisdom of Buddhism, and shortly the boy's love of the Indian faith was a passion. His early marriage brought him several children, and his life was principally spent at Toyora, near Nara, the former place being in his day, the Japanese metropolis. In 593, he commenced to rule Nippon as Regent, a task which was doubly responsible, since as yet the country had not a representative government, and the crown was in actuality, the legislative force. The young Regent at once set himself, to improve conditions in his domain. And it was straightway evident, that he was determined to employ his authority, to bring the furtherance of Buddhism, into which task he hurled prodigious energies.

Shotoku organised a series of boards, one for instance to supervise the national revenue, another to tend the welfare of agriculture. He resolutely defended the masses against tyranny from the baronage; and he arranged this section of the community into six grades, to which he gave the designations: virtue, benevolence and propriety, sincerity, justice and wisdom. In this way, he adroitly informed the barons that, only if worthy to bear one of these honourable names, were they entitled also to possess rank and lands. Noble is that noble does, the Prince might have said. On his coming to power, a quarrel was going on between Shiragi and Mimana, two countries in Korea, and a Japanese force was on the point of setting off to help Shiragi. Insisting that an embassy, not soldiers, should be sent, the Taishi furthermore contrived to bring peace between the two countries. This intervention in Korea brought him into collision with China, and now he gave proof that, like all talented men, he had the "noble virtue misnamed pride." For he wrote a letter to the Chinese court, beginning: "The monarch of the land, where the sun comes forth, begs to address the monarch of the land where the sun sets." And these words implied that Japan was a country, no less important in international politics than her big neighbour. The youthful Regent was the first Japanese ruler, to approach China in a mode with that implication. And the Chinese Emperor tore up the missive furiously, which demonstrates well how bold the words were thought.

It was among the Taishi's steps, to ordain that the Buddhist Scriptures should be expounded throughout Nippon. Many were the fanes of Buddhism which were established by him, for example, Tennōji, Osaka; and he instituted



CENTRAL HALL OF WORSHIP, HORYU-JI

Nara, Japan

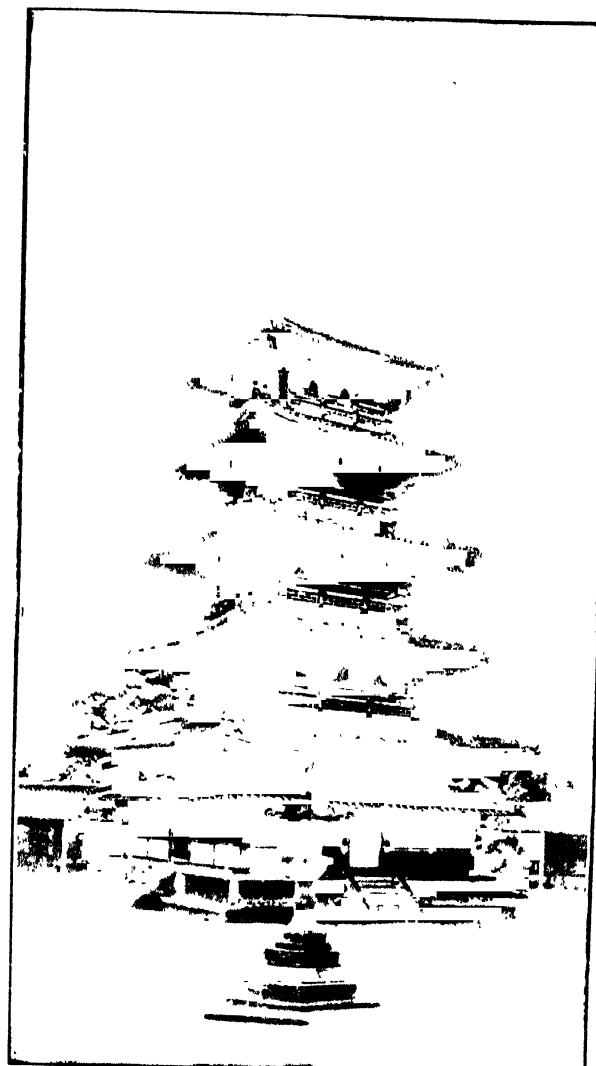
under its administration, a home for widows and orphans, a hospital, and a dispensary. But of temples of the Light of Asia, the one in which he took the keenest interest was Hōriuji, near Nara. Tradition maintains that, in his desire to be able to supervise personally the raising of this place of worship, he served a brief apprenticeship in various handicrafts. He contrived to bring Korean artificers to help him in his task; in consequence, Hōriuji is in general style, similar to the coeval, analogous structures in Korea and China; and apparently, it was the earliest temple in Japan to reflect that similarity. There is a cluster of buildings, which include a pagoda; everywhere, the roofs are covered with tiles in dark-grey, almost black; and throughout the cluster, the walls are in whitish plaster with woodwork painted crimson. It was Shotoku's dream, to see in this hall of prayer a fine sculpture; he gave the commission to Tōri Busshi, whose grandfather was a Chinaman who had settled in Nippon. And the resultant work by Tōri, a bronze group, is among the first sculptures wrought in Japan, in the mode of contemporaneous Buddhist art by Chinese and Koreans. How wonderful this new and beautiful bronze image must have seemed to people accustomed to the rude clay figures which the Shintoists had set around the graves! How marvellous the fair buildings of Horiuji must have appeared to men and women who had seldom or never looked on finer architecture than the mere cottages which were the best fanes of the Spirit Path!

Prince Shotoku was a musician, his flute being even yet conserved at Tennōji, aforementioned. It is only from the written word, that it is known he was a painter, for no pictures by him are still extant. And although a great many Buddhist sculptures are ascribed to him, seemingly there is only one, which careful native archæologists are agreed is his originally fashioned for the convent of Chuguji, Nara, it is to-day kept in the Imperial Museum, Tōkio. The subject is Kwannon, the Buddhist goddess of compassion, the work being life-sized, and carved in dark-brown wood. It is among the most beautiful of all Japanese images, grace of line being perhaps its main quality. And, like the group which Tōri Busshi executed for Hōriuji, the sculpture by Shotoku is in style, allied with the Buddhist art of Korea and China, in the Prince's own time.

It has been seen that one of the Taishi's tutors was a Chinaman, and it was the Chinese tongue which the Japanese Prince employed in his literary exploits. In collaboration with a friend, Soga, he wrote a history of Japan, the manuscript being destroyed in a conflagration, a few years after the royal historian's death. Later still, namely at the outset of the 8th century, there was compiled by a group of scholars, at the Court of the Island Empire, the *Nihongi*, or Chronicle of Japan. This work is in Chinese, and it is widely held that the Chronicle was largely based on transcripts which had been made of the history by

Shotoku, during or soon after his lifetime. The *Nihongi* includes a brief poem by him, in which he laments the death of a vagrant whom he had succoured. And the Taishi was author of a series of maxims on legislation, which may be read in the *Dai Nihonshi*, or History of Great Japan, a work in Chinese which was compiled by a group of Japanese writers, in the 17th century. In the maxims, the Prince expatiates, on the need of provincial governors being selected, exclusively by reason of their wisdom; he dilates on the need of men being chosen for state positions, instead of such being chosen for men; he extols politeness as one of the prime secrets of harmony. Nor does he fail to express his devotion to Buddhism, which he speaks of as the best religion the world has known. It was part of the Regent's way of fostering the creed, to lecture at court on the Buddhist Scriptures, also to write essays on the same. And, in quite recent years, there has appeared a book by Dr. Kumē, *Jōgutaishi Jitsuroku*, or Annals of the Instruction-giving Crown Prince, wherein are set forth certain of Shotoku's studies, in the sacred writings of his religion.

In eagerness to help in the spread of Buddhism in Japan, there journeyed thither the Korean Prince Asa. He appears to have been a grandson of the Kudara potentate, Myong of happy memory, and a friendship sprang up between the Korean visitor and Shotoku. The bond between them was not purely their mutual devotion to the Light of Asia, for Asa like the Taishi was an artist. And it is to this Korean Prince there is commonly ascribed, the picture of the Japanese Regent with two of his sons. Parent though Shotoku was, it is told of him, in *Tsuru Dsuru Gusa*, or Gleanings from Leisure, by Yoshida Kenkō (1283—1350) that he expressed a hope to die childless. It must be understood that, according to Shintō's belief, such death was exceedingly unfortunate. For whoso passed without children, would have no one to venerate him thereafter, no one to tend his welfare after decease, as by putting rude clay figures around his grave. And it may be assumed that, in speaking as he did, the Taishi desired to utter his contempt for tenets which to him seemed mere vulgar superstitions, typical of primitive man. He was never crowned, being still only Regent on his death, whereupon his compatriots began to weave around his name a legion of fabulous tales. It was declared that, on the eve of his birth, an angel had come to his mother, telling her that her child was destined to teach the whole world. It was recounted that, on the lady being delivered, she knew a sensation of physical pleasure, instead of pain. But it should be well borne in mind, that myths like these are not woven about men without plenty cause. And the story that on Shotoku's death the common people, passionately lamenting him, lost for a while the sense of taste, could hardly have grown current had not the Taishi's administration as Regent been indeed successful, bringing much benefit throughout his country.



PAGODA AT HORYUJI *Nara, Japan*

In the middle ages the priest, Shinran Shōnin (1174—1268), founder of a new Buddhist church, the True Sect of Heaven, wrote a volume of hymns, of which is one in homage to Shotoku. In the 17th century, there was written a biography of the Prince, *Daishiden*, on the Life of the Great Teacher, among statements herein being, that the Regent granted to painters of pictures, immunity from taxation. This demonstrates that, although seemingly no Japanese works of the brush, which date from his time, are still extant, there was being made in Nippon then, irrespective of Shotoku's own, vanished pictures, a start in painting. By the 8th century, the art had reached excellence in the land; coevally, her sculpture soared to its golden age; her literature commenced with this same epoch; and it saw the raising of many Buddhist temples, in the style of Hōriuji. For the Japanese of the upper classes had by now, mostly espoused Buddhism; and similar acceptance on the part of the masses took place, as the 9th century dawned. A country, of late quite primitive, almost barbarous, had been transformed into a realm, in civilisation fully abreast of the Asiatic mainland. Truly, Prince Shotoku had triumphed.

Soon after the middle of the eighteen-hundreds, Japan took a curious step, for she announced that her state religion is Shintō. It is difficult to forgive her, for thus showing a lack of respect for that Indian faith, whose advent to the land was the basis, directly or indirectly, of all the lovely things which Japanese artists wrought, between the 7th century and late in the 19th. It will now be clear, how vast is the debt which the world owes to Prince Shotoku, one of the most compelling figures in the whole history of the Orient. And sometimes, to-day, when wandering in and around Nara, it cannot but be felt that the brilliant, versatile Regent is even yet alive, still venting his colossal energies, on behalf of the Light of Asia.

W. G. BLAIKIE MURDOCH

THE MODERN THEATER AND HISTRIONIC ART IN GERMANY

BY BERNARD HELD

*Stage Manager and Principal of the Reinhardt Theatrical School.**

German histrionic art is young. It is scarcely 200 years old. It has no such great traditions as the English theater has inherited from Elizabethan times or the French theater from the days of Molière; but it has with energy shaken off the shackles of foreign influence and developed a vigorous line of its own. It has traversed some long stages in its journey; first, from the days of Caroline Neuber to Goethe's theater in Weimar; thence to Laube's Burg Theater and the Court Theatrical Company of Meiningen which gave birth to stage management; afterwards came the liberation from the mannerisms of the 19th century which had to make way for freedom of gesture and of speech. The close of the last century saw a fresh development under Brahm, which paved the way for Max Reinhardt who, in the opening years of the present century, consolidated the preceding styles. Reinhardt combined delight in colour and sound and the love of truth to nature so characteristic of the Meiningen school with Brahm's veneration for the text of the poet and his severe naturalness. Like Brahm, he tolerated no false artificiality of tone or gesture; but he also banned false scenery and made it harmonize with the human elements of the stage.

Efforts to supersede Reinhardt are not wanting. The Russian theater, affected by the strongest political revolution, has commenced the most far-reaching demolition of all artistic forms and has given rise to a new movement. Tairoff and Maierhold wish to liberate the stage. Under the influence of the Russian theater and the plastic arts, a theatrical style called expressionism made its appearance in Germany. It constituted an interesting experiment, but it lacked realism and, true to its transitional character, it has become a thing of yesterday.

However, there is no lack of creative minds in the German theatrical world at the present time. Among the managers who have inspired the stage

* The writer has been, for more than 25 years, a standing collaborator of the world-famous theater manager, Max Reinhardt—*Ld.*

with new life, the most prominent is Herr Leopold Jessner of the Berlin State Theater. Though benefiting to the full by Reinhardt's pioneer work, he nevertheless goes his own road. Whereas Reinhardt, with his inexhaustible and untamable fancy, ignores all bounds, Jessner, urged by a desire to reduce everything to the simplest formula seeks to set limits and to condense stage ideas, both in scenic effect and in linguistic expression. Continuing the decanonization of poets begun by Gerhart Hauptmann in his production of *Wilhelm Tell*, he claims, for the stage manager, the most unfettered liberty to adapt the poet's work to the ideas of the living generation. In contradistinction to Reinhardt, for whom art is its own end and aim, Jessner regards the stage as the arena of philosophy—as the political instrument of the State and of its constitution. In doing so, he can cite as a prototype the theater of Shakespeare's time, whose stage reflected the political life of the Elizabethan period. In this matter, indeed, Jessner is outstripped by Erwin Piscator, an exceptionally capable histrionic artist who goes so far as to turn the stage into a tribunal and enlist it in the service of a political doctrine.

Two other exceedingly prominent stage managers are Karlheinz Martin and Jürgen Fehling, to whom the German theater is indebted for copious innovations in the shape of performances of the intensest concentration. But creativeness, activity and re-animation are not confined to Berlin. The number of outstanding stage managers and actors in Germany is much too great for Berlin to absorb more than a comparatively small proportion. Among the leading theaters outside the metropolis, mention may be made of the Frankfort Playhouse managed by Herr Weichert, and among the smaller theaters, the excellently conducted one at Gera. The younger generation of actors is so numerous that the majority of those who have attained fame in recent years cannot find room in Berlin; they have therefore formed companies of their own with which they travel from town to town throughout the country.

Serious work is also done by the leading theatrical schools. The chief of these are the State School and the "Deutsches Theater" School in Berlin. Similar institutes are also attached to the theaters in Frankfort, Cologne and Leipzig.

In order to promote histrionic research and the study of the theory of dramatic art, chairs have been established at several Universities, *e.g.*, Berlin, Kiel, Cologne, Munich and Frankfort; they serve to produce thoroughly trained experts. Thus everywhere life and development are visible. The projected Histrionic Exhibition at Magdeburg is intended to provide an epitome of every phase of theatrical life at the present day.

The consolidation of economic conditions, upon which the theater depends, will lead to a consolidation of the theater itself. The future belongs, not to any merely liberated, ecstatic or constructive theater, but to the theater which is most deeply human. It is this living human element which, like a magnet, has ever attracted humanity to the theater ; and it is this direct, human magnetism, this irreplaceable something which makes the theater imperishable ; and just for this reason, broadcasting and filming, wonderful and indeterminable as their possibilities unquestionably are, can never seriously jeopardize the stage and its living cast.

BERNARD HELD

Three Poems

THE LEADER

Lamp of my dream, O lodestar of my Vision !
 Hope of my ancient land !
Hold her high faith, her fate, her sword, her banner,
 Victorious in thy hand !

Heedless alike of Time's tumultuous menace,
 Life's meed of pain or praise,
Unquelled by doubt, unconquered by disaster,
 Tread your triumphant ways.

O'er lonely peaks and dread abysmal valley
 To Freedom's shining goal . . .
I come, I come, where'er you call I follow
 Sweet beacon of my Soul !

THE LONELY CHILD

Silver Star !
O will you be my Mother ?
Will you stay with me
And kiss me on the black night when I cry ?
Laughing Wind !
I want you for my brother,
Will you play with me,
And tell me stories of the Sea and Sky.

Sometimes, you know
O Wind ! I am so lonely,
O Star ! I am afraid
Of sounds and creeping shadows on the wall.
God they say
Loves little Children, only
I wish that He had made
Someone to love me and to hear me call !

Birds and bees
And flowers have one another,
The lambkin and the lark,
The grey mouse and the squirrel and the deer.
Does God forget
How much I need a mother
To hold me in the dark
And whisper lovely secrets in my ear ?

KASHMERI SONG

WHEREIN THE POET ARRAIGNS THE SPRING

(Dedicated to Ruthie Jinnah.)

I

O Spring how you grieve me !
Would you deceive me with praise of your fragile
Miraculous Art ?
Where did you copy
Your tulip and poppy if not from the red flowering
Wounds in my heart ?

II

Who set the sweet fashion
Of lyrical passion and taught your winged Songsters
Their tremors and trills
Of high haunting beauty ?
Who trained to the duty of laughing adventure
Your river and rills ?

III

Who lent the bright Cluster
Of Pleiades their lustre, and hills their soft hues,
Like wild lilac in bloom ?
Are you beholden
To none for the golden rich pattern that jewels
The wood-pheasant's plumes ?

IV

O Spring I have caught you !
Who would have thought you a traitor denying
My Script and my Scroll
Whereby you moulded
And subtly enfolded your world in the dyes
And the dreams of my Soul ?

SAROJINI NAIDU

DEVELOPMENT OF MALAYALAM PROSE

BY K. P. PADMANABHA PILLAI

As in the case of most literatures, in Malayalam also the development of poetry preceded that of prose. Indeed, prose is a comparatively recent development in Malayalam literature, almost confined to the last 50 years. Malayalam prose is therefore essentially modern both in structure and in spirit, as well as in its outlook on life. It is also worthy of note that unlike Malayalam poetry, the creative impulse in Malayalam prose came from English, Bengali and other modern languages and not from Sanskrit.

The earliest known types of Malayalam prose are to be found in the Royal Charters inscribed on copper plates given by the Kings of Kerala, known by the name of "Perumals," to the Jews, Christians and others. The language used, is of the simplest possible character. In fact, they are nothing but a catalogue of names loosely welded together by means of a few verbs here and there. The ideas expressed are also very simple. Indeed it is clear that the prose, as it then existed, was incapable of expressing any but the simplest of ideas. There is no doubt that at this time most of the thinking and writing was done in poetry and not in prose which was still in a rudimentary condition.

The next thing that we get in the nature of Malayalam prose is the *Granthavaris* or family chronicles kept by the various Rajas and even by the more important tarwads and temples. The prose style is not yet far advanced from that of the copper plates, and it need not detain us long. The prose has not yet come to its own.

Even in that glorious period of Malayalam literature extending over the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the age which produced Thunchen and Kunchen, it must be admitted that prose was still in an undeveloped condition. None of the master minds of the period devoted any attention to the formation and development of good prose style, in spite of the admitted need for literary prose at least in the case of the *Champus*.

गद्यपद्यमयंकाव्यं चंपूरित्यभिधीयते.

[A literary work in which poetry and prose are mixed, is called a *Champu*].

That is to say, *Champu* is a species of poetry in which prose passages are interspersed with verses and the two are blended together into a harmonious whole. But the prose employed in the *Champus* is hardly distinguishable from poetry both in its rhetorical and literary aspects. In its general structure and rhythm it closely resembles some of the indigenous Malayalam metres, and its style, if anything, is even more ornate and flowery than the verses found in the same works. It is, however, not correct to say that all the *Champu* writers have used the same style of poetic prose. In the case of some writers, as in the case of the author of *Usha Kalyanam Champu*, the prose is more akin to modern prose, as he has completely abandoned the peculiar rhythm characteristic of *Champu* prose. But even in his case the ideas and the method of expression are more poetic than prose, although there is some advance even in this direction. It may not be quite out of place here to give one example of the style of prose used by the *Champu* writers. Here is a passage from *Bhasha Naishadha Champu* describing the state of the country under the ideal rule of King Nala.

चित्मतेक्कालिनिगुं परयां
 मिवापाये हित्वाकमुदं चित्तानन्दं वस्त्रीलार्कुं
 दापागमने शशधरनेत्ये तोपं कण्ठीलार्कुमोरुन्नाल्
 मिन्नृकटकलिलेत्येयोरुनाल् पोन्नृदण्डं कण्ठीलैडुं
 भारतचरितं तन्निलेपिञ्जोरु कर्णेडें केट्टीलार्कुं
 रामकथायामेन्नितेपिञ्जोरु द्दणचरितं केट्टीलैडुं
 वर्णविलोपं व्याकरणात्तिल् तन्नेकेवलमुळ् केलपान्
 हस्तिकदंबंहित्वाभूमौ मत्ततपूण्टु नटन्नीलार्कुं
 मेलंकोलुं चमरमृगाणां बालविनाशं केवलमासीत्
 पुरिकुषलनिरकलिलोषिये वधूनां परमोरुकुटिलत नैवधरायां
 कलमृदुमोषिमार् मिषिकलिलोषिये कलवुकलुंभुविकाण्मान् नहि नहि
 पृथ्वीचक्रेदारश्चस्थिति मुग्धाक्षीणां मध्येकेवलं
 इत्थंवाण्टुकिलेत्त सहस्रं पृथ्वी नाथचरित विशेषं

[Now I shall relate something more wonderful ; at the loss of *mitra* (meaning the sun or friend) no one was pleased except the waterlilies (which blossoms at night) : so there was no treachery in those days At the approach of *dosha* (meaning night or evil) no one was ever pleased except the moon (which shines only at night) : so no one was addicted to evil in those days. There was no golden *dandam* (meaning punishment or stick) to be found anywhere except in the shining umbrella (which has its handle stick): so there were no offences in

those days which necessitated the infliction of heavy fines. Except in the Mahabharata story no one ever heard of loss of *karna* (meaning the ear or the warrior Karna who was killed in that great war) : so there were no serious crimes in those days which required the cutting-off of the ear which was a form of punishment for serious offences. Except in the Ramayana no where was to be heard a story of *dooshana* (meaning defamation or the giant Dooshana who was killed by Sri Rama) : so no one spoke ill of others in those days. Loss of *varna* (meaning letter or caste) is to be heard of only in the grammar (where one letter may change into another or even be lost when words and expressions are joined together) : so no one did anything against the rules of his caste which was supposed to be meritorious in those days. Except the mad elephant no one walked about in a state of *matthatha* (intoxication or the mad fury of the elephant) : so people were not addicted to drink in those days. None, but the beautiful "Chamara Mriga" (an animal found in the Himalayas with long hairy tails) lost its *bala* (meaning infant or the tail) : so there was no infantile mortality in those days. Except in the long tresses of the women, there was no *kutilatha* (meaning curved or not straight) to be found anywhere in the country : so the women of the land had beautiful hair and all the people were straightforward and honest. *Kalavu* or unsteadiness is to be found only in the eyes of the soft and sweet-voiced maidens of the land : so there was no falsehood or unsteadiness in the country and the women had liquid unsteady eyes which is supposed to denote beauty and modesty. *Daradryam* or poverty is to be found in the world, only in the waist of the pretty damsels of the day and nowhere else : so poverty was unknown in those days and the whole population was prosperous ; also the women were all narrow-waisted and beautiful. It I begin to say like this there are thousands of things to be narrated concerning the wonderful story of the reign of that king (Nala).]

Surely this is more like poetry than like prose as we understand it at the present day ; and it is clear that the authors of these *Champus* were forced to use such a hybrid style of prose, because as yet there was no genuine prose style recognised as such and capable of expressing difficult and complicated ideas.

There was practically no Malayalam prose worth the name until the latter part of the 19th century when the great Kerala Varma, who initiated the modern period in Malayalam literature, began to tackle seriously the problem of the formation of a sound prose style for the language. Kerala Varma may well be regarded as the father of Malayalam prose. With infinite patience he began to work in collaboration with a number of others, and within a short space of time succeeded in converting the then existing crude and rudimentary style of

prose into a genuinely sound prose style capable of expressing even the most profound and complicated scientific and philosophical ideas.

About the year 1867, the Travancore Government constituted a Book Committee for editing Malayalam books for the use of Vernacular schools, and Kerala Varma was appointed President of that Committee. This gave him the opportunity to introduce the prose style developed by him into the Vernacular schools and thus secure it permanent and universal recognition. The style thus became standardised, and the work of subsequent writers became comparatively easy. More than a dozen books were compiled or translated by the Book Committee. Every one of them shows the imprint of Kerala Varma's touch, and is remarkable for purity and clearness of style. *Vijnana Manjari* and *Mahacharita Samgraham* are worthy of special notice as they are commonly used as text-books in schools even at the present day. The then reigning Maharaja of Travancore, Ayilyam Thirunal, seems to have taken a great part in encouraging the development of prose literature. The formation of the Book Committee was only one such act in that direction. He has himself written a story book called *Meenaketana Charitam* which is quite good reading.

Kerala Varma has also written a story book called *Akbar* on the model of the English historical novels, and this work may be regarded as the first novel in Malayalam literature, although it lacks some of the characteristics of a true novel. The style used in *Akbar* is correct and dignified with a leaning towards Sanskrit, typical of Kerala Varma. *Kundalata* of Appu Nedungadi which soon afterwards made its appearance is regarded as the first true novel in Malayalam. The plot is simple and the language is common. In fact, there is nothing specially worthy of notice in it, except its historical importance in a branch of literature which became highly developed in the course of less than a generation.

Among novel writers, the two names that stand out prominently over all others, are those of Chandu Menon and C. V. Raman Pillai. Chandu Menon who was the earlier of the two, has two works to his credit, *Indulekha* and *Sarada*. *Indulekha* is rather a commonplace novel, but it is very popular among the people as it exposes in a humorous way some of the then pressing evils of Nayar society. *Sarada* is more profound in conception, and it would undoubtedly have been a real work of art if it was completed, but unfortunately the author died without completing it and all attempts up to this time to complete the work have been failures. Chandu Menon's language is lucid and plain. It is easily understood by all. There is no doubt that Chandu Menon will always have an honoured place among Malayalam novelists.

We next come to C. V. Raman Pillai the greatest of Malayalam novelists. He may be truly compared to the English Novelist Scott in the profundity of his

conceptions and the vigour of his style. Like Scott, Raman Pillai is also essentially a historical novelist. In artistic excellence and in the power and clearness of his descriptions as well as in the delineation of human character, C. V. Raman Pillai has no equal. He has written three historical novels: *Martanda Varma*, *Dhanmaraja* and *Rama Raja Bahadur*, and also a social novel called *Premamrutam* depicting the pure limitless love of a young aristocrat and a beautiful, but humble girl. Each one of these is a masterpiece in itself and will be an ornament to any literature. The historical novels are well worthy of being placed beside those of the author's spiritual master, Scott. In character portraiture he is simply wonderful. C. V. Raman Pillai's characters seem to be actually moving before us, and they invariably impress us with their personality. So great is his power of realism. His female characters are usually charming and adorable. They exhibit a certain boldness, dignity and reserve peculiar to the women of Kerala. When we have finished reading the works of this literary giant, we feel sorry that he has not given us some more of the same stuff; what further testimony can we have of the value of his work?

Large numbers of novels are being published every year by the various printing and publishing houses for meeting the ever-increasing demands of the reading public. Several of them are original works, but many are translations from English as well as from Bengali and other modern Indian languages. Most of them, however, have no permanent literary value and therefore we need not refer to them in detail within the short compass of this article.

The very large number of newspapers and magazines characteristic of this age, also greatly assisted the formation and development of Malayalam prose. This is specially the case with magazines, several of which are devoted exclusively to the pursuit of literary activities. The magazines have greatly encouraged literary criticism and usually publish valuable articles on various phases of literary activity. They have also encouraged the development of a kind of short story which has become an unavoidable feature of every Malayalam magazine.

Various scientific and historical works are also rapidly enriching the prose literature of the language. The historical works of A. Gopal Menon of the Trivandrum College deserve special mention on account of their purity and clearness of style over and above their historical value. Biography is another branch of prose literature which is rapidly coming into prominence. The *Vyazhavaatta Smaranakal* (12 years' reminiscences) by Srimati T. B. Kalyani Amma (Madam K. Ramakrishna Pillai) will probably fall within this group, although it is partly auto-biographical. This work stands far above all others of its kind in its touching pathos and intense realism. The language employed is also chaste

and forceful. The story is the heroic struggle which the author and her husband had to wage for nearly 12 years against overwhelming odds, after the latter's deportation by the Travancore Government. This wonderful book contains very many lessons to the younger generation in self-help, self-respect and self-reliance.

Other prominent prose writers that deserve mention are P. K. Narayana Pillai, K. Ramakrishna Pillai, Appan Thampuran. The most valuable portion of their work consists of essays and articles dealing with various literary and other subjects. The *Prasanga Tharangini* of P. K. Narayana Pillai, contains some of the finest specimens of Malayalam prose. Appan Thampuran has also written a novel called *Bhuta Rayar* which reminds one of Kerala Varma's *Akbar* more than anything else.

To sum up, Malayalam prose is now, thanks to the devoted labours of Kerala Varma and his successors, a fully developed vehicle capable of expressing scientific, literary, philosophical and political ideas. But it must be admitted that prose literature in Malayalam is still in its infancy and very probably we have not yet got the best out of it. It is worthy of note that the history and development of Malayalam prose and of Malayalam poetry are often divergent in their aims and spiritual impulses. Malayalam poetry is intended to cater to the cultured few while Malayalam prose is primarily destined to appeal to the masses. Further, Malayalam poetry takes its inspiration from Sanskrit, whereas Malayalam prose is greatly indebted to, and takes its inspiration from, English more than from any other source. It is also true to say that most of the people who have been, and who are still, enriching the prose literature, are English-educated people and not those who are the inheritors of our ancient culture. However, even the spiritual impulses animating Malayalam prose are approximating to a new synthesis as a result of the impact of other modern Indian languages. The tidal wave of nationalism which has been recently surging across India, from end to end, is having its influence on literature, particularly on prose literature which is the vehicle to appeal to the masses. One can only speculate on the ultimate results of this new spiritual impulse. But it is clear from all appearance that the effect on the infant prose literature will be more fundamental than on the more mature poetical branch. In any event it is certain that the new impulse will all be to the good, and that Malayalam literature and particularly Malayalam prose will be greatly benefited in the future as a result of this new impulse and the creative energy accompanying the same.

K. P. PADMANABHA PILLAI

ABHANGAS

[We publish below the second instalment of Mr. Vinod's own translation of his Marathi poems. The translation, according to Dr. Tagore, "seems to have preserved the elegance, and the terse pictographic thought of the original." He offers his "genuine appreciation of the literary beauty which characterises these Abhangas. . . . which are deep flashes of concentrated thought."—*Ed.*]

Mine is the religion of service.

I pray for an immortality—just to serve
those who are servants, just to be a slave
of those who are enslaved.

I realise my freedom in the chains of my fellow-beings.
I discover my God in those whom God has forsaken.

Mystery is the mother of delight.
The too much visible cannot be beautiful
to the sight.

Truth must be progressively discovered.
Beauty should be partially disclosed
God will be gradually realised.

We embraced each other -- the earth and myself.
She clasped me close to her inmost soul and I
clasped her vast heart upon mine.
It was all a game of love and people called it
a burial of my body.

The lamp of my consciousness has lit up
the whole universe.
The truth in my being has given a meaning
to the whole objective existence.
The song in my lips has created a harmony
in the outside world of facts.

A luminous shadow sat dreaming on
my mind.
Its imperceptible outlines seemed to pass
out into all the ten directions of space
into all the three directions of time : the present,
the past and the future.

It was a thirst that grew more and more
intense with every new sip of the nectar.
It was a painful song that grew increasingly
sweet with ever more listening.
It was my own soul—that achieved a greater
freedom with every bond of flesh.

Was it all a folly to love persons and things?
I entered Truth from beneath the arch of errors.
I learned to love the Infinite through my
mistaken personal attachments.

It was a beautiful crime—
To embrace this paradox of personal existence and
to forget my own Absolute character.

Even our saddest songs are sweet because they are ours.
Self is the only source of happiness.
The more of self, the more of sweetness.
Sadness absorbs us most and hence it is most sweet.

Reason is my only guide.
She has asked me to realise the Infinite in an imaginative
knowledge.
She stood at the parting of my ways and pointed
out to me the abode of the Infinite.

The most intense pleasure of sense is death.
The darkest sin is to think of a god other than myself.
The most vulgar folly is to speak of a soul
other than the body.

The greatest sacrilege is to believe in a religion
Other than that of sheer physical pleasures.

This awakening dawned upon me after I ceased
to exist.

This lustre has blinded my sight as it were.
What is this experience?
Whose is it?
And why?

This Hope is the caste-mark—the third eye on
the forehead of my life.

To meet you in a world of Infinite Nothingness
This is my one ideal—Oh ! God.

Beneath my Self there is a bed of dust, my body.
Beside the bed burns the candle light of my
 love for you—Oh ! God.
In that translucent light I saw this Universe !
But now—my loved Self is tired of that experience.
It is closing its eyes to open them upon the
 higher Dream-world of the Infinite.

Oh ! Almighty will—
Do not paint my forehead with success.
Let me ever lie at the feet of the Infinite—distressed
 and disappointed.
Let me worship her with a tear-washed garland
 of failures.

Like a breeze only this desire crosses my mind
 now and again.
I should be absorbed into the Infinite Truth.
With every attempt to step forward I am startled
 back into my own being—I cannot travel out
 into this world of finitude.

I burnt up my body into a flame
And tried to seek truth in its light.
The God-jewel is lost just here
When shall I get it—if not now ?

All finite appearances have started
 the search after the Infinite hidden
 in their own being. But how can
 the eye look at its own pupil ?

The universe is dark and I myself am blind.
How and where shall I stir ?
I stumbled upon a million of gods, who were also
 lumps of darkness.
How and where shall I stir ?
How and where is the light ?

If you are God you will not like to be worshipped
by me.

If I am devil I will not like to worship you.
What we like decides our nature.

God is not an Ideal Being
He is an actual Entity.
I am an ideal abstraction—he is the Perfect Reality.

I pray you to deny me the fruition of my prayers—Oh God.
If I cease to pray, I myself will be God
If God is moved by just a prayer He will
be worse than a man.

O ! God, I am seeking you for ever, and you
escape my grasp.
I am waiting for a time when I will escape.
Your embrace and you will seek me ever after.

O Future—I have killed thee now :
I have no desires left.
How shall I know thee henceforth ?
If I have no hope—how shall I have
a future ?

The Gate-way of my temple is closed.
The soul-goddess is asleep.
She will dream for a while—will imagine herself
to be a finite.

Then once more she will realise the Infinite Awakening
My breath flings out this fragrance from out my soul.
Truth has blossomed now in my inner garden.
O ! world—pause a while and listen to my strains.

Those feelings started from your eyes to fathom
my heart, but,
O ! my Beloved—my heart is just there in your eyes.
A small fear chants its voice.
I hesitate.

A light only shows that there is all dark within and without.
On the vast altar of my mind the flame of truth is
burning ever bright.
The oblation of my desires I place before that
Fire-God !

These waves of consciousness should vanish at last
 on the shore of nothingness.
 This God-Love should flower into a zero-love.
 This joy should culminate into a mindlessness.

The Present—when shall it end?
 This ever-turning wheel of evolution when shall it
 come to a standstill?
 Let me step now and here in the final future
 Let me see truth in its perfected shape.
 I can wait no more—no more would I wander
 in the little dream-world of illusions.

Yours and mine Dream
 Sprinkled with the self-same shower of Infinite lustre
 which streams down into my songs of sorrow
 and your smiles of delight.
 The world shall treasure both my strains and
 your smiles—O! Beloved Infinite.
 How shall I be free?
 I am eternally caged in my own neighbourhood.
 I find me everywhere I pause.
 O, who can save me from my own friendship?

The path was seen carved behind my footsteps.
 I saw—and the visible world was born.
 Logic followed as I tried to think.
 Life came to me with breathing.
 Knower is born in the act of knowing.
 Work is the creator of its author!

In the whole Reality of the Universe let my
 partial being be lost.
 O God I cannot desire to be immortal.
 A note is sweet for the fractional character
 it has in the full harmony, and its
 isolated continuance would make it meaningless.
 Even so my personal immortality would be
 my real lifelessness.
 The death of my self is the most genuine form
 of Immortality.

The Ideals I searched for and realised
were born of my flesh-desires !
The Joy of God-worship proved to be a thick self-deception !
Word that seemed to be pregnant with truth was
just a vacant voice !!

The fruition of my knowledge was just one Despair :
I can never know this Universe.
The only joy I gathered was :
Life is perfectly joy-free.

The Joyous Evening-star creates a sombre world for me.
The shadows of the floating clouds shed a pleasure
in my mind.
I feel happy—to be dazzled by the lurid lights of the burning
corpse. I cannot interpret my experience
in a natural manner.
The depth of this Infinite Mystery around has
puzzled my sight.
O ! enough of this search after mine and God's reality !

The Ghost of my Genius is begging inside my heart.
It is praying and asking of me everything mine.
It desires to exploit me, my words, my love, my soul.
Yet, O ! my infinite Beloved,
I have slaughtered that ghost just now.
Now let me offer up that sacrifice to your sacred feet !

My breast heaves up with the thought that
I can meet me never more !
I have killed my being
And have also carried the corpse on my own shoulders.
I am now worshipping my own tomb with the fragrant garland
Of some remembered experience
that was once so real !

NOTES AND COMMENTS

JAMES H. COUSINS



On the 22nd of July, Dr. Cousins completed his 54th year. His life has been full of activity—steady, ceaseless work. In the *Brahmavidya Ashrama*, Adyar, he is the central figure and besides, deals with such subjects as geography or the philosophy of geography; the philosophical basis of grammar; the orientation of literary criticism; art as medicine; educational reforms! To refer only to his recent activities in the field of art, witness him taking an exhibition of pictures from Benares to Calicut; and also to Sind and Karachi. No doubt he will be the principal organiser of the Art Exhibition to be held in Madras in December in connection with the Indian National Congress. We understand he is to take a representative exhibition to Europe and America in 1929.

The Sword of Dermot was written nearly 25 years ago and is published for the first time. We are told that it was performed in the first week of the poet's married life. Built on the Greek model, it has a beauty even its tragedy.

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

Poet Harindranath left for Europe and America on the 31st of August. The following article by Mr. S. Fowler Wright which has appeared in *Poetry and the Play* will be of interest to our readers, especially in view of its appearance on the eve of his departure to English-speaking countries.

In the final canto of *Marmion* Scott gave an analysed description of the battle of Flodden which lifted the tactics of that historic conflict from their previous obscurity, and (except for the inexplicable problem of how the crossing of the Till should have been risked and accomplished in the face of the English army) left it one of the very few mediæval battles the details of which can be readily apprehended, and are outside the region of serious controversy.*

It will be remembered that there was heavy and indecisive fighting on the right and centre—

“ While on the left unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle.”

and that this success of the English left wing was the finally decisive factor.

* Scott was less fortunate with Bannockburn. He accepted the tradition of the huge size of the English army, which was certainly wrong; and followed the universal belief, which has been treated as historical fact to our own day, that the English attacked across the pits which Bruce had dug on both sides of the Stirling road, whereas they were bogged in an attempt to turn his left flank during the night—a result that he had probably foreseen and intended. The armies were probably of about equal size, the military science on both sides was much superior to the popular tradition, and the battle was decided before it commenced by the nature of the ground over which the English were forced to attack.

What has this to do with Mr. Chattopadhyaya? Only this, that, while I was considering his work, the lines came into my mind, and that they seem to express very appropriately his position, and that of some other writers of to-day, who, with patient genius, and little present recognition, are adding to the edifice of English poetry.

It may be that, when the passage of time has enabled the work of to-day to be viewed in a correct perspective, its historians will not give the award of honour to those who have followed the mood of their generation, but rather to those who have remained unmoved by the clamour around them, and constant to the traditions that are as old as human speech, and seem to some of us to be as unalterable as mathematics.

It is a point that only time can resolve. It may be that the collection of the year's best verse, which comes from Mr. Thomas Moulton as regularly as the chorus of praise that awaits it, is the final word. But even if I thought it to be so, I should not alter my own judgment, or waver in the defence of beauty of word and thought. Surely it would be better to be forgotten or derided in such a cause, than to be remembered as the architect of ugliness, or the advocate of those who exalt it.

It may be that all the beauty of literature is to be swept away in an orgy of censored and devitalized radio "talks," in the noise of perpetual motion, and the blinding horror of electric signs, though it seems improbable. It is at least, equally possible that the earth may find means to cleanse its surface of the skin-disease that blackens and sterilizes it, and become green again.

Perhaps, also, the time may come when the miners of a distant day will search amid the dross of the early part of this century, and find some disregarded lyric gold—may, indeed, chronicle it as a time of unusual richness of creation, even though they follow our ancestors in preferring the poetry of courage to that of cowardice, of nobility to baseness, of music to discord, and of faith to cynicism. And it is in such circumstances that the work of Harindranath Chattopadhyaya will be assured of the recognition that it deserves, but has scarcely reached, to-day.

It is not often, either in prose or verse, that a writer achieves high distinction in a language to which he is not native. Such work, however good in other aspects, is too likely to be defective in the music of words, or in the finer shades of their meaning, or else it is of merely imitative style and quality.

But if these difficulties are overcome by a genius of another race, as in the case of Conrad, the result is likely to be of an unusual and arresting originality. And what Conrad did in English prose, it may be high praise, and yet not too high, to say that Chattopadhyaya is doing in English poetry to-day.

No one of any soundness of literary judgment can read his work, whether in lyric or dramatic form, without recognising that it shows an unusual mastery of English verse-forms, and yet that it is something other than imitation-English poetry.

To an English mind, unless already familiar with Indian religion and philosophy, it must often be new in thought, as it is new in metaphor and expression, and it may succeed in a sympathetic interpretation of that philosophy, even to minds to which Tagore makes little appeal, because its author attains something that Tagore did not attempt—he has mastered the instrument of the English tongue so that he does not need to be presented in translation, and he appears to have been able to do this while maintaining the integrities of his own spiritual and intellectual position.

Whether he is writing mystical verse, or giving us one of the devout legends of Indian faith in dramatic form, or exhibiting some scene of Indian life with a clear simplicity, the easeful mastery of

the language is equally evident. It is India speaking—unmistakably India. But the voice is English unmistakably English; and it is that which constitutes the most remarkable, if not the most important, feature of his contribution to our contemporary literature.

Space will not allow me to quote as freely as I should like to do, in support of these preliminary reflections. One of the shorter of his dramatic sketches will be given completely in the next number of this magazine. Of his lyrics, I have made a first selection of a song which is not the most characteristic of his work, but is an evidence of versatility, being akin to that amatory poetry in which English literature is so peculiarly rich, and in which, as I remarked in my recent article on Indian poetry, it is comparatively so deficient.

SONG.

Spring like a golden leopard leaps to earth
A restless breeze comes running from the South,
While on the branches buds and leaves take birth,
I'm yearning for the blossom of your mouth.

Summer, a restive horse of flame, arrives
A deep blue sapphire glitters in the skies,
The blue-black bees store honey in their hives,
I'm yearning for the honey of your eyes.

The Autumn like a laden camel comes
A fire of gold runs o'er the mellowing lands,
Autumn has brought green grapes and purple plums,
I'm yearning for the warm fruit of your hands.

But the bulk of his lyric, as his dramatic work is either definitely religious, or is overshadowed with consciousness of the Divine and Eternal. It is a religion that assumes the verity of transmigration; and has a sense of the unity of man and God, and of the Divine Immanence, which are less dominant features of Christianity; but, beyond this, it has little of dogma, and its faith is not of any creed or race, but that of all mankind. Its themes are constantly those of the religious poets of our own race.

" the sadness of all sin
When looked at in the light of love."*

is a frequent note, with a confident faith in the ultimate defeat of evil—

" Each angry word, ignoble deed,
In penitence is changed to power,
And sin repented is a seed
That holds the future like a flower."

and so is

NON SERVIAM.

Drunk with free will, drowsed in his pride of power,
Man cried, "I will not serve Thy heavenly need!"
God hid His dauntless patience in each flower,
His hope in every seed.

* Coventry Patmore.

"I will not serve Thee!" . . . startled echo ran
 From star to star and filled the hollow night.
 God answered the tempestuous voice of man
 With silence on the height.

and here again is a poem that might easily find a place in an English hymn-book,

OBLIVION.

With tremendous sacrifice
 He began our house to build.
 With His blood He paid the price
 To behold our dreams fulfilled.

God with chaos fought and won
 Back for us the holy birth,
 Rescued from its dark the sun,
 Moon and stars to light our earth.

Through the ages we have fled
 From the selfless Master's side,
 And alas! have stoned Him dead
 With black stones of human pride.

Yet, in bloodstained raiment red,
 Pleading at our door He stands,
 "Earth of Love! with daily bread
 Fill these empty bleeding hands!"

Of a more definitely Eastern quality is—

SELFHOOD.

Vyasa, at the quiet close of day
 While walking on his solitary way,
 Noticed a little worm that feebly sped,
 Sacred by the heavy echo of his tread.

"Look at yon frail and despicable thing
 With all the rich anxiety of a king
 For life!" Vyasa said,
 "Instinct with fire, that creature of the clod
 Will yet evolve, methinks, into a god!"

When soon, through yogic powers, Vyasa learned
 That Navada by a slight sin had earned
 This body of a worm, which he must bear
 Till he was cleansed of sin.

Vyasa's prayer

Gave language to the worm . . .
 "Thrice holy Sire,
 Sage Navada! how is it your desire,

Even in the worthless state of a pale worm,
 To guard your body and preserve your form?"
 "O Poet-Sage!" the crawling worm replied,
 "I entertain desire and love and pride
 As much as any being of human birth.
 I share the common destiny of earth.
 Though low and despicable in your eyes,
 I feel immeasurable as the skies,
 Veiled by the veils of Maya, you and I
 Preserve our bodies and are loth to die."

The Poet sang, "In every stone and star,
 In everything existing near and far
 The cry of Selfhood rings. Across the world
 Behold! a shadowy Ego is unfurl'd,
 And when that vanishes, from sky to sod
 Naught will remain but a white dream of God."

Of the poetic dramas, we may select for consideration the first of the *Lives of the Saints* series, *Pundalik*, which exhibits the difference of Eastern from Western thought, as well as the fundamental truths that underlie them.

Pundalik, living a selfish and heinous life, despises everything that does not minister to his carnal instincts, and therefore treats his aged parents with contempt and abuse. *The lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life*, are the only deities that he worships, and he is regardless of the cost of gratifying his passions.

He destroys his mother's water-pots because they come into contact with a discordant shadow--

Mother:

"What made you smash out kitchen pots of clay?"

Pundalik:

"Because I could not suffer a blue shadow
 That stole in through the door with guilty steps
 To kiss the red curves of their earthly bodies."

Yet, because he had saved the life of an animal in a past and forgotten existence, he is led, by the Divine mercy, to the abode of a saint, where he is convinced of his sin by an apparition of the Three Sacred Rivers, and returns home to serve his aged parents with reverence.

While he is engaged in filial service, Vishnu appears to him, and grants his prayer that an Image of Deity may stand for ever on the spot—the legendary origin of Pandarpur.

The scene ends as the parents become conscious of the presence of the Deity, who has come to bless the change in their son's life, and sink in adoration before him—

"The world is withered—only God remains."

The teaching here, as all through the poet's work, is essentially Christian, when what may be described as the stage properties are removed, but the theme is not one that would be selected by a

Western poet. Reverence for parents was a prominent feature in the Jewish faith, and was nominally adopted by Christianity, but it has never been taken seriously in Western Europe. It is Asiatic. It is evidence of the radical difference in the relative spiritual values of the two continents. We believe in "progress." We talk of a "gospel of humanity." In practice, if not in precept, we regard earthly existence as an end in itself. "Progress" implies that children must be wiser than parents, in a continual succession. Latterly, we have developed our ideas of progress with a literality at which the gods must laugh. When we analyse the "advance of civilization," we find that it consists very largely in being able to be elsewhere very quickly, wherever we may happen to be. For this problematical advantage we expend wealth without stint, leaving ourselves ill-provided with the most elementary and vital necessities. Yet we have not contrived to be in two places at once, and we usually end where we began.

This attitude, whether wise or foolish, is not conducive to overmuch respect for those who have preceded us on the path we have chosen, and who travelled at fewer miles an hour.

But the standpoint of the Indian poet is widely different. He has no vision of a Heaven-on-earth triumphant, when a limited number of birth-controlled Europeans will be ceaselessly whirled about in motors and aeroplanes, at ever-increasing velocities, with a loud-speaker always beside them, for the extent of their surgically-protracted lives.

It may be a noble vision. It may be in process of realization. But it is not his.

The essentials of Indian mysticism are not greatly different from, certainly not widely discordant from, the recorded teaching of Christ. They differ more widely, but it would be too much to say that they differ radically, from most forms of modern Christianity. At their lowest they are alike in being no more than a sublimated and foresighted selfishness. At their highest, they are alike in being more concerned with conduct than circumstance.

There has been enough of materialism in Indian poetry. There has been no lack of mysticism in that of our own land. In broad comparison, there is more of likeness than difference—but it is the differences that we notice the more readily. We may do well to observe the approaches also. The lowly incarnation of Vishnu to save *Sena the Barber* from the wrath of his lord springs from the same conception of Deity that is the basis of the Christian faith.

"The Lord who wears a crown of stars above
Grows hungry to become a lesser thing
If but to serve the least who cries in love."

AN INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL FOR THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A Conference of British and American writers at the offices of the Royal Society of Literature decided to form "an investigating body which will determine the facts as to disputed and other questions" of the English language.

The gathering was fully representative of men of letters on both sides of the Atlantic, and the Earl of Balfour, who was to have presided, sent a message of warm approval of the objects of the new body. A council was chosen from among the distinguished delegates to the meeting.

Mr. Robert Underwood, member and Secretary of the American Academy of Arts and former American Ambassador to Italy, presided. A "certain liveliness" on the subjects with which the new

council will be concerned was developed at the very outset of the Conference, when Mr. G. Bernard Shaw inquired whether it was suggested that a proposed executive committee should have power to "co-opt" other members.

The Chairman: Now, that is interesting. That word "co-opt" is a word I have never heard in my life before. I have heard of "co-operate."

Mr. Bernard Shaw: I hope it is clear to the American gentleman present that "co-opt" means that the committee itself would select and appoint its additional members.

The Chairman: Oh! I see.

Dr. Henry Seidel Canby (America) proposed later that the general council of the proposed body should "consist of distinguished people who, as we say in America, 'know their stuff.'"

Mr. Shaw: In other words, distinguished deadheads.

At this point someone wanted the door shut owing to difficulties of hearing.

The Chairman: Would you say that the "acoostics" or "acowstics" are bad?

Mr. John C. Bailey (representing the Royal Society of Literature and the English Association): I think "acoostics" is better.

Sir Henry Newbolt: So do I.

An American Delegate: Now, I should say "acowstics."

Discussing the objects of the proposed body, Dr. Canby said: It should deal with questions of usage and stimulate and initiate study; should reduce its findings to some form suitable for acceptable presentation to the public; should deal with such questions as the split infinitive, Anglicisms and Americanisms, colloquialisms; and should find out the facts and present them in a way that editors, publishers, and others will accept.

The Chairman: It has been suggested that a gold medal for the clergy for the best reading of the Litany might be desirable. It certainly would in America. I am, of course, prepared to believe that all English clergymen read perfectly.

Professor L. Pound (University of Nebraska): Vocabulary and phonetic matters might be dealt with. Should we say "skedule" or "schedule," for instance? Then there are questions of accent and spelling, "organisation" or "organization," for instance.

Professor F. S. Boas (Royal Society of Literature and the English Association): Recently I was in trouble over a letter I wrote to a newspaper. My English was questioned. Can you use a plural verb after "what?"

Professor John Livingstone Lowes (Harvard University): In my experience Englishmen and American men speak far more nearly alike than English women and American women.

The Chairman remarked that the proper use of "whom" was almost a shibboleth of the cultivated mind.

Sir Henry Newbolt: I hope the body we propose to set up will not waste its time in sitting as a jury to discuss questions which can be settled simply by reference to the Oxford dictionary or Mr. Fowler's book.

The Chairman : Do you know any good English writer who misuses the words "who" and "whom."

Professor J. Dover Wilson (Royal Society of Literature and the English Association) : "Yes, Sir, Shakespeare."

Mr. J. C. Squire : I think this new body should not be a court of reference for individuals who get engaged in trivial disputes about minor points of construction or pronunciation. I do not think this new society is ever going to influence pronunciation to any material extent, but it could be useful in dealing with vocabulary. We do not want at this early stage to make people think we are opening our mouths too wide. We do not want them to think we expect to alter materially the constructions and pronunciations of the ordinary man in the street. It would frighten them.

The meeting agreed.

To form an International Council for English with reference to the problems of the common language of the English-speaking countries. This Council is to be an investigating body, which will consider the facts as to disputed usages and other questions of language in the various English-speaking countries, and give the results of its investigations the widest publicity. In short, it will maintain the traditions and foster the development of our common tongue.

It was agreed that the council should consist of 100 members fifty Americans and fifty British and that in addition there should be an executive committee of not more than nine members from each side—America and the British Empire—with a secretary as an *ex-officio* member. The executive committee would have power to elect its own chairman and present a budget annually to the council. The council would have power, by a vote of two-thirds of those voting, to amend the constitution.

A provisional committee, consisting of Professor John Livingstone Lowes, Dr. H. S. Canby, and Professor Fred Newton Scott (America), and Sir Henry Newbolt, Sir Israel Gollancz, and Mr. John C. Bailey (Britain), was given power to select the first executive committee and to appoint a secretary. The executive committee was given power to employ experts in the sciences of arts to carry out expert work. It was agreed that the first secretary to be employed should be an American and the head office of the council should be in England; that the subjects to be dealt with by the council would relate to grammar, pronunciation, the various problems of broadcasting, and scientific terminology and kindred difficulties; and that the executive committee should be self-perpetuating and have the duty of nominating persons to the council when vacancies occurred.

ART EXHIBITION, BANGALORE.

The art exhibition which opened at St. John's Road is a great national event, and as such, it is inevitably an international happening. Every exhibition of this nature fulfills a serious need both of the nation and of the world. Art is the common basis of all humanity, the foundation of world-brotherhood, the golden ladder to God which is only another name for both individual and collective self-realisation. But while it is true that art is free from the limitations of country and nation which cramp and narrow, it is at the same time, individualistic and distinctive and true in its temperament to the soil which gives it birth and shapes its destiny. But it is not the aggressive and insolent individualism of a human being that boasts of superiority over the others. It is the tender and persuasive individualism of divinity itself which while preserving the myriad forms of its self-expression is still ever conscious of a unity which binds them in radiant equality and quiet brotherhood. It is indeed very difficult for us to prophesy the future of Indian Art—but is safe to prophesy that it has a future. The pictures exhibited in this exhibition are compelling. Some compel us with all the magic of the quality of a gorgeous phase

which may pass quickly, nay, perhaps will pass quickly but in passing will make way for some greater expression, some permanent achievement. There are some pictures which are already achievements and without exaggeration, they are some of the greatest achievements of the age.

One has only to stand face to face with the artist, the master-artist Venkatappa's, landscapes to understand what is meant. They are studies of Ootacamund under the varying moods of the sky—moods of monsoon and rain, midnight and dawn, sunrise and moon, evening and moon-rise. Stand before the monsoon-burst picture even on a day of hot summer and you are sure to feel all the cool mood of rain, gathering in flying clouds. How Venkatappa's monsoon-clouds fly sweeping their misty, grey, soft, melting veils across a mountain which stands so firm, so silent, offering ascetic resistance and controlled contrast to the uncontrolled tempestuous clouds in their intoxicated flight. Take the sunset picture. It is all quiet, all superb, all enormously contemplative. It almost seems to speak of the artist himself. Venkatappa's pictures are sincere in every detail, and full of long labour, instinct with mellow and ceaseless inspiration. And every detail, because sincere and truthful, becomes a masterpiece.

G. N. Tagore appears this time in four strange paintings. "The Village Theatre" (brought from the Chitrasala) Mysore, is a clever study of light and shadow. The fairy pictures are so unreal and hence so interesting and taking. "The Inner Garden" and "The Fairyland" are sparkling mood bubbles which are beautiful and delicate. But of course they are just experiments which will lead this great versatile genius on to the discovery of the alchemical secret he seems to be seeking.

Chughtai is different. He is as different in technique and quality from Venkatappa as a Persian rose is from the Himalayas. You cannot compare the two. All you can say is that they appeal in different ways. But Chughtai has a temptation which Venkatappa has not. It is the dangerous and attractive temptation of a brush which has a too great ease in it; Chughtai is one who can sit down and perhaps paint a pretty picture in a few minutes. But prettiness should be avoided in art. An artist should be mercilessly sincere. He must refrain from the lure of an easy expression of prettiness without a deep message. There is at least one striking Chughtai this time. It is the picture called the Story-teller. A huge white peacock is perched on an ochre and brown painted bough telling a tale to the Taj Mahal. The peacock almost seems to be the soul of the Taj Mahal itself, perched on a bough repeating an old forgotten tale of itself to itself. It is a study chiefly in white—and we know is the most gorgeous colour for an artist to work out a deep spiritual idea. But we wish Chughtai would produce similar effects not by the traditional use of the white colour but by a clever manipulation of white spaces in the paper itself.

There are other pictures too—interesting colour schemes by Bhattacharya—which strike the eye with their exquisite glare. The Lover is noteworthy, because the theme is as old as the hills and the stars. The Lover is an emaciated man sitting amidst a crowd of pots and pans, and strange live creatures which have become a part of him since he has become a part of them. It is grey in effect—as grey as the ages which have evolved this vision of oneness. Nandalal Bose, the Master, appears in eight pictures, a series of illustrations of Rabindranath's latest play "Nateer-Puja." They are true to his style and technique and full of a power which compels the art-loving spirit to join its palms in homage. Srimathi Kamala Chattopadhyaya is the happy possessor of this rare collection. K. N. Muzumdar too is here. It is a wonderful picture—"Haridas" which has a finish which any European master will respect and yet that something more than the outward finish which the European masters lack as a rule—the inward realisation, the mature inward vision, which is the unconquered heritage of India's artists and seers.

Poona has sent to this exhibition the old Rajput masters. It would indeed be a sacrilege to try and describe them in language. It is enough if we say that they are the masters which are coming into their own once again—the masters who are destined to contribute their share towards the future art-expressions of the world.

EXHIBITION OF MODERN INDIAN PAINTINGS AT THE TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

The Society for the encouragement of Indian Art, Bombay, arranged an exhibition of modern Indian paintings, representative of the various art-movements in this country, especially of the Neo-Bengal School of Art. There are two schools of thought on this subject of Indian painting, and there is an endless controversy as to their respective merits and demerits: one attempting to go back to the art-traditions, conventions and ideals of ancient India, and the other to imitate and copy the method and mannerism of the progressive European art. Indian art fundamentally differs from European art not only in its ideals but also in its expression and technique. European art is essentially realistic and representational, while Indian art is idealistic, imaginative, symbolic and decorative. It is this latter view that is being more emphasised in the modern renaissance of Indian painting. This new movement was started in Bengal nearly two decades ago by a group of young artists led by Abanindranath Tagore, who was then the Vice-Principal of the Government School of Art, Calcutta. It was not so much a revolt against any school of painting extant or dead, as a revival of a forgotten national heritage and a restoration of lost culture.

Even the proverbial school boy of Macaulay could have observed the difference between the exhibitions of the Bombay School of Art held annually at the Town Hall and the present exhibition now on show there. The difference is obvious, as their respective artistic intentions and mannerisms are different; but what arrests one's attention most in this exhibition is its freshness, its newness, its quaintness and its catholicity. It is as rich and varied as life itself; and the true function of any great art is not only to express and reflect life but to interpret life. In that sense, this exhibition is characteristically representative of the new art-movement in this country. It is distinctly Indian. But it is not representative of the best achievements of this school, as most of the best works of the masters and their pupils are now on a touring exhibition in America, and as also the artists reserve their best ones for the annual exhibition of the Indian Society of Oriental Art, Calcutta. In the present show there are a few good works of some of the leading artists, especially of Khitendranath Mazumdar, Promode Chatterjee, and Chughtai; the students' paintings are fairly well represented. A. N. Tagore's single painting that is to be seen at this exhibition is characteristic of his great genius and his cosmopolitan spirit. The picture is in the accepted Japanese "Kakimona" (roll-picture) style, executed more or less in a Chinese technique; the subject-matter is Hindu and the general treatment, pictorially speaking, is Ajantan. The picture is "Radha seeing a portrait of Krishna" — one catches at once in the eyes of Radha a wistful look of hope and sweet memory, and the artist has managed to get that expression not by moulding the face with light and shade effect in the usual western technical sense, but by a flat-expression based on the movements of the eye-brows and the shape of the eyes in accordance with the artistic convention of the east. Goganendranath Tagore's cubistic and impressionistic works are now becoming world-famous, and in them you see gorgeous visions of worlds within worlds that suggest hitherto unknown dimensions of space and spheres. It is as if he were visualising in vivid colours a fourth-dimensional world on a two-dimensional surface. "The Festival Hall," "The Morning Star," "My Inner Garden" and "Fairylane" are some of the best examples of his new fancy-moods. Nandalal Bose's small pictures, illustrations to Rabindranath Tagore's new play "Nateer Puja," reveal the great *Ajantan* qualities in him; his big picture "Gajendra-Moksha" is a clever study on gold in a Japanese technique. Samrendranath Gupta's silk painting, lent by Mr. R. D. Morarjee, "Kajri Dance" or the spring dance of Indian girls under the shade of a tree is a beautiful theme beautifully picturised. There are over half-a-dozen striking pictures of Khitendranath Mazumdar, which are very typical of the Neo-Bengal School. His "Ras-Leela" is a study in rhythm and movement; the attenuated form of the dancers, their flowing draperies and their swaying hands suggest the vitality of this artist's lines. Sarada Ukil's "Radha and Krishna" on silk is a delightful study, a lyric in joy. D. Bhattacharya

is a colourist of the first order, and his seven pictures have a charm of their own. "The Lover" and "The Man-Hole" are two great works of art, full of character and suggestion. South India is represented by K. Venkatappa of Mysore. His "Bird-Study" is a subject done after the best manner of the Mughal style and can well be compared with the best of Mansur's, the great painter of animals, birds and flowers in the court of Emperor Jehangir. His two ivory miniatures, (portraits of Abanindranath Tagore and the late Maharaja of Cooch Behar) are finished products in that line. The largest number of pictures from the brush of a single artist in this exhibition is that of Fyzee Rahamin of Bombay. His landscape paintings of Kashmir are cleverly done; "Moon-light in Kashmir" being the best of the series. His portrait studies of a Nepalese Princess and a Gujerathi Lady are first-class attempts to do portraiture in Indian style. Another Muhammadan artist, whose works are also to be seen in large numbers, is M. A. Rahaman Chughtai of Lahore. His line-drawings are graceful and his coloured-works delight your æsthetic sense. He is at times monotonous in the study of his figures; the same worn-out poses to be seen in great number of his paintings. The best and the most admired of his paintings is "Story-Teller," done in a delightful manner, with a white peacock perched on the branch of a tree overlooking the white-alabaster-domed Taj, a pretty picture prettily done. Promode K. Chatterjee is a mystic by temperament and his works are full of religio-philosophical significance. He has exhibited a good number of mythological and puranic subjects, distinctly individualistic and strikingly original. His big picture "Krishna and Arjuna" is a wonderful decorative composition, and his "Chitrugupta" a great creative work of art. Students of Santiniketan, Calcutta, Jaipur, Lucknow, Masulipatam and Baroda have sent some interesting original works full of charm of beauty. These young students get the fullest freedom for their expression and hence the variety and freshness of these delightful little pictures. R. K. Baij's "A Cloudy Day," Sukumari Devi's "Prem" Dey's "Milk-maid," S. N. Banerjee's "Ashram Girl" deserve special mentioning.

G. V.

INDIAN SCULPTURE.

Rai Bahadur Ramaprasad Chanda, Superintendent, Archæological Section of Indian Museum, Calcutta, delivered a lecture on Indian Sculpture, a summary of which we give below, as dealing with the outlines of the subject:—

There was a time when Indian religious sculptures, the images of gods and goddesses including those of the deified saints like the Buddhas and the Jaina, were treated in Europe as eccentric manifestation of Oriental religious fervour lacking artistic qualities. In the 20th century, there has happened what Sir Hercules Read calls 'a change of heart.' Handsomely illustrated volumes on Indian art are pouring in to meet the public demand and specialists are hotly debating the place of Indian art in the art of the world. But, in spite of these publications and discussions, it is quite evident that the average man and woman of taste and culture still fail to treat Indian sculpture with that attention and respect without which it is not possible to appreciate it. I shall first deal with those features of Indian sculpture that stand in the way of their appreciation.

The old Indian figure sculpture faithfully represent the Indian conception of the beauty of the human form. This conception does not fully recognise the inherent beauty of the normal human form, but places man's ideal of it above the real and recognises the conventional as the standard for judging the natural. In common parlance in Bengal when a person desires to express his admiration for the beauty of a person, he or she is compared to a figure in a picture (*paler putul*). The poet Kalidas, in his well-known drama Sakuntala, begins his account of the beauty of the heroine Sakuntala by saying, "Her figure was first painted on canvas and then imbued with life." In a variant of this line, it is suggested that the Creator did not shape Sakuntala's body with His hands, but designed her figure in His mind.

Another indication of the Indian's incapacity to fully realise the organic beauty of the human form is his fondness for ornaments. As the old images themselves show, in the epoch when they were carved, practically the entire lower half of the forearm of a female used to be hidden in ornaments, and even men wore necklaces, armlets, bangles and other ornaments. To this partial lack of appreciation of the beauty of the human form is to be traced the extreme conventionalisation of the human figure in Indian art. The figures of men and women carved by the Indian sculptors are not the natural forms idealised but the ideal forms visualised. This type of figure sculpture, however, well done, is not likely to appeal to the taste of people brought up in the traditions of the European art unless they acquire a special taste for it. It may be added here that there are eminent European art critics who consider an extreme admiration of beauty in human figure non-æsthetic and even erroneous.

Another feature that stands in the way of the appreciation of the old Indian figure sculpture by foreigners is its strangeness. In this short discourse I cannot touch all phases of Indian sculptures. The first phase so far known is the Mauryan art. Like the Persian Achaemenian art, the Mauryan art came into being with the rise of the Maurya dynasty and declined with its decline. The Mauryan art is rather Imperial than Indian and the Empire of Asoka, as he conceived it, included not only India but almost the whole of the then known civilised world as a result of his Dhamavijaya, or conquest through the dissemination of the law of good conduct.

The art that flourished in the succeeding Sunga period (the second and the first centuries B. C.) is decorative. The Indians then did not worship images and consequently did not produce substantive sculptures. The making of independent images for worship was first undertaken by the artists of the Indo-Scythian School of Mathura and Indo-Greek School of Gandhara (roughly the North-Western Frontier Province) that flourished simultaneously in the early centuries of the Christian era. But the artists of Mathura and Gandhara, however, great their technical skill, could not give adequate expression to the Indian conception of a divine being in the images made by them.

The sculptors of the Gupta period in the 4th and 5th centuries A. D. succeeded in giving expression to the Hindu idea of the divine being for the first time and thereby created a great art. I shall confine myself in this discourse to this phase of Indian art and its later mediæval continuation. This Gupta art is to the art of the East, or rather, of the Far East what the great art of Greece is to the art of the West. Indian Gupta art has considerably influenced the art of a highly artistic people like the Chinese, and awakened the artistic instinct of the Malay world. The chief products of the Gupta school and its later mediæval branches, the images of different classes of divine beings, may seem strange and remote not only to Europeans but even to modern Indians. The so-called Rajput painting comprising miniatures that were produced all over Northern India from the 16th century onward, represents the last phase of Hindu artistic activities. These miniature and the allied miniatures of the Mughal school are far better appreciated by Europeans than mediæval Jaina, Buddha and Brahminic images. The reason is this later Indian painting is naturalistic in spirit. Though religious in subject-matter, it depicts what is called "lila" or sport of the divine beings or their incarnations, and as such can be sooner understood.

As compared to the later Indian painting, the Gupta and post-Gupta sculpture is fundamentally different in spirit and expression, and it is this difference that renders it difficult of success. A divine being, as carved by the mediæval Indian artist, is engaged not in "lila" or sport, but in doing something far more serious, in meditating on the ultimate reality or divine substance. What is this divine substance? In the Upanishad, which is the starting point of all schools of Indian religious philosophy, the divine substance is defined as "noti," "not this," the Everlasting Nay. The images of divine beings whether dwelling on earth or in heaven before their "Nirvana," final emancipation or

extinction, are always shown as absorbed in "dhyana" or meditation of the ultimate reality. The images of the Jinas or Tirthankaras worshipped by the Jains represent the radical form of Indian images. The Jinas, numbering 24, are believed to have been born as human beings who attained perfect knowledge in their life-time by practising extreme form of asceticism and meditation and taught men the way to attain it.

There are two types of images of Jina, the standing type and the seated type, and both types show complete absorption in meditation.

The rules of meditation require that the performer should fix his half-shut eyes on the tip of his nose and his pose should be stiff, that is to say, there should not be any the least movement in any part of his body that may in any way disturb his mind. This is a standing image of a Jina of the Gupta period and this again a seated image of a Jina of the 8th or 9th century A. D. These images do not lack independent æsthetic qualities. The perfect balance and the graceful postures are things of beauty and the expression of absorption that the face wears will impress anyone who can for a moment detach himself from the turmoils of the outer world.

The image of Buddha, though shown as absorbed in meditation like the Jinas, is enlivened by touches of naturalism. The image of Buddha, if seated, is shown as either calling the earth to bear witness to his past good deeds, or preaching, or accepting a bowl of honey, and if standing, is either blessing (Varada offering boon) or offering solace. These actions are represented by very graceful attitudes of the hand or hands and considerably relax the ascetic stiffness of the figures. Unlike the images of the Jinas, the images of the Buddha are also fully draped. Though drapery is represented in a conventional manner, either quite smooth or showing folds by mere lines, the smooth drapery is executed very gracefully and its transparency is rendered with skill, and the lines representing the folds are in many cases quite rhythmic.

Seventeen years ago the late Sir George Birdwood ventured to say on the Indian representation of Buddha: "This senseless similitude, in its immemorial fixed pose, is nothing more than an uninspired brazen image, vacuously squinting down its nose to its thumbs, knees and toes. A boiled suit pudding would serve equally well as a symbol of passionless purity and serenity of soul."

As is well known to you all, such a contemptuous judgment has been left far behind and it is now recognised by many that the image of Buddha stands not only for passionless purity and serenity of soul, but for something more, for active contemplation of the ultimate Reality which Gautama Buddha himself never cared clearly to define, but which others call Paramatman.

But the appreciation of Brahmanic images is beset with greater difficulties. The Brahmanic image is not the representation of anything that exists in nature, but is a symbol of the Formless. This point is clearly explained in an old authoritative Sanskrit text, the Vishnudharmottara. Herein the question is raised, how can there be the image of the "Purusha" (the Supreme Being) who is without form (*i.e.*, cannot be seen), who cannot be smelt, tasted, heard or touched? To this query it is replied, formlessness is the normal state (*prakriti*) of the Paramatman or Purusha, and ending with form is its abnormal modification (*vikriti*). The adoption of the latter course is necessary for worship. But the form given to it has a meaning (*hetumachcha tadekaram*). Our author then proceeds to explain the symbolic meaning of the different images. By way of example I shall cite his explanation of the image of Brahma. Brahma is four-faced and four-armed. His four faces symbolically represent the four Vedas and his four arms the four cardinal points; the garland or rosary of "rudraksha" seeds which Brahma holds in his right lower hand, represents the revolution of time, and the water pot (*kamandalu*) in his left lower hand represents the primordial water from which all things rise and to which all

things return. The matted locks of the god represent the vegetable kingdom and the seven ducks that draw his chariot are the seven "lokas" or words that make up the cosmos. It must not be supposed that the image of Brahma is a lifeless bundle of symbols; it is a living and moving divine being meditating with half-shut eyes on the formless abode of Atman and at the same time surveying the worlds; as stated above, this type of image is called the "vikriti" modification of "prakriti" (nature) by the author of Vishnudharmottara, and for the adequate appreciation of this "vikriti" some intellectual and æsthetic readjustment is necessary. It may now be asked, is it worthwhile? If art is not merely the record of beauty already existent elsewhere, but the expression of an emotion, it would be worthwhile to pay serious attention to old Brahmanic images that give expression to the intensest religious emotion, the finite soul's earnest endeavour to embrace the infinite in a language that is full of rhythm and life.

GREEK SYSTEM OF ARCHITECTURAL POLYCHROMY.

Mr. Edward Putnam points out in the *Art and Archaeology* the lines of Greek revival in the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The writer quotes the Leon V. Solen, "one of the foremost authorities on ancient polychrome," as saying:

"When a number of records of color-location were compared, the nature of the system was so simple that it was as apparent to the investigator as to the Greek who produced it. It was based upon a simple classification of structural features into two groups; in one of these, a simple structural function directed to enclose space or support weight; in the other, to beautify was the dominant direction in artistic effort. With this simple classification in the component features of a facade, the location of color was a logical deduction. Color under no circumstances can be regarded as having structural significance; its obvious purpose in application is decorative. With the invariable directness of Greek mentality in all artistic concepts, it was impossible to confuse the structural significance of a feature with the decorative, and color consequently only appeared upon those items which were either exclusively decorative, or were on the dividing line between the structural and the ornamental.

"In Greek architecture we find the first instance of structural organization, or a principle in structure which emphasized the interrelation and function of each item. With this condition in design it became a simple matter to regulate color-location, and this accounts for the absolute uniformity found through its practice. The next style investigated was the Gothic, and although it represents an absolute opposite to the systematized order of expression, this same fundamental relation of color to decorative function was intuitively followed.

"In modern practice we have another type of composition to take in color application, but the same relation will be ultimately recognized in color-location as in the Gothic and Greek. It involves many problems which never previously existed in connection with conditions in visibility and the greatly increased range for observation in the modern American city, as compared with that of former times with the narrow streets of ancient cities, which placed the point of effect-reception much nearer the structure.

"The advent of color into architectural effect introduces not only architectural and artistic problems, but also necessities for industrial adjustment. We begin to realize that several important national industries are successful in their year's trading, in a measure corresponding to the extent to which they are capable of stimulating sensory reaction in those who use their goods by artistic coloring. In structural material this is an important factor. The architect gives concentrated attention to the color of the stone which is employed, and will give a preference in price to the product of some quarry which has a distinctive tonal quality."

ARCHITECTURE OR COLOUR?

This is the subject of a very thoughtful article by Mr. Andrew A. Fraser in the *Musical Times*.

There is probably no subject in music on which so much has been written as that of Romanticism, but it reaches down to fundamentals and consequently remains perennially fresh. Most writers* are now agreed on the undesirability of sharply differentiating between things classical and things romantic; there is a misleading chronological flavour about these terms—classical composers belonging more to the 18th century and romantic composers more to the 19th—whereas it is not a question of centuries but of states of mind. A work of art can be analysed into content and form, thought and expression, two parts that fuse together into a whole that is so immeasurably greater than the sum total of the parts. Leaving out of account the unfathomable question of why and how some mortals are peculiarly gifted with the power of creating and composing, how is the process of creation achieved and how come these parts of a work of art to be so fused? In the embryo stage, does the will to create solve the problem of presentation, or does the problem of presentation stimulate the will to create? In the finished product, which is the dominant characteristic, which the recessive? This would appear to be the point at issue.

There are some composers who seem to stress content, who are concerned with ideas (in the abstract), and who experience emotions to which they desire to give expression. Some medium has to be chosen—it may be music, philosophy, science—in fact any medium will suffice, for the concept partakes of the universal and not of the particular. There are present almost unlimited potentialities of expression, but (almost paradoxically) once the mind has fixed on music, it concentrates on it to the utter exclusion of all else, and only music can possibly be associated with it. There are other composers who seem to stress form, who are intensely interested in the possibilities of their medium, music, and who desire to cultivate it as beautifully as they can. They are musicians by instinct, seeking for the concept to accord with the form; they compose because they cannot help it, but, again paradoxically, the mind originally concerned with the particular enlarges to the universal, and occupies itself too, with values other than those purely musical—literary, artistic, and so forth. Here then are two types of composers: to the former belong Bach, Beethoven, Elgar, to the latter Mozart, Wagner, Debussy. Beethoven, for example, has often been compared to Michael Angelo almost on the assumption that if suggestion or other influence had been brought to play on the ante-natal mind. Beethoven might have decorated a Sistine Chapel and Michael Angelo might have written a Choral Symphony. Again, Mozart has been likened to Watteau, but the impression is inevitable that no amount of ante-natal or other suggestion would have influenced their minds from their pre-destined occupation; their work runs on parallel lines that never meet. It is Beethoven the *thinker* who is apparent, but Mozart the *musician*.

So with the music itself. Some music is concerned primarily with shapes, masses, contrasts, and little emphasis is laid on the medium through which it is presented. Bach used arias and melodies many times over in entirely different contexts. Of his extant fourteen Clavier Concertos only four were originally written as such. The famous D minor, for example, started as a Violin Concerto, while later the composer arranged it for the organ with additional wind parts in the orchestra, setting, further, this arrangement of the slow movement as an accompaniment to an independent four-part chorus in a cantata! Not only can instrumentation vary, but also *tempo*. Elgar transforms the C minor Fugue into a riotous carnival; Schweitzer interprets it as an elegiac threnody. Handel made previous use of many of 'The Messiah' airs in distinctly secular surroundings. The version for two pianofortes of Brahms's

* Cf. 'The Fusion of Classicism and Romanticism,' Mrs. Frank Liedich (*Musical Times*, April, 1927).

'Haydn Variations' and F minor Quintet are as interesting and important as the so-called 'originals.' Stravinsky makes 'Pétrouchka' almost as vital for two hands on the pianoforte as for the orchestra of eighty or a hundred. Music of this sort is complete in itself, has no leanings towards the other arts, is 'abstract' in the literal sense of the word; it is architectural in its balance and proportion.

On the other hand, there are composers, occupied with lines, contours, nuances, who take a form—string quartet, opera, symphony—and endeavour to fill this form with the most appropriate and exquisite sound. This sound is conceived only in terms of its setting and presentation. Mozart's music is not interchangeable, but with impeccable taste he knew exactly how to differentiate between the trio for pianoforte, clarinet, and viola, the concerto for flute and harp (two instruments which he detested), the fantasias for musical clock, and the processional music for two flutes, five trumpets, and four drums. Liszt boasted that he could perform effectively on the pianoforte (actual instrumentation excluded) anything from the classical orchestral repertoire, whereupon Mendelssohn inquired if he could play the opening bars of Mozart's G minor Symphony—a passage scored for strings alone, incapable of any transliteration whatever! Berlioz, too, had an uncanny flair for timbre, for giving to instruments passages uniquely and inevitably suited to their own peculiar qualities. Wagner's *Leit-motifs* transformations and developments acquire their vital significance through the orchestra. What would the 'Ring' be without the bass clarinet, or 'Tristan' without the cor anglais? Works such as Ravel's Quartet or Septet lose their *raison d'être* if played on any other combination. Colour (despite its dangerous associations of orchestral fireworks and theosophist speculations) would appear to be the only satisfactory term to cover adequately the meaning, and by this there is implied not the identification of a particular colour with a particular sound or tonality, but rather the subtle interplay of lights and shadows. Colour must be wooed and loved for its own sake, and not merely used as a servant, to be summoned and dismissed at will.

Here, then, are composers divided generally into architecturalists and colorists, and here the seeming paradox resolves itself. The music of the architecturalist can stand alone and aloof, and requires no reference to or assistance from associations not absolutely contained in the music. The music of the colorist, on the other hand, requires intense exactness in presentation, and welcomes associations—literary and pictorial—in so far as they can contribute to this exactness. While, as we have seen, Bach transfers movements from one cantata to another, Mozart never fails to distinguish between the *dramatis personæ* in his operas, and songs (and, still less, overtures cannot possibly be changed from one work to another. While Beethoven was comparatively little sensitive to the significance of words—witness 'Fidelio' and the Scottish Songs—Debussy turned deliberately for his texts to the Symbolists and *les Décadents*. Picasso and Derain, in 'The Three-Cornered Hat' and 'La Boutique Fantasque,' have openly allied themselves with de Falla and Rossini. Beethoven detested being asked what his music meant, but Scriabin had to plunge into the intricacies of theosophy in explanation of 'Prometheus.'

Many musicians, too—Berlioz, Wagner, Schumann, Saint-Saëns, Cyril Scott, and others—have changed the pen of the composer for that of the author (with varying degrees of success, to be sure!), and musical criticism has assumed a new value and import in assessing the *mot juste* and determining whether the composer has or has not given the most complete and epigrammatic turn to a phrase or melody. The more recent art forms that have been cultivated—*genre* music, the symphonic poem, the music drama, the ballet—lean towards a union with other arts, and not towards an isolation of the music (despite the reaction now in favour of the small orchestra and the *concerto grosso* of the 18th century). The wider education of modern composers, the more prominent part they take in the body politic, and the technical improvements in the construction of musical instruments, are all pertinent, without doubt, but do not explain everything. As was said above, it is a question not of centuries, but of states of mind. The painters Cézanne and Monet offer almost an exact instance. The former

occupied himself with synthesis, the latter with analysis; the former was interested in the ensemble, the latter in the details. Cézanne declared that 'il n'y pas de lignes, il n'y pas de modèle, il n'y que des contrastes,' and Manet that 'le personnage principal d'un tableau, c'est la lumière.'

Of course no division, theoretical or chronological, can be absolutely conclusive, and, in a sense, the qualities of neither architecture nor colour can ever be wholly absent from a work of art. A sense of form and a feeling for expression must both be manifest, otherwise the music remains lifeless and inert. Further, universality is the distinguishing feature of genius; it is only a question whether the particular proceeds from the universal, or whether the universal is reached from the particular. It depends from what standpoint the composer views his art. The spiritual realist achieves beauty almost in spite of music; the inspired craftsman (not technician) achieves beauty almost because of music. Who is bold enough to say that one is better than the other?

HINDU MUSIC AND DANCING IN AMERICA.

Mrs. Taraknath Das writing in *The Modern Review* on the achievement of Ragini Devi says :—

In the west, in the field of music and dancing a new era has come. On the one hand, a large number of restless people are seeking for a new road to newer sensation or sensualism, are exhibiting an unrestrained craze for so-called new music known as "Jazz," on the other hand, some serious students of music and dancing find in Hindu music and dance a new inspiration, not sensual which stirs one's soul and leads to sublime ecstasy.

The music of the future will embody new ideas of harmony and melody - finer notes, intricate and subtle variations and improvisations which will exemplify the beauty of "Ragas" of Hindu music. Spiritual communion through music, enchanting life through music, soothing nerves and creating harmony and poise in everyday life through music, deepest emotions of life, are a few phases of Hindu music, the divine art.

In all ages and among all peoples, dancing has played a significant part in the finer as well as coarser spheres of life. Religious dances, folk dances with all simplicity often give clearer interpretation of the mode of life of a people than written volumes. Hindu dancing in its varied phases is now attracting attention of many, who seek charm and beauty of human movements and expressions. Some time ago, Mme. Ruth St. Dennis introduced a few postures of Hindu dancing in her programme, and Mme. Pavlova lately in ballet productions incorporated something of Hindu dancing. However, Ragini Devi is the first one, so far as my knowledge goes, who has presented a comprehensive programme of Indian music and dancing to the American public.

Fortunately, Ragini Devi is not an ordinary dancer or singer, but she is an artist of extraordinary ability. She, with her thorough knowledge of Hindu and western music, is trying to give that interpretation of music and dancing of the Hindus, which the west can appreciate and understand. She interprets the music, ancient modern, including, the spirit of the sublimest poems of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, depicting pathos, love and guileless simplicity, where vulgarity has no place. She is imbued with a spirit of exaltation in beauty and conscious of her mission, which she once described to me as follows :—

"One of the finest phases of Hindu life—their music and dancing—must not be allowed to remain unknown to the world. The world should know of it; and the great masters should ponder over the possibility of its revival and renovation for the whole world. Russian music and dancing have acquired distinction in the world of fine arts; similarly, if properly interpreted, Hindu music and dancing

can very easily do the same. Some people who love Hindu music and dancing must give their lives for it. I love India and I am trying to find the beauty of my life through Hindu music and dancing to which I have consecrated my life."

Ragini Devi is the most out-standing and unique pioneer, engaged in interpreting the best of Hindu music and dancing to the west.

Ragini Devi has a charming personality and excellent voice, necessary and indispensable requisites for success. Her recent elaborate programme, given in the Hampden Theatre (New York), which is conducted by Mr. Walter Hampden, the best living American actor and producer, brought out the following interesting criticism from Mr. Albert Coates, Guest Conductor of New York Symphony Orchestra.

"Ragini's music is amazing, I have seldom been so interested; and the instruments are very fine also. This Hindu music is absolutely unique and I cannot help thinking that it would create a great interest in America."

Mr. W. J. Henderson, the well-known critic, writes in the *Sun* (New York):—

"Ragini's dancing to Hindu airs and singing of India's classic melodies is considered the most artistic and reliable of its kind . . . found in the United States. Her attractive numbers were many and varied, and she both sang and danced with picturesque and subtle charm.

The comment of the *New York Times* is no less flattering.—

"The songs and dances of Ragini won her audience with simple truth of graceful interpretations rare to see in the theatre."

Ragini began her work quietly and to-day she has received national recognition in America. She is sought among select circles for her performances. The following is typical of innumerable press notices of her splendid work. *The Atlanta Georgian* writes:—

"Haunting airs which wandered rhythmically, giving mystical suggestiveness, time and place to words from Hindu sacred writings, to epics, to modern lyric classics of Rabindranath Tagore, and to the dances of the temples, emotional, seductive, yet with a distinctive moral tone; all these in happiest combination intrigued the interest of the large audience assembled Wednesday afternoon in the auditorium of the Atlanta Woman's Club to hear Ragini in a programme of Hindu music offered by the Fine Arts Club . . . Whether in Sanskrit chant or in the love songs from India's historical epics, there was unmistakable evidence of high caste combined with winsomeness . . . The dancing also of Ragini was truly Indian. Almost one stood among the bazars where the vendors, with pretty bodily gyrations, appealing eyes and tinkling of bells upon well-shaped ankles offered their entrancing wares of mystical charm . . . One of the most delightful numbers ever given in Atlanta; certainly the most colorful and interesting programme of its present season."

Ragini Devi is not only an accomplished singer and dancer, but she also plays the "Sitar and Tambura" exquisitely. The music lovers of the west are grateful to Ragini for her work of introducing and popularising something so beautiful of the life of Orient; and the people of India may well be proud of her achievement and devotion to her mission.

FOLK-MUSIC.

Our readers will remember that in the April number of *Shama'a* the subject of "European-Balladry" was dealt with in the "Notes and Comments." Dr. A. A. Bake writing in *The Visva Bharati Quarterly* emphasises the true importance of Folk-Music.

Let us see how it stands with folk-song. As men on special occasions used to *tell* their legends and stories, so they used to *sing* their ballads,—some on traditional or sacred subjects, others without any bonds of tradition or religion,—only to enliven a festive assembly, simply to entertain both guests and hosts. Innumerable were the occasions on which songs were indispensable. Births, marriages, deaths, the yearly festivals both religious and profane, all had their special songs; and also in daily life, accompanying the work, or at evening time in the gatherings before the night's rest, songs, accompanied sometimes with dances, had their place. In fine, any happening might be celebrated by a ballad or song.

This is true for every country in the world. To take an example from India: I know that there is a group of ballad-singers in Chamba, a little hill-state in the Punjab, who wander about with their various instruments singing the deeds of heroes of times long past, and also commemorating important facts of the present. One of their modern ballads even sings the praises of the opening of a new post office in Chamba-town, thus unconsciously acclaiming, in this beautiful and necessary institution, one of the very causes of their own imminent death! Modern life has a levelling tendency; as the outlook widens, the idea of a very small group, say one village community, gets lost; the boundaries, imaginary or real, vanish; and with them the particularities that distinguished it and gave it individuality. People go from the village to the town, and forget their village traditions, or laugh at them, leaving them to die with the old people who have stayed where they were born.

Newspapers, and in late years the cinemas, with their general news and standardised ideas, do their share in destroying the old specialisations. There is no need any more for the poetic version of the ballad-singers, the people get the same information more accurately perhaps and certainly quicker through the papers; of course the foreign music, brought so easily within everybody's reach by cheap printed records, naturally comes and takes the place of the old songs, that, with their queer modes, and often endless number of strophes, had to be memorised with difficulty.

Exactly the same thing happened to the sister-art of folk-dance. The traditional dances executed on different occasions were gradually discarded for the new imported varieties. This natural process has been going on with extraordinary speed during the last twenty years, but it began much earlier. Practically the whole of the last century shows it, along with the development of industrial life at the expense of rural life. As remarked above, this is true for every country in the world, with differences in detail due to local conditions. It is the sad but natural consequence of the modern way of living.

Then the writer refers to the attempts made by artists and scientists to collect the old songs. He concludes—

The aim of all this activity is not merely theoretical, nor vaguely æsthetical. More and more are thoughtful people becoming conscious of the educational and moral value of having one's music,—music that is of the soul of the people,—not imported from outside. Folk-song though general in its appeal, is particular in its character, and it is very easy after some training to recognise the vital characteristics of the song of any country.

In countries like England where its own music began to be despised ever since it became the fashion, some two centuries ago, to adore Italian music, and thereafter when with the reign of a foreign House, the music brought along with the Court was given preference at the expense of the products of the land itself, the situation is particularly urgent, and folk-song and folk-dance societies are now trying, with the help of the educationalists to revive the people's love for what originated from their own soil. In other countries, also, where the indigenous music has not fallen upon such decay, the movement in

favour of folk-songs and dances is flourishing. In Germany the vigorous youth-movements have taken up folk-music, as also specially the Socialists, notwithstanding their international ideas, who are trying to introduce folk-songs and folk-dances amongst their youth-groups, as a recreation.

Nothing can give more satisfaction and happiness than the culture of what is so deeply related with our own soul, even if that relationship might have been forgotten for a time. We cannot be real internationalists without contributing to the world that which is most really ourself. Of that real self the music that grew out of the soil is a vital expression.

AIR-SPACE AND SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

The same magazine contains a brilliant article by Dr. Hans Koester, suggesting new points of contact between Hinduism and Christianity. Reference is made to the discussions the writer once had with "an outstanding representative of Hinduism."

We came to speak about how to the meditant the air begins to reveal its own inspirations. It is a wonderful phenomena when the first knowledge dawn upon us that the immense air-space is, in its own way, a source for getting into contact with the spiritual world. We are involved in a permanent participation with that great reality by our own breathing through day and through night. And at moments we become aware of the spiritual side of that physical function. With its regular rhythm— independent as it is our personal will—it gives us a taste of cosmic rule. Now, concentrating our mind upon that experience, we seem to find expressed in the two opposite movements of breathing in and out, the two opposite aspects in which the world makes its appearance to us. However these may be called—the invisible and visible, the uncreated and the created, the spiritual and the physical,—they are mirrored, they are somehow contained in this sensual suprasensual function.

If one goes further in the search for a deeper explanation, two different dominant spiritual realities are found to be lying behind them. These are named in Hinduism: Shiva and Shakti. In our breathing-in: the deepest consciousness of the uncreated, the unmoved, passive state of *Nothing*, Shiva is revealed; in breathing-out Shakti appears,—the *creator-femina*, the builder of worlds and men, very *Being* herself. But just as breathing in and out have their point of coincidence where the one ceases and the other starts, so too have Shiva-Shakti; when combined, as they are in the last reality, they give what is known as the first sound, the creator's first *mantram*—*Aum*. The sacred Sanskrit language reveals this fact in showing that the names Shiva and Shakti are both derived from that sound word. Indeed the breath leads the spiritual man to the deepest and most sacred ground of the cosmos.

Now, deeper Christianity, that is to say, Christianity in its very essence, agrees entirely with this esoteric experience of Hinduism, that the human breath can lead us to the spiritual realities of the world. There is, and indeed there can be, no difference in regard to their use of the objective method. Moreover, worked out as it was in Brahmanic India centuries ago, Christianity, still inexperienced therein, may learn a great deal about it from this country.

Thus, the air and the spiritual breathing are common facts and experiences, known both to Hinduism and Christianity. It is a mistake to believe that either of these great systems that have discovered the spiritual ground of the world, has a claim to preference by reason of any greater extent of such ground explored. In their essence both of them penetrate every inch of all being. Neither can it be said that both of them are not equally fit to elevate man to his highest spiritual achievement. Wonderful examples of holiness and wisdom produced by them can be put forward by both. The difference lies in the objective quality, in their original germ.

What I mean to say will become clear if the spiritual process of breathing, as understood and used in Christianity, be considered. All the strength, all the aroma of reality, which enters us as

we breathe-in, is accepted by it too as coming from the great spiritual force of which we are participants; and also that in breathing-out we experience the particular aspect of form which gives shape to the world. But in realising this we notice that we are becoming stronger in our spiritual coherence, that objectively something is created. Taking both processes together they make a consistent whole,—to put it shortly, they develop within us into the resurrection-body of Christ, of which, so it is realised, the breathing-in forms what lives as the blood in our physical body and to which the breathing-out gives its upright shape.

We know that, acting as we do, we are building up an eternal body, not for ourselves only, but as the germ of the whole future. You see there are two different kinds of breathing, both of them true and each justified in its own way. One of them—the Hindu way—leads to the first origin, to the unuttered sound *Aum*. The Christian method has in itself that inherent spiritual seed out of which there emanates,—however you may call it—*Christ so far as His risen spiritual being is constituted by air*.

So much for the air fact, or the air-*tattva* as you might express it. But in order to show that this esoteric difference, indeed this cosmical difference, is effective too with regard to the other *tattvas* mentioned before, I may mention yet another point that we touched upon in our conversation. It referred to the earth-*tattva*. I tried to explain to my friend, how the mineral earth substance is realised in Christianity under the form of the cross. There is indeed no deeper symbol signifying the structure of the mineral world, and the death connected with it, than that.

If we try to identify ourselves with it, as has to be done in our meditation, we can feel as if our body is fixed to the world, whereupon we may become aware of what it really means to be connected, as we are through our body, with the mineral substances of the earth. By the old sages the idea is mentioned that within the earth there is to be found a man crucified on a cross. This cross and this man we are ourselves as far as our earthly body is concerned. Where the two lines meet is the point of death, which we have consciously to hold before ourselves, in order to explore the full significance of that picture.

In going through that experience in full awareness, another view is revealed. Round that point of death, in the centre of the cross, there appears a circle of red blossoms, conveying to us the certainty of resurrection. Resurrection is a reality, as death is a reality. It is not the conviction of everlasting life to which death is only a passage. On the contrary, it may be said that everything we have experienced in our meditation on the cross, is death; but after that there comes the realisation of a new life. When I spoke to my friend of that meditation on the cross, which is principally Christian, he told me that in Hinduism there was quite a similar form of meditation. It is that which is represented by the symbol of the *Lingam* upon the *Yoni*. Both together—and they are always connected—they give the form of a cross. It has to be meditated on as the symbol of all creation,—this unity in duality underlying every form of life. But the similarity goes still further. My friend told me that the meditant on this *Lingam-Yoni* symbol also concentrates himself on the point where both of them cross one another. There he sees an open space of circular shape, which conveys to him the deepest secret of all origin.

Indeed that is a very important parallel,—the cross with the blossom-circle round the middle of the upright and horizontal line, and the *Lingam-Yoni* symbol with its circular opening where both meet. There are in both of them the two lines in the form of a cross and, spiritually seen, the circle and the opening: the unity in duality.

But very clearly too appears here their difference. In Hinduism we are led back where the origin of all life is at work; the unity of all duality is seen where the latter has not yet actually appeared.

Moreover all duality is recognised as in reality not existing. There is but one opening before us,—the opening of the fountain out of which all life has emanated. Therefore as in reality there is no duality, there is no reality, no death either. That which as *matter* in the outer world is the strongest proof of the opposite, and therefore of duality, stands quite outside. The underlying unity is experienced in the symbol of life itself.

The cross, on the other hand principally symbolises the very fact of death, and goes to show what the hard matter is; duality is seen as the very existing fact that governs us. No way back to any origin is shown. The only solution of the cross is death. What we do see in the blossoms-circle is unity *after* duality. In realising these red blossoms on the black cross, we experience the glory of life by going through death. We participate in that new life by building up in ourselves a corresponding body which holds in itself spiritual matter taken from the *earth*, and which withstands death. In this way we again become part of the risen Christ. As by meditative breathing we constituted this "body" as far as it was constituted by air, so now the meditant does the same inasmuch as he bears in himself the spiritual elements of the earth-mother. Therefore the meditation on the cross is for us a method of realising, of developing, that spiritual *earth* body of Christ, of which the standing cross is its shape, of which the blossoms are its very heart's blood.

So indeed do the *tattvas*, *air* and *earth*, afford a useful basis for showing important similarities and differences between Hinduism and Christianity; what has been pointed out with regard to these two could be shown to apply also in the case of others. However, what we have already said may suffice for the present purpose, as the principle appears to have become clear. Those *tattvas* which in Hinduism are used in order to go back where all creation has its origin (and where at the very end, it may disappear again) are received in Christianity as the basis from which a new creation may be built up.

YISHNU OCCULTISM: THE PANCHARATRA.

"Mysticism in Maharashtra" by Prof. Ranade is the third volume that is now published of the 16 volumes undertaken by the Academey of Philosophy and Religion, Poona, in its preparation of an Encyclopædic History of Indian Philosophy. The subject of the Pancharatra is concisely treated, and this and the following note are taken from the first chapter of Prof. Ranade's book. We hope they will be a helpful introduction to our readers for a study of the subject.

This indeed did happen as the Pancharatra doctrine came to be formulated and developed. The doctrine has its roots so far back as at the times of the Mahabharata, though later on it came to be taught as a separate occult doctrine. We are concerned here, however, only with its later theological development, and not with its origin. We have to see how the Pancharatra was a system of occult Vishnu worship. The system derived its name from having contained five different disciplines, namely, Ontology, Liberation, Devotion, Yoga and Science. Its central Occult doctrine was that Divinity was to be looked upon as a being fourfold, that Vishnu manifests himself in the four different forms of Vasudeva, Sankarshana, Pradyumna and Aniruddha. These are called the four Vyuhas, that is to say, "disintegrations" of the one Divinity into four different aspects. Now the supreme Godhead was regarded as possessing six different powers, namely, Jnana, Aisvarya, Sakti, Bala, Virya and Tejas. These six qualities were to be "shoved off" into three different groups. The first and the fourth constitute the first group and belong to Sankarshana. The second and the fifth constitute the second

group and belong to Pradyumna. The third and the sixth constitute the third group and belong to Aniruddha. In fact, it seems that the whole Pancharatra scheme was based upon the worship of the Vasudeva family: Sankarshana was Vasudeva's brother, Pradyumna his son, Aniruddha his grand-son. Each of these three Vyuhās, with its set of two qualities each, was identical with Vasudeva in possession of all the six qualities. When, however, we remember that the last three qualities, namely Bala, Virya and Tejas are merely a reduplication of the third quality, namely Sakti, the sixfold scheme of qualities falls to the ground, and what remain is only the three primary qualities, namely Jnana, Aisvarya and Sakti. These three belong severally to Sankarshana, Aniruddha and Pradyumna, and collectively to Vasudeva himself. There is also a cosmological sense in which the three last Vyuhās are to be regarded as being related to the first, namely, Vasudeva. They are a series of emanations, one from another, like one lamp lit from another. From Vasudeva was born Sankarshana, from Sankarshana, Pradyumna, and from Pradyumna, Aniruddha. This is as much as to say, that from the Self was born the Prakriti, from the Prakriti, the Mind, and from Mind, Consciousness. Dr. Grierson has put the whole cosmological case of the Pancharatras in a lucid fashion: "Vasudeva first creates Prakriti and passes at the same time into the phase of conditioned spirit, Sankarshana. From the association of Sankarshana with the Prakriti, Manas is produced, at the same time Sankarshana passes into the phase of conditioned spirit known as Pradyumna. From the association of Pradyumna with the Manas springs the Samkhya Ahankara, and Pradyumna passes into a tertiary phase known as Aniruddha. From Ahankara and Aniruddha spring forth the Mahabhutas." This was how the four Vyuhās came to be endowed with a cosmological significance. Vishnu, however, whose manifestations all the four Vyuhās are supposed to be, is endowed by the Pancharatra scheme with two more qualities, namely Nigraha and Anugraha, which, when paraphrased freely, might mean destruction and construction, disappearance and appearance, frown and favour, determinism and grace. The theistic importance of the Pancharatra comes in just here that it recognises the principles of "grace." The grace of the Divinity is compared to a shower of compassion which comes down from heaven: it droppeth as the gentle rain upon the place beneath. The Pancharatra rarely uses Advaitic language, and had it not been for the doctrine of the Antaryamin, which, as Dr. Scharader has pointed out, is its point of contact with Pantheism, it would not have much in common with the Advaitic scheme. It does not support the illusionistic doctrine of the Advaita, and its Occultism is seen writ large upon its face in its disintegration of the one Divinity into four aspects, which acquire forthwith an equal claim upon the devotion of the worshipper.

THE BHAGAVATA AS A STOREHOUSE OF ANCIENT MYSTICISM.

We have hitherto considered the occult movements, both Vaishnavite and Saivite, which spring from the days of the Mahabharata to end in utterly sectarian systems, each of which tries to develop its dogma in its own particular way. We shall now consider the Mystic movement proper, for which our texts are the Bhagavata, the Narada Bhakti Sutra and the Sandilya Bhakti Sutra. These three works represent the Mystic development of thought which probably runs side by side with the Occult movement on the one hand which we have already considered, and the Philosophic movement which we shall consider a little further on. That the Bhagavata influenced systems of philosophical thought like those of Ramanuja and Madhva, that it had by that time earned sufficient confidence from the people to be used as a text-book, that it is the repository of the accounts of the greatest mystics from very ancient times, that, though some of its language may be modern, it contains archaisms of expression and diction which may take it back to the early centuries of the Christian era—all these facts make it impossible that the Bhagavata should have been written, as is sometimes contended, about the 12th century A. D., pointing out unmistakably that it must have been written earlier, *pari passu* with

the development of early philosophical systems, so as ultimately, in course of time, to be able to influence later formulations of thought. The Bhagavata, as we have pointed out, is a repository of the accounts of the Ancient Mystics of India, and if we may seek for some types of mystics in the Bhagavata, we may find a number of such types, which later on influenced the whole course of the Mystic movement. Dhruva, in the first place, is a child prince who leaves his kingdom and the world when he is insulted by his step-mother and who, in the agonies of his insult, seeks the forest where he meets the spiritual teacher who imparts to him the knowledge of the way to God, and who ultimately succeeds in realising His vision (IV. 8). Prahlada, the son of the Demon-King, whose love to God stands unvanquished in the midst of difficulties, whose very alphabets are the alphabets of devotion, who escapes the dangers of the fire and the mountain when his earnestness about God is put to the test, supplies another example of a pure and disinterested love to God, so that he is able to say to God when he sees Him—"I am Thy disinterested Devotee. Thou art my disinterested Master. But if Thou wishest to give me any boon at all, bestow upon me this boon, that no desire should ever sprung up within me" (VII. 10). Uddhava is the friend of God, whose love to Him stands the test of time, and of philosophical argument (X. 46). Kubja, the crooked concubine, who conceived apparently a sexual love towards Krishna, had her own sexuality transformed into pure love, which made her ultimately the Beloved of the Divine (X. 42). Even the Elephant who lifted up his trunk to God when he found his foot caught hold of by the great Alligator in the sea, supplies us with another illustration as to how even animals might be lifted up by devotion, and as to how God might come even to their succour in the midst of their afflictions (VIII. 23). Sudaman, the poor devotee, who has no other present to offer to God except a handful of parched rice, is ultimately rewarded by God who makes him the lord of the City of Gold (X. 80-81). Ajamila, the perfect sinner, who is merged in sexuality towards a pariah woman, gets liberation merely by uttering the Name of God at the time of his death (VI. 1-2). The sage Ajagara, who lives a life of idle contentment and of unconscious service to others, has derived his virtues from a Serpent and a Bee whom he regards as his spiritual teachers (VII. 13). Rishabhadeva, whose interesting account we meet with in the Bhagavata, is yet a mystic of a different kind, whose utter carelessness of his body is the supreme mark of his God-realisation. We read how, having entrusted to his son Bharata the kingdom of the Earth, he determined to lead a life of holy isolation from the world; how he began to live like a blind or a deaf or a dumb man; how he inhabited alike towns and villages, mines and gardens, mountains and forests; how he never minded however much he was insulted by people, who threw stones and dung at him, or subjected him to all sorts of humiliation; how in spite of all these things his shining face and his strong-built body, his powerful hands and the smile on his lips, attracted even the women in the royal harems; how he was in sure possession of all the grades of happiness mentioned in the Upanishads, how ultimately he decided to throw over his body; how, when he had first let off his subtle body go out of his physical body, he went travelling through the Karnatak and other provinces, where, while he was wandering like a lunatic, naked and lone, he was caught in the midst of a great fire kindled by the friction of bamboo tree; and how finally he offered his body in that fire as a holocaust to God (V. 5-6). Avadhuta is yet a mystic of a different type who learns from his twenty-four Gurus different kinds of virtues such as Forbearance from the Earth, Luminosity from the Fire, Unfathomableness from the Ocean, Seclusion from a Forest, and so on until he ultimately synthesises all these different virtues in his own unique life (XI. 7). Suka, in whose mouth the philosophico-mystical doctrines of the Bhagavata are put, is the type of a great mystic who practises the philosophy that he teaches, whose mystical utterances go to constitute the whole of the Bhagavata, and who sums up his teaching briefly in the 87th chapter of the Xth Skandha of the Bhagavata, where he points out the necessity of a Spiritual Teacher, of Devotion, and of the Company of the Good for a truly mystical life. Finally, Krishna himself, who is the hero of the Xth and the XIth Skandhas of the Bhagavata, who on account of his great spiritual powers, might be regarded as verily an incarnation of God, whose relation to the Gopis has been entirely misrepresented and

misunderstood, whose teachings in essence do not differ from those advanced in the Bhagavadgita, who did not spare his own family when arrogance had seized it, who lived a life of action based upon the highest philosophical teaching, and who, when the time of his departure from earthly existence had come, offered himself to be shot by a hunter with an arrow, thus making a pretext for passing out of mortal existence, supplies us with the greatest illustration of a mystic who is at the top of all the other mystics mentioned in the Bhagavata Purana.

REVIEW

Anthroposophy in India by Dr. Hans Koester

(Published by Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta and Simla.)

This little book has four chapters, namely, (1) The Philosophic Basis of Anthroposophy (2) The Cosmic Man in Space (3) The Cosmic Man in Time (4) The Spiritual Basis of Anthroposophy. The author has briefly indicated the general outlines of "the new spiritual movement in Germany" which may be said to represent the attempts made in Europe to view man as "a cosmico-spiritual unit." It is claimed in the preface that "the west in its own way can reach as great a depth as was sounded by spiritual India." Let us hope one day it shall; but it will be difficult for the normal reader to accept such pretensions on the evidence contained in the slender volume such as the one under review. However, in fairness to the writer it must be mentioned that he was perhaps only trying to make this country familiar with movement associated with the name of Dr. Rudolf Steiner. The book is valuable for the lucidity with which an abstruse subject is dealt with and shows that the author has really grasped some of the fundamental ideas of Indian Spirituality.

It will be interesting to follow the author's treatment of the philosophical background of this new movement. According to Kant it was not within human power to acquire any knowledge of the "thing-in-itself." But Fichte held that we have to develop a new inner organ of perception and with the help of this sense a new world is revealed. This, says our author is a "discovery" of the "Self as an organ of Consciousness." Then came Hegel who postulated that mental activity had the power of reproducing the working of the objective spirit. Lastly, it was Bergson who regarded that thinking alone was incapable of penetrating objective reality, and gave to the west the conception of *L'intuition creatrice*, that is to say, thinking in conjunction with emotion, sympathetic feeling, was considered capable of creative knowledge. It is at this stage that Anthroposophical investigations take up the subject. Attempts of Hegel and Bergson to transcend the Kantian limits of knowledge by means of thought and emotion merely are rejected as unsuitable to metaphysical speculation. Instead we are given the formula—"the spiritual reality of free will." Says our author "Anthroposophy affirms that there are in man hidden and dormant forces that can be awakened. It explains that the thinking faculties developed in ordinary life do not suffice to transcend the limit of common experience. Yet contrary to theosophical opinion which frequently discards these ordinary means of perception in favour of the development of the so-called higher organs of perception. Anthroposophy maintains that the logically precise and mathematically trained mind is a possession worth preserving since it embodies a technique which enables the thinker to become conscious of his own Self. This consciousness of the Self, gained through thinking, becomes the basis of higher knowledge. It reveals itself as a volitional element of spiritually creative power that inspires thought. When this depth of the Self is reached then only is metaphysical speculation overcome and replaced by a truly intuitive perception." Thus is apparently accomplished a synthesis of philosophical thought. In the second and third chapters, the author shows how with the expansion of consciousness the limitations of space and time disappear even according to the western method. What exactly that method is, the book does not say, except that there are certain references to meditation and concentration. The profound spiritual phenomena

described in the Bhagavat Gita where Sri Krishna projected his Visva-rupa ; the truths of re-incarnation and Karma, of Kalpa and Pratikalpa—are some of the topics touched upon in the book for the purpose of showing how the western approach to those problems have been. Special mention ought to be made of the wonderful clarity with which the author has analysed some of the implications underlying the luminous conceptions of Ardhanarísvara and Shiva-Sakti.

Such a book, while it shows that even the west is feeling the impact of the Spirit and the unseen urge of the divine, must also teach us to discard the ignorant prejudice that western civilisation is all rank materialism, and perhaps teach some others that spirituality is not after all an Indian superstition.



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OUR FRONTISPIECE

“**R**OSE-RHYTHM” is a portrait of Katherine Dillon, the dancer, by the English artist, J. D. Fergusson. Charles Marriot writing in *Shama'a* (July, 1920), says—

“ . . . it presents a much more solid and concrete surface than is usual in Eastern art. There is no passive acceptance of space, but every part of the canvas is actively organised. The constructive intellect as well as the emotion and technical skill of the artist has been at work throughout. The curl of the rose-petal has been taken as the unit of the design but it has been produced, as a mathematician would say, in three dimensions—to suggest depth as well as length and breadth. A plan of the picture would be as highly organised as its elevation. Yet there is no illusion to the eye in the sense of realistic relief. The relief is mental rather than optical. Where the realistic painter would have employed a cast shadow to project the forms, Fergusson employs a line.”

THE Spirit is a higher infinite of verities ; life is a lower infinite of possibilities which seek to grow and find their own truth and fulfilment in the light of these verities. Our intellect, our will, our ethical and our æsthetic being are the reflectors and the mediators. The method of the West is to exaggerate life and to call down as much—or as little—as may be of the higher powers to stimulate and embellish life. But the method of India is on the contrary to discover the spirit within and the higher hidden intensities of the superior powers, and to dominate life in one way or another so as to make it responsive to, and expressive of, the spirit and in that way increase the power of life. Its tendency with the intellect, will, ethical, æsthetic and emotional being is to sound indeed their normal mental possibilities, but also to upraise them towards the greater light and power of their own highest intuitions. The work of the renaissance in India must be to make this spirit, this higher view of life, this sense of deeper potentiality once more a creative, perhaps a dominant power in the world. But to that truth of itself it is as yet only vaguely awake ; the mass of Indian action is still at the moment proceeding under the impress of the European motive and method and, because there is a spirit within us to which they are foreign, the action is poor in will, feeble in form and ineffective in results, for it does not come from the roots of our being. Only in a few directions is there some clear light of self-knowledge. It is when a greater light prevails and becomes general that we shall be able to speak, not only in prospect, but in fact, of the renaissance of India.

SRI AUROBINDO GHOSE

CHILD FANCIES

TO PRAHLAD RAJAM

When I put you in the earth, Poppy seed
 Poppy seed
I wonder are you cold. Are you lonely, do you need
 A little glow-worm spark
 Near your cradle in the dark
Till you fall asleep and dream yourself a flower,
 Poppy seed ?

When the dewy sunbeams call Dragonfly
 Dragonfly
The bumble bees and humming birds I wonder are you shy
 In such a crowd to spread
 Your wings of green and red
And go gathering golden honey from the lotus
 Dragonfly ?

When you reach the shining sky, *Ababeel*
 Ababeel
Do you touch the stars behind the clouds, do you feel
 Brave enough to talk
 With the eagle and the hawk
Tho' you are just a tiny singing-bird
 Ababeel ?

SAROJINI NAIDU

27th July, 1927.

EACH RELIGION IS A WORK OF ART

BY W. G. RAFFE

The fundamental unity of art with religion is the sufficient reason why every religion appears as a work of art. We are accustomed to accept the part played by art in its symbolism of revealed religion, or even to admit that some religions forbid the practice of certain arts, but seldom has the concept of art been wide enough to admit religions, the highest of man's creative work, into the realm of art. If we consider the problem from the higher standpoint of unity we shall eliminate thereby many confusing side issues which distract but do not aid in solving our difficulty. Works of art are many, and religions are many, but Religion is one, and the Spirit of Art is one with the Spirit of Religion. In both they depend on an essential and internal harmony from which each exfoliates form into a world of forms, and in which each endeavours to achieve a final mastery by a subtle mental suasion rather than by force over the body.

Humanity uses its sciences, empirical, dogmatic, or rational, in work which it does to satisfy its most urgent needs. When these necessities demand the exercise of creative and constructive power to satisfy them, the results are works of art. These activities take place on every level of being : on the physical and material ; in the emotional and vital life ; in the intellectual and rational mind ; and in the superlative realm of the intuitional ego, the transcendental world of primary causes. Nature is the sounding board and the bright mirror which resists and reflects the inherent will, yet causes the creation of form by that very resistance, without which would be no life, no art and no creation of any kind. Art is not an affair merely of the emotions ; still less is it solely " the expression of the personality " any more than science is the personal knowledge of truth. All that is true in art or science, in philosophy or in religion, does not wait on the acceptance of man for its being, but is impersonal and unswerving and he must obey their conditions for he may not make his own. By obedience he may learn, may know, and eventually he may rule, as his attunement becomes at'one'ment. In philosophy and science, the fixed rule of logic is accepted, but in art and religion it is denied, because theirs is a higher logic, which in contrast with those forms fitting to material conditions seems a logical, even absurd. The skilled mathematician knows that finite numbers are false ; as the crafty politician knows that fixed promises are always false ; as the priest knows that dogma is false.

The common needs of humanity are few and clear. Food and drink, and often shelter, are the prime material needs, and sex the great positive

expression. Emotional experience, and the desire for power, are the great vital needs; as knowledge and the desire for power are the great intellectual needs. Then for the few, or even the many at long intervals, arise the need for something more than simple faith, for that superlative degree of knowledge which concerns the interior self, its origin, its meaning, and its destiny. Those who serve these needs by creative expression are the artists of the race, whatever the form expressed may be, so long as it is intelligible to those addressed by it.

Our common acceptance of works of art as merely material things of the sensuous world is now too narrow: the ultimate significance of art has ever been wider than that. Creative power streams forth from every plane of being, having its origin within the innermost, for all art is the signet of the creative will. And the mightiest forms of art are those in which the principal needs of man are satisfied in one time and place. There is no place greater than the temple, for within its sanctuary, those who have made ready may obtain every satisfaction that is worthwhile. Here, architecture and all the crafts are blended with music and the sacred dance and chants, feeding the senses, the emotions, the intellect, and drawing them all toward that vital union of ideas in the intuitional mind which alone brings the illumination that comes from the burning light of religion. In the early temple all needs were in union and were met with a unified ritual and ceremony designed by the art of skilled priests to bring about the condition of enlightenment. As decay sets in, and religion loses its pristine vitality, skill disappears, and ritual becomes dogma. The hungry sheep look up and are not fed.

Thus unification of satisfaction under a completely intellectual religious control indicates the central nature of both religion and art. Every human need is ended by the satisfaction of union with the object desired. Religion is the process of attainment of the final satisfaction, and religious teaching in every land is the story of the attainment of union. Consequently the symbols of art which is inspired from the same supernal source have union as their main subject. In all folklore, the prince meets and rescues the maiden and they live "happy ever after." All art is the teaching of religion, and the very form of religion itself is created as a work of art by a supreme artist. Each body of teaching is made for its own time and place, addressed to its own people, but all are taken from the same origin. But each in its own way stresses the act of union, and each uses as symbols the facts of the lower world, and even lower modes of union, as types of the higher.

As nature changes her structural forms when the scale alters, so that even the same material takes a different form for the extension of function, so does the subtle symbolism of illuminated art also vary its form. The ideal union

can in no manner be a replica of a lower union, for the linking of soul to soul in emotional sympathy, sharing joy or sorrow, is unlike the merging of mind with idea, which is a larger reflection of the amoeba absorbing its food. These subtler unions are after a different sort than the taking of food within a body. In them we must gain to have, but in the higher we must give in order to possess : such is the subtle mathematic of the infinite.

While religion is alive it continues in the accretion of souls, as vital art continues to throw off created forms, never pausing but for rhythmic rest from act to act, to create yet more. When the upspringing vitality again submerges, the brotherhood of souls disperses, and art itself can continue but as an imitation and a mirror of its past glory, as the spring becomes the stagnant pond. For expressive art is no copy of external nature but of the idea which the creator possesses, emerging into the conflict of material circumstance, blossoming in the world of sense according to its power, its hardihood and the kindness of the passing winds.

Art wells as a flower into being from within the encircling leaves of craftsmanship, yet, though they are first, it rises above and has quite another function. Though it is formed of the same substance, born on the same root, its ultimate necessity is to meet that which is outside to fulfil the communion of its essential nature. Yet no work of art is alive : it does but mark the track of the passing rhythm that made it, as the sands reveal the motion that caused their ripples in the tide that is past. Works of art are but the shadows of life, itself but the shadow of reality, yet each can be true or false to the form of the idea that cast it, according to its steadfastness in the light which reveals all form.

Human art lives only by destroying the forms of nature, and art can copy neither form nor force, nor even safely try, for the very act of imitation prevents the creative force of man expressing its own power, adding to existing limitations. Science may observe the ways of nature, art may use her substance for raw material, but religion must penetrate and understand her principles by the comprehension of the fundamental unity of man with nature, which is symbolised by true art in symbols themselves unified. So in art we may see harmony, itself a symbol in form, and in the creator of art the harmony between him and the greater mode of creation, like revealing like. For art is Janus-like, having two faces, one turned to this nether world, the other gazing full on heavenly things, having an inward report from the shining to the shadow countenance. In the imitation of visible things there is no value, but where constant vision has at last worn thin the veil, we may glance sometimes near the upper side. So religion is formed by art, and so art leads back to religion, and to the rebinding of those that have been severed.

The outward form of religion is born and grows and changes with the flux and flow of inner power, shaping the pomp and circumstance of ritual and creed, even of law and morals, to its own secret end of the ultimate union. Art is not born from ritual, by accident, nor by the unsteady groping of darkened souls, but springs bright and new from living intelligence. How should the blind lead the blind? Ritual is itself the complete form of religious art, after the rhythm has passed, expressing vital wisdom, vital power, and vital unity, guided by the vernal desire, coloured with religious emotion, and bearing on its external form a varied assembly of forms and names that enshroud its meaning so that at last they may be termed myth and deemed false. When ritual becomes fixed, it is already dying, for the forms of art are significant only when they are rounded with youthful vitality, obediently expressive of function and not retardant.

Ritual and ceremonial are the elementary school of religion, yet there are greater ceremonies for some, each in his time as central actor, such as the coronation of the soul on the day of attainment, when the forerunner is at last laid low and from his unregretted body rises, phoenix-like, the new man born of the spirit. "The king of this world is dead," the mystic heralds cry, "long live the king of heaven."

From the stately order and the slow magnificence of social ceremonial where the congregation of watchers, who observe alike art and nature, life and worship, assisting in the misty processes of a joint salvation in the terrible dogma that this can be achieved for them without their own sweat and struggle, we turn to the silent rebels deep in that individual prayer which is constant all their life, oriented to the ever-fixed star, in the work that is at once their prayer and their worship. For the great division in all religions is not betwixt one faith and another, not between one dogma and any other, not even in monotheism as against polytheism, for these are but different stages in the apprehension of truth. The real and profound difference is between that man who worships by himself, in himself, or whether he is still among the flock that must be led, and in company, no matter which, so that all are alike.

This individual aspect is of the ancient East, where each man communes direct with his god, as slave, as servant, or as equal. The social aspect is of the West, where men allowed professionalism to intrude into art and religion: where priests are desired to intercede, but where the stair has broken and become a wall: where once clear glass is now dark and obscures the flame. This is the summit of the process of ritual, the organisation of religious tradition, to the gradual but complete extinction of vital religion, as it is the abyss of art.

Deep in its misty shades, the overpowering of religion can no longer reach, and its light is exchanged for the dim candle of the magician in

ways that are black and inscrutable. The early and radiant magic of the supreme energy that draws men to their god is diminished into a feeble reflection that they mistake for the far-off light, and which they follow to their extinction on the downward path. Always it is the evasion of personal responsibility, always the expectation of divine aid from some external source, themselves doing nothing, deserving nothing. Men have expected the church to supply salvation as they expect the state to supply prosperity, refusing the acknowledgment of their own defect until the state automatically calls them personally to assist in war and strife, just as they would blame an original sin for which they are not responsible, and as they will not realise the absolute necessity of unceasing personal exertion for salvation until the church like the state falls about their ears. Souls are not given to men, complete and readymade, for the world is but a smithy for their hammering out and tempering; and every man must needs make his own, ever as he must eat his own food and bear his own body about the streets. Nature provides soul-stuff as it provides food-stuff, but at the cost of seeking and gathering, of eating and properly assimilating. Though organisations of men may gain food, and organisation may prepare and deliver it, yet finally each man must himself make effort, lest he go hungry and at last die, for what shall it profit a man if he feast with emperors, and his soul starves? Ritual may bring the feasts of mind, but each man must himself consummate the divine union inwardly, and he must make the vital act from his own compelling desire. He may not be merely negative in despair but must be positive towards the urgent joy of atonement, as a lover seeking his bride.

Religion and art rise and fall together because they are born together as the expression and that which is expressed, so that when they are separated from the daily life of the people, the vision is lost and vitality perishes; they become an antidote to life instead of its central theme. Then art is precious, to be taken in small doses during life, a pleasure that is sold and paid for, while religion is to be taken afterwards as reward for having endured life and the absence of art. Such is the external form of ritual that becomes dogma, in art forms that are dusty and dead, mocking the unspoken need of the people with vain repetitions. They ask for the bread of life; they are given the mouldy stones of a long dead art, infossilized forms of dogma. Original ritual is not an instinctive response, for it is then a living and indivisible thing, for ritual is essentially organised and is taught to men who worship ceremonially, not by nature but by art, in the essential social act. As in battle, men move forward with united step and martial song in organised ranks, but when they are broken in panic terror each man flees for himself alone. Towards the mysteries of religion he advances timorously, and must be ranked in psalm and ceremonial to endure the fear, but as his terror changes when he meets the smiling god with the shining

face, he breaks forwards and advances for himself alone. Such is the part and counterpart of ritual and of realisation. No army organises itself save under leaders of experience who can compel by the power that is born of the knowledge of men ; and no religion is organised save under those who have endured the fire. But the modes of discipline are wide apart, one arising interiorly in positive need and the other imposed without consent from without by a negative suppression.

In this discipline art is known from all other labour, for art arises in delight and freedom, standing proudly, yet ever with one foot on the earth, masculine, creative and dominating as the maker of forms. Religion is mystical and unseen in the dark places of the soul, wherein the dauntless searcher seeks the light in this feminine mystery, receptive and alluring. In all great religions is this feminine element the ever-present counterpart of each urgent power, and in them all is signified the will in action and in its yet greater power of inaction and restraint. Not in the absence of will occurs the contemplative act, for wherever there is act, there is will and without will there is neither life nor art nor the vision of art, but it is the higher power of the will to turn within itself and thus to the external gaze seem resting, though its motion is yet more intense and unbending, imperceptible until endeavour is made to disturb it, but resisting like a gyroscopic top. Religion and art are dual, as are all things in the worlds of form, having both an inner and an outer phase, so that the faculty which contemplates religion is also that which contemplates art, one gazing outwardly and the other inwardly, in which act æsthesia is at the other pole of anæsthesia.

Art and religion are the two phases of one power ; two ends of one rod, by which is balanced the visible and unreal world, and the unseen world of reality. Each is the other's efficient cause, and there is no primacy between them, for art has the duty of providing symbols in the world of sense of the mystic union towards which religion must act to ensure the perfection of its aim. Art may alternately record and symbolise, or persuade and orient the soul to its end, for it is the revelation of the essentially unrevealable, the reflection of the light of the resurrected soul.

In all the intimate association of art with religion, this one fundamental fact of union is symbolised in every art, in every land, whether it is called union, atonement, communion, ecstasy, the prodigal's return, absorption, nirvana, Tao or Taliesin, or a thousand other names for the selfsame reality, and in the forms of art it is at once enshrouded and revealed, according to the power of the beholder's perception.

From the common needs of the body to the common needs of the soul, true art constant in its orientation and endeavour, and though it is often diverted

through ignorance by material attractions that turn love into lust, and art to artifice, it still continues and, at the last, always wins. The symbol of taking food and wine is but the outer form which hints at the inner ambrosial sustenance the soul desires. This instinct for bodily food that is the lower union, the taking of something within and making it our own, occurs in all material forms from the gaping amœba to the delicate infant. It is the impressive phase of that bodily power, thence derived and coming only later from the inner creative source, in the expressive phases of bodily union.

Different religions place a different emphasis on their symbols. The *tantra-yoga* of Bengal chose bodily union as its symbol, as did the Sufi mystics and the worshippers of Dianysus; as the Christian emphasis was the communion of food and body; while the Greeks chose the intellectual symbol of Minerva and the beauty that was the form born, Vanus and glorious Aphrodite. The Hindus chose the youthful Krishna, the smiling god who danced as Nataraja through creation in an ecstasy of delight; and Vishnu, whose creative act thrills the whole universe with motion, as the premier symbols of their faith. The inner reality of union is such that art can work in humanity only by reason of its dual form, flashing into visibility as the electric spark that leaps the gap which is the resistance in its path, but where the positive pole is no more indispensable than the negative. And although the masculine urge of art is the seeming creator of form, yet the essential feminine half must remain as the subtle action that silently draws rather than impels. This lack that is slowly eating the heart out of two of the greatest—and most bloodthirsty, for that same reason—religions of the world, has cut them off as both have banished woman from authority and place in them. Christianity and Islam are both shrinking, the older more notably, in effective wordly influence, having thrust woman down to a lower level.

For long ages woman had a rightful place, and not only in the temple but also within the sanctuary, even in Babylon and Chaldea, Egypt and Greece, for it was well understood that her receptive organisation could best become attuned to the small voice of the bright messengers, or to scan their rare visions, which in the surging riot of creative imagination that floods the masculine mind can find no place. Thus at Delphi and at Eleusis and many a lesser shrine, the sybilline oracle had her honorable place within the sanctuary, as the living voice of a vital religion, serving the gods in her own especial manner. What the temple had, the church has lost: it has neither prophet nor sybil; its mystics are few and are disregarded, and the prophets who come are against it. Woman is retained but in image and in wordy ritual: her reality is banished and feared, and her mind subdued, since the church replaced the smiling and reigning king before the cross with the suffering victim fixed to it, a symbol that is false and lacks divine reality.

In the current dogmas, woman takes her equal part in Hinduism, the *pardah* having been adopted only as a defence against Moslem aggression, while in the Christian creeds they are without the pale of authority, having no parts in the ceremonial though rewarded afterwards. Islam sets them apart in mosque and street ; in the house they are servants ; but in Paradises are the reward of the virtuous, though some would claim much in advance. By woman was created the first dance and the first drama, and ritual and ceremonial : now nothing is created and all decays.

In the process of religion, ritual is a crutch, and happy is the man who can at last dispense with it, ceasing to lean on all external aid, walking alone and upright. The man who bows before external authority has not found his own spirit, while for the man who is become whole, no external fiat is for him spiritual authority, but merely temporal power. During this progress we change the venue of our worship from within the temple built by hands to that temple which alone is built without the clangour of iron.

The process of the understanding of art is a parallel path, for we may long search beauty the world over, yet unless we take it with us we shall not find it ; nor shall we find worldly happiness unless our argosy is laden with its own bounty, nor find the true way unless our glass be clear and truly shaped.

All religions are born from Religion, as all works of art are come from the one source of Art, yet the creative power waxes and wanes and passes, leaving its handiwork to fall and decay as all forms must perish ; and when unrighteousness has covered beauty with its mould, the sacred flame must blossom forth again within the sight of earthly man. As though in some vernal equinox, the sun of religion draws nigh and awakens the flower of the soul by its love, and art creates anew for its part the symbolic forms in which the path of the ancient of days must travel. So complete is this association of art with religion, that even in those creeds which prohibit certain phases of art, its creations are none the less inescapable. In true religion only is the real vitality of all great art.

All of the material side of religion is a form of art, in the same way that a city is a work of art, also reflecting the measure of the power of its builders, consisting of the various forms of architecture and all that they contain of the work of man's hands in all their activities. So in creed and dogma, in the ritual, the poetry and the music, as well as the visible form of temple or cathedral, we find the multitude of forms, all oriented to but one end, by which the inward soul of Religion has expressed anew her divine power, in a manner best fitted to some particular people in some definite place and period.

A religion is therefore a work of art, having many factors in common with another work of art, such as architecture. It is necessarily a unity, and conceived in an organic form from its inception, and not a mere thoughtless accretion ; yet, being human, it is just as often incomplete in its visible form, and many a noble religion has come and gone before its flower has fully bloomed, as in a lesser way many a temple or church has grown old yet never been completed as the ideal plan of the first designers had desired. Religion, like building, has its roots in the past, from which the living artist comes as a creator, making all things new, gathering up the remnants of the old and broken forms, often himself breaking the last worn shell, and transmutes them into the new expression for the new race. Religions are organic growths, like the processes of building of cities, and they are ever growing and ever dying, and spring anew in some different place. As architecture is a structure of material form in the visible world so religion is a structure of spiritual ideas in the ideal world, planned for worship and designed for reunion and decorated as ritual by its own vitality. So soon as it becomes fixed and finished, and men cease to labour on it, its life is already past its meridian, for its centre is above itself and lives in the power that creates and not in the thing that is created

So does religion descend into necessary form for intelligible comprehension, and so does the living flower fade into crystalised dogma ; as in art the living form decays and the Philistines come to quote and copy, pretending to find life in decaying blooms that once were beautiful. Living ceremonial is the decoration of religion, as living design decorates with meaning each sacred fane in the full expression of its power, but only so long as they remain alive do they justify their existence. They die in time, and unintelligent copying of ritual descends to dogma, as the copying of ancient decoration descend to mere ornament, which is essentially unintelligent. The garland of living flowers that hung on the Grecian temple wall was copied in stone by the unimaginative Roman. Others copy the Roman. The garland of living truth that was the delight of the early leaders is faded and thick with the trodden dust of years. The high abstractions they taught in the clean-formed world of intellect are dragged down to anthropomorphic form and gross misconceptions, so that from sweet and fragrant currents of that upper world they descend to become "stinking idoles" which no man can excuse and few explain. All our work and all our action is a worship, but after many different kinds of gods, some high, many mainly low, dedicated by intention to one of three tribes : those of destruction, of preservation, or of creation ; and each man's mind is built after the form of the god he follows, for as we think, so we are. And each manner of worship is after one of three modes, in which a man will labour for himself alone, or in the service of others, yet still for his own gain ; or yet again in the service of others

without thought of personal gain. The greatest among men is he that serves in the last manner, having attained power to serve by having had power to attain. The lame man cannot carry the blind, nor can the blind tell the way to those who can but crawl. They who are sick and feeble must travel together, since travel they must, or remain and die by the wayside, yet they travel at the pace of the slowest. Geese fly together, but the eagle flies higher alone.

The way of escape is by imagination, first getting by art the power of imagination, and then subduing this to the domination of the will, as by reason we relieve the body from the domination of the instincts. Man is the maker of forms, and the transformer of forces within himself, and so long as they are unsubdued and uncontrolled, they create trouble and diversity. First making the forms of material art, taking the earth and all that is therein for his workshop, he may create material form by intelligently guided force, neither of them his own, saving the power of possession he gains by knowledge of their law. Then he may create in vitality, then in idea, and in this measure of creation, he creates his own soul, for the artist is greater than all his works, and the outcome of all art is the power of the artist, which not only remains undiminished but grows and flourishes the more it is expended. In the creation of form, matter must be bound within the substance of an idea, and in this it is unified and partakes of the reflex of the vitality that creates. So the spirit of art creates his work and passes onward, having erected in each true work of art another altar to the unknown god.

W. G. RAFFE

IRONY IN THE FOREST

BY LESTER HUTCHINSON

Like a cloud of blood, the morning mist hung over Paris. When a league from the city, Maitre François Villon turned and took his last look at the scene of so many of his pleasures and vicissitudes. There he had been born, there he had studied and thieved, wenched and wined, starved and gorged, laughed and wept. There he had thought to die; even from here he could see the dark silhouette of the Montfauçon gibbet, grim and menacing, casting its shadow over the whole city. Scarcely more than a week ago he had sat in the Châtelet condemned to swing there in rusty chains, food for crows and magpies, who would circle over his head in dismal chorus. . . . François Villon shuddered; then he laughed. Ten years' banishment: and he nearly did not appeal, it seemed so useless. Ten years' banishment. He was still a young man—not much more than thirty. He would return to Saint-Généroux in Poitou; there he had made the acquaintance during his last wanderings of two gentle ladies. With them he would lodge, and while they provided him with the necessities of life he would quietly settle down and write his poems. He would write such poems that his name would be blazoned through the ages and remain famous a thousand years hence. There was no further need to steal; his sad mother and the good Guillaume de Villon had scraped together twelve golden and fifteen silver crowns. Enough for a prince. Once in Poitou he would have no need of money. Heigh-ho! it was good to be alive. And François Villon, newly escaped from the shadow of death, inhaled the sharp December air, set his feet firmly on the hard frozen road and recommenced his journey, resolutely keeping his back to Paris. . . .

The sun was now high in the heavens and ominous dark clouds were gathering round as if about to smother it. The air was still cold although there was a certain feeling of humidity. Villon striving manfully forward with the aid of a stout staff, his legs aching, felt the need of rest and food. He stopped and, sitting down by the roadside, untied the small package on his back, produced some black bread and a piece of cheese and began to eat. After having finished his frugal meal, he leaned back on the hard ground, and listening to the twittering birds, fell asleep. A peasant woman passing stopped to gaze at him. She saw a small, emaciated body like a dry, black twig fallen from a tree. The thin, sallow face, once handsome and now terribly lined, was the face of an old man.

His closed eyes, large and deep-set, seemed unutterably weary with pain and suffering. The woman shook her head pityingly, and, after crossing herself, moved on. Never before had she seen such wasted features. It was as if the Devil, tired of evil, had lain himself down to snatch a few moments' repose. The woman crossed herself again and hurried on her way.

An hour later, the poet stirred, shook himself and arose. The sun had disappeared behind the clouds and one or two flakes of snow had begun to fall. Villon cursed and stretching his stiff legs went on his way. The intermittent flakes became mixed with rain and soon Villon was drenched by a downpour of sleet which the rising wind blew against his face. It was December.

Darkness was approaching—still there was no sign of village or inn and the poet became despondent. He began to shiver, being wet and cold, and could scarcely drag his weary feet along the road. Miserably he forced himself along ; tried to cheer himself by singing some of the bawdy ballads he had sung among the students of Paris, but they seemed to have lost all their flavour. Besides he was frightened : he fancied he could hear the howling of the wolves. He still remembered how as a boy, he had gone with his companions to see the grisly remains of fifteen people who had been torn and devoured at the Porte St. Antoine—within the precincts of Paris itself. That was soon after those cursed English had left the city as a prey for noble bandits and equally ferocious beasts. Then he had watched his mother growing thinner and thinner as she deprived herself of food to give him. How pleased she was the day he had killed a lean, hungry rat with a stick. There were very few rats in Paris those days ; that particular one had lasted the two of them three days—what a luxury it had been. She had been a good mother, poor, ignorant and pious. How she had prayed him to mend his ways, and to live honestly. He could see her even now sadly weeping over his fate. Poor, old woman. He would never see her again. If, after ten years, he should be alive and come back to Paris, he would find her dead, or, perhaps, not find her at all. He and his would all be forgotten. Ten years : nine years too many for the memory of man. All his friends were dead or departed he knew not whither. Colin de Cayeux and Rény de Montigny had long since rotted on provincial gibbets. It might be that the two gentle ladies of St. G  n  roux were also dead, or married, or departed. Perhaps they had forgotten him and would laugh at him when he arrived. It was many years ago since he had made their acquaintance. Since then he had changed a good deal. He had suffered torture and imprisonment in the dungeons of the thrice-cursed Thiboult d'Aussigny at Meung. He had been condemned to the gallows at Montfau  on ; he had starved and much suffered since he had last passed through St. G  n  roux. He could no longer laugh so readily, and

even his poems had taken on a gloomy tone. He had laughed so much that he could no longer laugh ; he had wept so that he could no longer weep. No ; the ladies would no longer recognise him ; or if they should, they would not want a gloomy bag of bones in their house. He could see before him only the same life of vagabondage and crime, the same life with the only logical end—the Rope. It would have been better if he had been hanged with Colin de Cayeux at Monpipeau. Death—and after ? He fervently hoped that there was no hereafter. Religion had taught him that Heaven was not for sinners. According to that teaching, he would suffer as much after death as he had during his life. He hoped there was no God, no Devil ; no Heaven, no Hell. He had suffered enough, now he wanted peace and quiet. There was no peace in the world ; everywhere greed, crime, rapacity and injustice : there was no peace except in the grave. What if there were no peace even in the grave ? . . .

It was now quite dark ; the sleet still came down with unabated force, and the wind howled through the trees. Villon peered into the blackness on either side of him, behind and before him, expecting to see two cold shining eyes gazing at him from the wood. All was silent, oppressively silent. . . .

Soon it needed a greater effort to walk ; he was going uphill. When he reached the top he saw before him the dim lights of a village. He cried out with joy, and his weary limbs forgotten, broke into a run. . . .

Villon entered the guest-room of the inn. It was a low-ceilinged room, illuminated by evil-smelling tallow candles, and warmed by a huge wood-fire which belched its acrid smoke out into the room. Straw thrown into the darker corners of the room served as bedding, and a rude wooden table together with a few rustic stools completed the furniture. There were very few guests and these were chiefly travellers, who, overtaken by the bad weather, had sought refuge within four walls. A group of half-starved pitiable girls sat huddled by the fire, waiting for clients, and the innkeeper himself—fat and bestial—stood impassively by his barrels. Villon's entry with the subsequent draught of cold air occasioned a momentary interest, but the poet, having ordered wine, sat sullenly by himself upon one of the stools. He drank heavily without showing any sign of drunkenness, and the wine mounting and heating his already heated brain, rendered his thoughts savage and bitter. Far different was he from the student who used to set the gay taverns of Paris roaring with merriment ; who was the delight of toppers and tavern-whores, and who was idol of that infamous society of criminals, "La Coquille." His dark eyes burned like live coals. Futility, sheer futility ; what did it matter where he went—sooner or later the same end. Why strive when there was nothing left to strive for ? Why drink when he could not forget his misery in drunkenness ? Why did he

exist when he could not live? His purse at the moment was full, but it would soon be empty. What then? He was physically incapable of manual work, and there was no market for his intellectual attainments. One thing only stood between him and starvation : theft. Theft leads to the gallows . . . there to swing in filthy chains, carrion for crows : a stinking, sightless horror. If only he were sure that there was no after life ; if only he knew that he would find peace in death. If a God existed by what right did he torture him in life and then torment him in death Bah! God was an invention ; a priest's lie. . . .

Villon threw himself on a bundle of straw and fell into a heavy wine-induced sleep. Even asleep his brain continued to revolve feverishly. He saw himself swinging on grisly gallows, he heard the whirl of the birds, saw the bestial face of the hangman, and the stupid satisfaction imprinted on the faces of the spectators. He was swinging side by side with Colin de Cayeux and Rény de Montigny ; swinging together in eternal torment, swinging between night and day. Far below the cursed Thibault was laughing ; his head was thrown back, and his fat throat was exposed in all its creaminess. The hated face grew to immense proportions, then it came nearer, within reach. Villon wished to take the creamy throat between his hands and press until the puffed face became purple, and its leering mouth concealed by a froth of blood. His arms were securely chained ; the more he strove to free them, the more he swung, dismally and creakingly. He gnashed at his lips until the blood flowed in endless streams. . . . He was still in chains, but now only strips of dried flesh hung like ribbons from his whitened bones. His eyes were gone and he had no hair . . . continually swinging . . . to and fro . . . endless torture. . . .

The dream changed. He was lying in a beautiful garden. He felt contented and peaceful. By his side a small stream trickled musically over white pebbles, and the song of birds filled the air. There were trees laden with luscious fruit, and flowers of every colour bloomed about him. His nostrils were filled with their exotic perfume which gave him a sense of eternal bliss. Above the sky was blue, and the sun smiled. At night, the moon was warm, and nightingales sang undisturbed in the depths of the violet foliage. . . .

The path leading to the forest was steep and full of pitfalls. The clay was soft and treacherous, and the forest itself loomed dark and uninviting, a grim abode of fear.

Villon climbed the path abstractedly. His dream of the previous night had made a deep impression on his tired mind. It seemed as though it were a portent for the future ; somewhere he would find his garden where he could rest contentedly after the trials of his life. There he would have peace and quiet,

and finally he would discover beauty; and when he died he would do so without regret: his body lying there undisturbed would rot with the dead leaves and, like them, would eventually give life to other beautiful plants and trees. And in their tranquil existence there would be a part of himself.

He had reached the outskirts of the forest. The trees stood singly—gaunt and displeasing. Without hesitation, Villon plunged into the silent depths. There seemed to be no animal life in the forest, and his feet crushing the sodden leaves on the path made the only sound. Out of the sun it was cold and Villon, despite himself, shivered, and some of the forest's gloom was reflected on his face. He walked steadfastly on and on.

The trees became less gaunt and cold, and the air seemed warmer. He had walked for more than two hours and now there was no path. The woodcutters never came as far as this, and Villon had to walk in and out of the great trees. Now he frequently met many smaller animals who looked at him with startled curiosity and scuttled off panic-stricken into the undergrowth. If they only knew how sad he was; how he yearned for sympathy. But man had such a terrible reputation among the lower animals: the smaller fled from him and the larger tried to destroy him. Here in the virgin forest was individual freedom, the light, happy existence of the moment, without gallows without God and without hypocrisy. This was the thought that came to the tired soul of Villon in the heart of the silent forest.

There was no retreat; darkness was approaching and he was hopelessly lost. He was chilled, damp with the evening dew and excessively tired. Yet he was strangely happy. It was as if he had forgotten his existence; as if Paris and François Villon had never existed.

He came upon a clearing in the forest. The fading light of day was reflected in a still pool. Villon sank down on the hard earth. His mind went back to Paris; Paris with its narrow, crooked streets, its spires and its smells. His own quiet room in the Cloister of St. Benoît from which one could hear the tuneful bells of Notre-Dame toll the Angelus. In that room he had written his best work—work in which he had set down his sufferings and pleasures with that peculiar flippancy which was a part of himself. In that room he had starved during the cold winters. It is terrible to starve in cold weather. In that room he had received, among others, Katherine de Vaucelles, when she had feigned to love him. The harlot! What was it the prevost had called him? An artistic scoundrel. He smiled. He certainly was artistic; and art should excuse much. He wondered whether his work would survive. Would he be remembered five years hence. He thought not. And even if he were it would not be because of the beauty of his work, but because of his sordid life. Oh! well; what did that or anything else matter.

A drowsy languor seized him in spite of the cold. Slowly he nodded and sank into a deep sleep of exhaustion.

He was awakened by a sense of pain. Gathered round him were a group of roughly-clad men. Their primitive weapons glinted in the moonlight which lit up their hard, bearded faces. Forest-robbers. Worse than wolves. A heavy kick from one of the robbers brought the poet to his feet. He was scared and uneasy. He addressed them with a timid flippancy in the argot of "La Coquille," that famous society of law-breakers to which he had more than belonged. His remarks were greeted with stony silence. The clods; the fools, they cannot understand. He would make them understand, and then he would join them and live happily in the forest glades. He could teach them something too, for what did these country bumpkins know of stealing. Stealing was an art—a gift developed by necessity in different degrees. He would become their leader, their chief, their comrade. . . . He smiled; he had found the solution.

In obedience to a sign from the leader of the band, rough hands began to search him. He instinctively tried to resist, but a heavy blow from a hard fist gave him discretion. Soon he would explain it all, and they would welcome him with open arms and regret their treatment of him. An eager hand drew forth his purse. Muttering together, they examined the contents. On every fierce countenance there came a sly smile of animal pleasure. The moment had come to explain. He began calmly, giving them a brief history of his life and his merits. In telling them of his association with "La Coquille" he became eloquent and almost poetical. He finished excitedly, offering to join them, to share their joys and perils, to live and die with them. . . .

They heard him in silence. When he had finished they looked at each other stolidly, like puzzled animals. The dreadful truth flashed on Villon's mind: they did not understand him. To their crude minds, his Parisian tongue spoke a foreign language. They thought he was protesting and were angered. The chief made a sign and one of the men unwound a rope from his waist, and slung it over the topmost branch of a sturdy oak. In panic, Villon began to shout his pleadings and curses. His words amused them. Rude hands placed the noose over his head. . . .

He became resigned. . . . In a hopeless fashion he saw the irony of it. That he should be hanged after all, and hanged, not by the dreaded justice for some crime, but by the unpractised hands of his own kind, who had failed to recognise his record and genius. He was quiet and a wry smile twisted his bleeding mouth. The outlaws gathered round the tree with interest, every nerve strained in pleasant anticipation. . . .

It was all over. The body would be cut down on the morrow and the precious rope recovered. Silently they walked away into the forest, frequently turning to cast their eyes back on the dark figure dangling at the end of a rope. They went as if leaving a good spectacle, regretfully yet satisfied. Both sinners and the righteous must have their amusement; and their tastes lie in the same direction.

A gentle breeze sprang up from nowhere and penetrated deep into the forest. Forest animals came out of hiding and, gazing for a moment, startled by the dark form and the swaying rope, fled in panic. The cold winter's moon was reflected in the still surface of the forest pool.

The body of the poet began to sway in the breeze and the rope creaked against the bough. Gently rotating it swayed to and fro . . . to and fro . . . into Eternity.

H. LESTER HUTCHINSON

JOHN GALSWORTHY

By "C"

Of the considerable body of work in fiction and drama, whereby Galsworthy has added to the store of English Literature, we will here confine our attention to certain of the novels. The work of a writer may be viewed chronologically or divided into groups and sections. Here, the latter is preferred as the former would prove less fruitful, less revealing. The following novels will form the first group—*The Island Pharisees*, *The Man of Property*, *The Country House*, *Fraternity*, *The Patrician*. The second group is *The Forsyte Saga*, including under that title the six novels and four interludes from *The Man of Property* in 1906 to *Swan Song* of yesterday. It will be seen that *The Man of Property* is included in both groups : it is Galsworthy's central book.

Consideration of the first and earlier group will in the main have reference to the substance or content of the books disassociated from their significance as works of art—impossible as such a division may be in any ultimate scale of values. The five books constitute a criticism of English society, at once searching, detailed and comprehensive. It is true that the criticism is levelled at the upper classes of society and seems therefore limited in character ; but when it is borne in mind that with this class has lain the initiative in thought and action through many centuries, and that Galsworthy writes of an earlier time than ours, the suggestion of narrowness vanishes and the theme assumes its true proportion as an indictment of society and civilisation through its accredited representatives. The words "indictment" and "criticism" might give the impression that this body of work is a strenuous attack on the aristocracy, thinly disguised as fiction far from it. Mr. Wells' method of offering us a sociological treatise in the form of a novel is very different from what in Galsworthy, despite its didacticism, is an attempt at interpreting present-day reality in terms of art. To understand his method and to rightly estimate the value of these books two passages from his essays may be cited. In *Vague Thoughts on Art* he distinguishes between realist and romanticist so : "The word, in fact, characterises that artist whose temperamental preoccupation is with revelation of the actual inter-relating spirit of life, character, and thought with a view to *enlighten* himself and others ; as distinguished from that artist—whom I call romantic—whose temperamental purpose is invention of tale or design with a view to *delight* himself and others." Our second passage is from *A Novelist's Allegory* : a tale of an old watchman Cethru who was bidden by the Prince of Felicitas to carry his lanthorn every night up and down the Vita Publica. The lanthorn

proved a source of disturbance and annoyance to many respectable citizens and Cethru was brought to trial. The old man had no defence and the judges were about to pass judgment, when a youthful advocate arose :

"Most reverend Judges," he said "it is useless to look for words from this old man, for it is manifest that he himself is nothing, and that his lantern is alone concerned in this affair. But, reverend Judges, bethink you well : Would you have a lantern ply a trade or be concerned with a profession, or do aught indeed but pervade the streets at night, shedding its light, which, if you will, is vagabondage? And as to this charge of fostering anarchy—let me but describe the trick of this lantern's flame. It is distilled of oil and wick, together with that sweet secret heat of whose birth no words of mine can tell. And when, Sirs, this pale flame has sprung into the air swaying to every wind, it brings vision to the human eye. And, if it be charged on this old man Cethru that he and his lantern by reason of their showing not only the good but the evil bring no pleasure into the world, I ask, Sirs, what in the world is so dear as this power to see—whether it be the beautiful or the foul that is disclosed? . . . " It is hardly necessary to add that Cethru stands for the novelist, the lantern for his art. Galsworthy, then, is a realist whose temperamental preoccupation is with revelation of the actual, and the qualities of his art are the impersonality, self-effacement, and impartiality of Cethru's lantern. Art holds no brief for or against the law. There is a quality of suspended judgment in his criticism of society ; a certain indefiniteness also, as compared with the dogmatic certainty of H. G. Wells. There is no attempt to fix the blame. He does not riddle society and existing national institutions with a fusillade of sharp criticism, except perhaps in the *Island Pharisees*. In fact, he is concerned primarily not with national forms of institutions, but with national forms of *mind*.

To adopt a usual classification, the *Island Pharisees* offers a general view, reveals an unsoundness in the body social : the dominion of the half-truth, the fear of honest thought ; the traditional outlook with its assurance "whatever is, is right." *The Man of Property* deals with that section who own property and have the same outlook with a difference. *The Country House* with them who own the country, the land ; *Fraternity* with the owners of knowledge and culture, *The Patrician* with the owners of the Government and State. This may lead one to suppose that the five books form a deliberate and systematic treatment of the subject ; but while an element of design may be attributed to their author, each book has its separate existence, each its individual story—though points of likeness, even of sameness are to be found. Further, there are marked differences in structure, in the mere breadth of canvas—as between *The Island Pharisees* and *The Man of Property*.

Of the five books, the earliest and weakest is *The Island Pharisees* : the plot is of the slightest : its interest lies in the Preface and in certain snatches of conversation—dialogues between the hero Shelton and various individuals. The Preface puts forward a point of view found in all five novels ; that opposed to the 99 Pharisees, who maintain “whatever is, is right,” there is always the rare individual in conflict with society who makes progress possible by maintaining “whatever is, is wrong :” the 99 represent the static element in society, the 100th the dynamic. So it is in all five books there is a figure who, as it were, stands apart and is invested with more or less of the qualities of the rare individual—Shelton in *The Island Pharisees*, Young Jolyon in *The Man of Property*, Hilary Dallison in *Fraternity*, Courtier in *The Patrician*. Of these, only the last named can lay fair claim to being the 100th individual. The rest have all the limitations of their class and do not escape the bonds of Pharisaism. Incidentally, we may speculate as to how far the author's own personality expresses itself through these individuals. To return to *The Island Pharisees*, the second point of interest lay, it was said, in snatches of dialogue. We have room here for only one illustration of some length—Shelton on a walking tour meets an old college friend Croker, an Indian civilian on leave : the following conversation, as they walk—“Well,” he inquired “what sort of a time have you had in India?”

“Oh,” said the Indian civilian absently, “I’ve had the plague.”

“Good God !”

Croker smiled, and added : “Caught it on famine duty.”

“I see,” said Shelton ; “plague and famine ! I suppose you fellows really think you’re doing good out there ?”

His companion looked at him surprised, then answered modestly : “We get very good screws.”

“That’s the great thing,” responded Shelton.

After a moment’s silence, Croker, looking straight before him, asked :

“Don’t you think we *are* doing good ?”

“I’m not an authority ; but, as a matter of fact, I don’t.”

Croker seemed disconcerted. “Why ?” he bluntly asked.

“Well,” said Shelton gruffly, “how can progress be imposed on nations from outside ?”

The Indian civilian, glancing at Shelton in an affectionate and doubtful way, replied : “You haven’t changed a bit, old chap.”

"No, no," said Shelton; "you're not going to get out of it that way. Give me a single example of a nation, or an individual, for that matter, who's ever done any good without having worked up to it from within."

Croker, grunting, muttered: "Evils."

"That's it," said Shelton; "we take peoples entirely different from our own, and stop their natural development by substituting a civilisation grown for our own use."

"Do you know that means giving up India?" said the Indian civilian shrewdly.

"I don't say that; but to talk about doing *good* to India is—h'm"

Croker knitted his brows, trying to see the point of view his friend was showing him.

"Aren't you an Imperialist?" asked Croker, genuinely concerned.

"I may be, but I keep my mouth shut about the benefits we're conferring upon other people."

"Then you can't believe in abstract right, or justice?"

"What on earth have *our* ideas of justice or right got to do with India?"

"If I thought as you do," sighed the unhappy Croker, "I should be all adrift."

After walking some distance, as if thinking deeply, Croker chuckled out: "You're not consistent; you ought to be in favour of giving up India." Shelton smiled uneasily.

"Why shouldn't we fill our pockets? I only object to the humbug that we talk."

The Indian civilian put his hand shyly through his arm.

"If I though like you," he said, "I couldn't stay another day in India."

And to this Shelton made no reply.

The passage is typical; it reveals a clarity and honesty of thought, a sobriety and sanity of judgment, a practical grasp of affairs, all which we have come to regard as characteristic of John Galsworthy. It is at once cold and analytical in its reasoning, yet touched with human sympathies. Further, one sees that capacity for arguing on both sides of a question, often associated with

a legal training ; but, what is more, we find no conclusion drawn, no judgment passed. Added to this interest of content and manner, the dialogue has a power of presenting character—which is its chiefest merit. After reading the passage one's vividest impression is the figure of the Indian civilian, a man whom it would be a privilege to know : the problem raised, the arguments advanced, are of secondary significance despite their interest.

With *The Man of Property* we come to more direct application, as it were, of the point of view in the Preface ; of far wider sweep is the theme, more vital the issues. Impatience and scorn of Pharisaism is humanised : with the growth in humanity the irony deepens ; impersonality gains upon the critic ; he is now the impassive observer and ironist, truer to the lanthorn of a Novelist's Allegory. The other three novels of the group call for little individual remark. The scale is slighter than in *The Man of Property* : the stories seem of less moment, except perhaps *The Patrician*. What was said of *The Man of Property* applies in general though in a less degree. *Fraternity* stands a little apart ; one feels as if the novelist had put more of himself into the book through the utterance of Mr. Stone : the message is more direct, the preacher of a social gospel more evident.

Viewing the group as a whole, one does not find any expected growth or development. The novelist has but one mission, a reiterated message delivered with varying success. Nowhere does he carry so absolute a conviction " that the thing was so " as in *The Man of Property*. Everywhere the theme is presented by means of a conflict, whose outcome is victory for the static element in society : the individual is broken or conforms. The conflict is never set forth in black and white, so to speak ; more by implication than by statement are we made aware of society's victory and the fruits of that victory. Not the justice or injustice, but the frequent necessity of such victory is set forth. There is no judgment passed : no outcry against man's ordering of his ways. Balance and restraint, these are marked qualities ; and in the reticence that the restraint implies we have a power of suggestion that satisfies the artistic sense.

From another angle one sees the group as a study of the upper classes in their weakness and their strength : in the limitations of their very culture their capacity for government, their sense of property, their conduct, their general outlook or philosophy—represented respectively by *Fraternity*, *The Patrician*, *The Man of Property*, *The Country House*, *The Island Pharisees*. A blend of irony and sympathy colours the whole. The picture is far from being unattractive ; there is genuine worth, an occasional glimpse of the heroic ; pathos, too, in their dumbness—a certain inability to express themselves, a kind of paralysis of the emotions. But the saving grace of the aristocracy and the upper classes is courage ; a courage not recognised as a virtue, not worn as one of the graces of

life, but in born, inherent, natural—a courage, their being without which cannot be imagined. Their crassness, wrongheadedness, their pride, their inability “to step beyond the blindness of the pen to where the skies uncloze,” are systematically laid bare; but somehow they are found not ignoble, not unworthy as trustees of the heritage of the race. Had they but understanding and sympathy! that which their author has in full measure.

In all this one finds nothing tangible, no definite censure of existing institutions, no destructive criticism of society, with subsequent building of Utopias: no remedies prescribed for the ills of life. In truth, a very negative sort of product seems this interpretation of present-day reality. And yet one feels that Galsworthy's interest is more in men than in institutions and so his stress has always lain not on the weakness of an institution, but on the strange working of the minds that make it possible, that acquiesce in its marked imperfections.

Our brief survey of the first group is at an end. Attention was in the main focussed upon the social purpose and substance of the five books rather than upon their purely literary or æsthetic content. With the result that their stories, their action and character were left unheeded. In dealing with the second group the procedure is reversed for two reasons. What has been said of the first group applies with certain reservations to the second, and similar treatment would mean unprofitable repetition. The second and weightier reason is that in the Saga we lose sight of social doctrine and criticism, though they are always present, in the absorbing interest of the Forsyte family and their varied history. For, despite the author's statement in the preface to the Saga volume of 1922 of other aims, all else dwindles into comparative insignificance beside the story of the Forsytes and the chief of them, Soames Forsyte.

Under the title *The Forsyte Saga* was published in 1922, three novels—*The Man of Property*, *In Chancery*, and *To Let*,—linked together by two short novels or tales, *Indian Summer of a Forsyte* and *Awakening*, the whole prefaced by a short introduction. For our purpose, as was stated earlier, three later novels—*The White Monkey*, *The Silver Spoon*, and *Swan Song*—with two *Forsyte Interludes* (1927) are also included under this title. The whole forms one continuous story with Soames Forsyte as principal character—the word “hero” with all its conventional associations is impossible for one such as Soames.

According to the Preface, “this long tale is no scientific study of a period it is rather an intimate incarnation of the disturbance that Beauty effects in the lives of men. The figure of Irene is a concretion of disturbing Beauty impinging on a possessive world.” And again, “But, though the impingement of Beauty, and the claims of Freedom, on a possessive world, are the main

prepossessions of the Forsyte Saga, it cannot be absolved from the charge of embalming the upper-middle class." This, then, is the author's contention that the central fact of the Saga is an abstract theorem presented in concrete form : next, the embalming of a class is the outcome—this it is that connects *The Man of Property* to the earlier group. However, while respecting the author's contention, we must assert—what is undoubtedly the general reader's conviction—a permanent interest in the life of the Forsyte family and in a scion of that house, Soames Forsyte, who alone gives the later volumes any worth. For, to state the obvious, the novelist's function is to tell a story : and the greater or the less we hold him as he tells it well or ill through actions memorable and character in accord with our humanity. In time to come, interest in the lineaments and features of a class will have faded ; an imperfectly executed concept—the impingement of Beauty on a possessive world—will little avail ; but what endures?—the *story* of one who was unlovable : who gives to the work its beauty rather than that figure of the woman, who was a concretion of disturbing Beauty.

This, then, is our concern : the story of the Forsytes and Soames Forsyte, or rather, the history of the Forsytes and the story of Soames—for he is the *Man of Property* and it is his *Swan Song*. Beyond the Saga proper—that is, the volume of 1922—the Forsytes and the Forsyte spirit do not greatly persist except in Soames. Strictly speaking, *The Man of Property* alone deals with the Forsytes as a group ; they form an admirable setting for their fittest representative—he was a kind of "essence of Forsyte." In *Chancery* sees their passing and in *To Let* another race has risen. The second trilogy lacks the spaciousness of the earlier : while the Saga proper covers the period 1886—1920, the years 1922—26 suffice for the later trilogy. Events do not seem to move on so large a scale : all is hurried, fevered, and the merely topical has a large place ; there is a pettiness and futility in all endeavour. Only the memory of that earlier generation gives stability to the shifting world of the present-day Forsytes. In reality, there are not two generations, a later and an earlier—but three, and even four. The earliest are the six brothers and three sisters with the figure of Superior Dosset Forstye in the background : next, Soames and his generation : then the generation best represented by the children of Winifred Dartie—Val and Francie : finally, Fleur and Jon ; with Fleur's son in *The White Monkey* we come to yet a fifth generation, who, however, do not matter.

That the story is rightly our main concern, other facts bear witness ; the Family Tree that introduces the Saga volume of 1922 suggests the scope and limitation of the work, implies that the human interest is the dominant factor. Again, a glance at the contents and we read the titles of the first nine chapters.

1. "At Home" at Old Jolyon's.
2. Old Jolyon goes to the Opera.
3. Dinner at Swithin's.
4. Projection of the House.
5. A Forsyte Menage.
6. James at large.
7. Old Jolyon's Peccadillo.
8. Plans of the House.
9. Death of Aunt Ann.

The above is a fair sample of chapters anywhere in the Saga. They are all personal, domestic,—matter of concern to the Forsytes alone.

Despite the weakness of the later work, particularly when contrasted with the earlier, the story of the Forsytes presents the only considerable achievement in modern English fiction. The many generations, the many figures, the continued movement in time with its sense of perspective, of wide vision, give a consistency and reality to this imaged world that seems, for our time at all events, unfading.

Having proved the Saga to be essentially a story, we will examine it briefly in the way a story should be examined—in the way that Aristotle might have chosen. Action and Character—what is there else of moment in fiction or in drama? These two and perhaps a third something—*Tertium Quid*, we will call it, for the nonce. In the Saga there are many strands of action so to speak, yet a kind of unity is preserved through a single action that dominates. Of plot in the usual sense there is little, and plot-analysis is idle. The action resolves itself into a conflict between Soames and Irene, a conflict that persists and is carried on into the next generation; and is carried backward, in a sense, to the natural antagonism between James and Old Jolyon. The conflict persists, it may be said, in spite of the younger generation; the slight episode of the marriage of Holly and Val does not heal the breach. The larger issue—the love of Jon and Fleur—is the dominant aspect of the conflict from *To Let* onward: an issue decided for a time in *To Let*, lying dormant through *The White Monkey* and *The Silver Spoon*, foreshadowed in the interlude that precedes *Swan Song* and brought to a head in *Swan Song* itself. In that conflict two decisive battles were fought; the first ended in a triumph for Irene in *To Let*, at the end of the first trilogy: the second was a victory for Soames at the end of the later trilogy: he triumphs in death. If it be said that Irene conquers in the first through love—her son's love for his mother; likewise does Soames conquer through love, a greater love—more selfless in *The Man of Property* than in the woman.

As is to be expected in literature worthy the name, the conflict is two-fold in character ; it has an external and an internal aspect. The external aspect has been outlined above. The internal in a sense blends with the external, in that it expresses itself through the character and temper of the two principles and is reflected, broadly speaking, in the two families and in whoever else touches the conflict at any point ; it is expressed in part by the author's concept—of Beauty in a possessive world ; further, it is suggested by many subtle nuances of thought and feeling. But a true inner conflict, rightly so called, lies in the breast of Soames Forsyte—and with that statement we pass from the sphere of Action to that of character : so narrow and faint is the dividing line. The conflict in Soames lies between the instinct of possession and the instinct of being human, as we will term it for want of a better word ; between the passion for having and the passion for feeling, understanding and enjoying things ; the way of living in oneself, the way of living outside oneself. The history of Soames is the history of the gradual displacement of the one way for the other—though the process is never complete ; to the end Soames Forsyte remains *The Man of Property*—but with a difference. His property possessed him : he now possesses his property. Through suffering and through love he learns how to lose what he possesses—and yet possess more dearly. That any change was possible, was necessary, no one would be more pained and surprised to learn than Soames Forsyte himself. To the end the sense of always having done the right thing according to his lights, of being the aggrieved and injured party, remained with him : that did not alter. He was essentially a man of few ideas and of few emotions, and the change lay not in his thought, but in his emotions it meant a wider capacity for feeling,—was bought of suffering. The change is not strikingly staged : there is no salvation of the sinner that repenteth ; the process is gradual and unconscious and, as was said above incomplete ; so it is that the conflict is never present to the mind of the reader.

The character of Soames is Galsworthy's finest piece of portraiture ; it is the only great character added to literature in our time. The Saga, however, does not lack variety and interest of character. The elder Forsytes rank next ; the characters of the later books lack the breadth and vitality of the earlier figures. Exigencies of space forbid us to enter into any adequate appreciation of the characters of the Saga. Suffice it to say that here is presented a gallery of portraits,—some drawn in profile, some full-length portraits, others slight sketches, yet others of the nature of caricature ; that here is present the ability to carry conviction not with respect to a single individual alone, but in whole groups and in diverse figures : not to delineate merely, but to *distinguish* : to give to each a separate entity : to present different stratas of life : to present the individual and the group mind.

We come now to *tertium quid*—that third something—, call it what one will philosophy of life, atmosphere, outlook, style, personality—without which no work can justify itself. One may view it as anyone of these and as all of them together, yet words will never capture and hold fast this which is the spirit of a work. Each in turn may profit us a little, however. As to personality, there is a certain duality of temper, of spirit that reveals itself in the Saga. We see by turns and sometimes in the same instant, the keen realistic critic and the humanitarian emotionalist devoted to causes: the ironist and the sentimentalist: the artist and the missionary. Of style, again a duality—the preacher and the poet: the ironic telling phrase and rhythmic words of sheer beauty: the close detailed examination of the actual and the glamour and wickery of the incurably romantic. But over all, a restraint, a balance reminiscent of Arnold's ideal—"not to strive or cry, not to press forward blindly on anyone side." Similar words suggest themselves to describe or express the atmosphere of the work: add to it, an abiding sense of beauty and moving pity. Of philosophy, outlook,—nothing tangible, little positive faith, courage, the sovereign virtue. We close with two quotations; the one in verse form—

It in a Spring night God went by,
And I were standing there;
What is the prayer that I would cry
To him? This is the prayer:
O Lord of Courage grave,
O Master of this night of Spring,
Make firm in me a heart too brave
To ask thee anything!

The other from his most recent book of essays, *Castles in Spain*, where a novelist declares his faith—

"At the back of all work, even a novelist's, lies some sort of philosophy. And if this novelist may for a moment let fall the veil from the face of his own, he will confess: That human revelation of a First cause is to him inconceivable. He is left to acceptance of what is. Out of Mystery we came, into Mystery, return. Life and death, ebb and flow, day and night, world without beginning and without end is all that he can grasp. But in such little certainty he sees no cause for gloom. Life for those who still have vital instinct in them is good enough in itself, even if it lead to nothing further and we humans have only ourselves to blame if we alone, among the animals, so live that we lose the love of life for itself. And as for the parts we play, courage and kindness seem the elemental virtues, for between them they include all that is real in any of the others, alone make human life worthwhile and bring an inner happiness."

SANSKRIT IN KĒRALA

BY K. RAMA PISHAROTI

The vast and wonderful Sanskrit literature, both religious and secular, is the product of All-India. It is built up of contributions from almost every nook and corner of our vast continent. This aspect, that it is a complex structure, has unconsciously been allowed to be forgotten, has been allowed to be submerged in the All-India conception and, as such, has never been brought to the forefront. One result of this has been to allow a number of literary stars of even the first magnitude to sink into oblivion, to pale into insignificance in the glorious lime-light of the All-India literary suns. A critical survey and examination of the net contribution of each province or preferably linguistic area and Kingdom to the sum total of Sanskrit literature is in itself a very interesting affair, for, then, it will definitely show the relative Sanskritic importance of each area—a something that is necessarily a source of gratification to the inhabitants thereof. Such a piece of work is also not void of its intrinsic importance, for it is bound to enrich still further our already rich heritage. A detailed survey is bound to bring to light a number of works which have only local name and fame, a number of scholars who are but local celebrities. At least so far as Kēraḷa is concerned, Sanskritists are familiar only with a couple of names and works, and even this only after Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. Ganapathy Sastri began his Trivandrum Sanskrit series, now so familiar to every orientalist. A number of works there are yet unknown and yet to be acquired, and a number of works yet to be published; and their authors who easily occupy a first place in the literary horizon have yet to be introduced to the oriental scholar. We have, as a matter of fact, our local Vikramas and Harsas, local Kalidasas and Bhavabhutis, local Banas and Bhojas, and yet are they unknown to the student of Sanskrit literature. A similar tale may doubtless be told of other areas also. To enforce a systematic discipline into this, a practically untrodden field of work, to estimate and evaluate the exact contribution of each area in building up one of the greatest and the most important of world's literature, is a piece of work that is not only interesting and important in itself, but is also practically useful in bringing out to light local works and authors. In the following lectures it is proposed to take an estimative stock of the Kēraḷa contribution to the Hindu literature and science.*

* This is the first of the series of ten lectures on Kēraḷa contribution to Sanskrit, which Prof. Pisharoti delivered at Madras in November last.

The present attempt, is a very tentative one and it does not pretend to have exhausted the field of work. The reason is not far to seek. For, the materials on which to base such a study are yet to be collected. Every Malayali family that has any pretence to culture or antiquity has got its own collection of manuscripts, the number of works in the collection being generally dependent upon its social status and scholarly tradition. It may probably be a source of great interest to the people of these parts to be informed that the families of the so called non-Brahmins in our parts are no exception to this rule. The old families of Ambalavasis and Nairs there are many in our country, which possess pretty big Manuscript Libraries; and this is an indication that the Nambudiri Brahmin did not shut out the lower orders of the caste Hindus from tasting the sweet fruits of the tree of Sanskrit knowledge and culture. It is, so far as I know, almost a general rule that the preceptors of the ancient families of the Nambudiris and the superior caste Hindus and aristocrats are Ambalavasis; to mention only the most prominent instances, the traditional family preceptors of the three Royal Kingdoms on the West Coast are Ambalavasis, that of Cochin and Travancore—Pisharotis, and that of the Zamorin, a Wariyar. This fact may be a source of surprise to the Sankritists of these parts. This, then, namely, the free extension, of Sanskrit learning to even the lower ranks of the caste Hindus is sufficient reason for the presence of manuscript collections, sometimes large ones, in the families of non-Brahmins. In support of this I need mention only one instance, the collection maintained by Paliyath Achan which runs to over a thousand manuscripts—a fairly respectable number for a private family collection. The number of such private family libraries is necessarily too numerous and there is as yet no complete and trustworthy information available as to the exact value of their contents. The claim, put forth by the peripetatic search party sent by the Madras Government, that they have explored the whole manuscript wealth of Kēraḷa cannot be taken as a statement of fact. It may be so, I purposely say *may be*, so far as far as the well-known private collections are concerned, but not the minor collections scattered about through the length and breadth of the land. Here, then, is an open field for work, which it would be to the interest of any learned institution to undertake. A hurried and superficial examination in some of the private libraries at Idapilly, Irinjalakuda and Trichur, brought to light a dozen works so far unknown. How many more works, a thorough search may bring to light, cannot be determined with any amount of certainty. This, then, is one of the main reasons why any attempt in the direction of the present research must necessarily be tentative, and it is bound to be so as long as a thorough and systematic search for the manuscript wealth of the land is not undertaken. Another reason there is which is no less important, I mean the utter lack of history. A connected, complete and authoritative history of Kēraḷa

is a work that has yet to be written, whether it be political, religious or social. Practically it is a blank up to the beginning of the XVI Century,—a blank not because there are no materials, but because all the materials have not yet been collected and utilised. True it is some attempts have, indeed, been made to fill up the political blank and these have resulted more in creating a lot of confusing theories, than in any substantial achievement. Hence, as it is, there is no chance of our history throwing light upon the subject of our study. And lastly, it is further complicated by the utter lack of all biographical information that the Malayali writers generally give. The most indulgent and prolific amongst them barely condescend to give us their names and sometimes the names of their Gurus, but the generality of writers are merely content with a “Hari Sri Gaṇa Pataye Namah” before proceeding to the subject. Numberless instances can be cited, and it will be clear in the course of these lectures. It is again this trait and only this trait that reappears in the Dramas published in the Trivandrum Sanskrit series, which has been made too much of by the adherents of the Bhasa theory. Much has been written on that subject, and much of what has been written on that subject has been the result of ignorance of the KĒraḬa conventions, literary and dramaturgical. These, then, namely, the lamentable ignorance of the manuscript wealth of the land, the utter lack of history and the extreme paucity of biographical information—these necessarily make the present attempt very tentative. It is, however, my firm belief that in spite of this fact I shall be able, before I close these series of lectures, to convince you, gentlemen, that here is a fruitful line of work which deserves to be worked up in greater detail.

Of all the provinces in India, KĒraḬa has had certain peculiar facilities which greatly favoured the study of Sanskrit literature in its manifold aspects. Cut off from the rest of India by the almost impassable barriers of the Ghāts, she has been left comparatively undisturbed by the invading hordes who swept over the rest of India and, consequently, she has more or less an unbroken cultural tradition, which is both orthodox and Sanskritic, and which, affecting as it does every aspect of the life and activity of her sons, has made the Malayalis what they are. Our institutions, religious, social and political, have a hoary antiquity, an unbroken continuity and in many aspects a decided originality; and since these various and varied institutions have their basis in Hindu religion and culture, and since as such they could not dispense with the sacred tongue, it may well be claimed that Sanskrit has a long history in our land. If any value may be attached to local traditions, I am inclined to put the age of Sanskritisation to the age of Parasurāma, the reclamer of KĒraḬa to the Aryan fold and culture. And during the whole course of its history amongst us Sanskrit has been enjoying certain facilities which enabled her not merely to sustain herself unimpaired, but also to

gloriously thrive, for the religious, the social and the political life, why even the physical conditions, only helped her in her growth and development.

Blessed by nature with a rich and fertile soil, with a number of small rivers interspersed through the whole land, and with seasonal rains that are rather plentiful, Kēraḷa is very rich in the natural wealth of her fauna and flora and has hence been aptly described as the land flowing with milk and honey. This great natural wealth and the many facilities for utilising this natural wealth to the fullest advantage, enabled her children to gain their livelihood with the least effort. Consequently, they were able to command a large amount of leisure to devote to and cultivate the finer arts of peace. And these, both their vocation and their avocation, they could steadily and continuously pursue because of the sense of security which the benign nature has again conferred upon them. Thus it will be seen that the physical conditions resulting in easy livelihood coupled with a serene sense of security, facilitated to a great extent the steady pursuit of the Hindu arts and sciences.

The political conditions of the land also were no less favourable to the steady development of Sanskrit. In common with every other country Kēraḷa has had her political vicissitudes. The Nampudiri oligarchy which followed the Aryanisation of the country under the brilliant lead of Parasurama, wielded the sovereign power in the state, and this naturally gave a permanency to the newly introduced Sanskrit culture in the land. When this in course of time yielded place to the imperial suzerainty of the Perumals, the Hindu arts and sciences found again only a congenial soil for flourishing. Some of these Perumals were Buddhistic in their faith and activity patronised Tamil literature, the most brilliant product of which is CILAPATIKARAM, of the early second Century A.D. But so far as I know no record has yet been brought forth to show that they suppressed the Hindu culture and religion. The later Perumals who became reconverted to the fold of Hinduism were, indeed, active patrons of Sanskrit literature. One of the Imperial Perumals was himself a poet and a dramatist of no mean order, I mean, Kulasekhara Perumal, the author of the dramas, Dhananjaya and Samvarana. This sovereign is represented as a very liberal patron of letters and amongst the gems who shone at his court may be mentioned, Lilasuka and Vasudeva. Thus, it may legitimately be held that the sway of the Perumals, at least of the later Perumals, was highly conducive to the varied development of the arts and sciences which have found expression in Sanskrit literature. After subserving the interests of the country for a period of about six centuries the imperial suzerainty of the Perumals gave place to the feudal overlordship of the King of Cochin with a number of chiefdoms under him. This naturally led to the still further development of Sanskrit, for the patronage formerly extended from one court alone was

now available from a number of Princes, each one trying to rival his neighbour in the liberality with which he encouraged letters. The number of such kingdoms which actively patronised Sanskrit is well over one dozen, and they are, to mention the more important only, the Royal families of Kottayam, Kolattiri, Kurumbanad, Calicut, Vettath, Cranganore, Cochin, Idapilly, Vadakamkoor, Thekamkoor, Chembakasseri, Quilon and Trivandrum. In later days these became submerged one within the other, so much so that after Tippu's invasion which can well be taken as the line of demarcation between ancient and modern KĒraḤa, there have survived only two kingdoms, Cochin and Travancore. But throughout the whole course of existence of these families, whether as feudal chiefs, or as independant chieftains, or as Zemindars deprived of their political powers, irrespective of their political status, they have been extending a very liberal patronage to the Indian literature, both arts and sciences. The rambles of war and the tread of armies were also not rare during the later centuries, thanks to the cult of political power and aggression introduced by the European traders ; yet these did not materially affect the social and religious life and the normal profession of the mass of the people. The local wars here, though accompanied by bloodshed, do not appear to have been waged for merely shedding blood, neither for booty, nor for plunder and rapine, but for maintaining or asserting political superiority, or social status. Naturally, therefore, all the dislocation made was merely temporary, not permanent ; otherwise, it is incredible how so many private family collections of manuscripts could be seen in the land and how, again, the manuscript wealth of the land could be so uniformly distributed as found here, the only exceptions being those families which have produced a number of distinguished scholars or which formed a convenient centre for the dissemination of Sanskrit culture from a hoary antiquity. Again, in some cases where we are able to get glimpses of history in some detail do we not find that while the soldiers are fighting, the scholars are engaged in learned disquisitions over Sastraic texts, and both side by side ! In spite of these wars which do not seem to have thwarted the serious pursuit of learning and culture, the country appears to have enjoyed a longer era of continued peace and prosperity and a greater amount of political quiet than what any other country or nation can boast of. Hence the political atmosphere of the country can be said to have been not uncondusive to the continued growth of Sanskrit studies and Sanskrit culture. If, however, a generalisation may be allowed on the basis of a couple of instances, this acted as an active fertiliser. Pending, therefore, a further knowledge of the political and literary history, I believe, I am not wrong, if, on the strength of the present available materials, I come to the conclusion that the political conditions of the country only fostered the further cultivation of the arts and sciences elaborated by the Hindus.

With greater confidence and in a more positive tone, however, can it be stated that the social life prevalent in the country, has been highly conducive to the growth and development at Sanksrut studies, I mean the social life of the caste Hindus. These are divided here not into the well-known four divisions, but into Brahmins, Ksatriyas, Ambalavasis and Nairs, and all but the second of these are again sub-divided into as many as 18 sub-divisions, each with characteristic differences in their social and socio-religious practices and customs. And yet are they so closely inter-related that no division thereof can live by itself without the co-operation and the services of some other sub-divisions. That a Brahmin is indispensable to a Sudra can be easily made out but the reverse, the indispensability of a Sudra, I mean a Nair, to even the Brahmin of the highest social status, and that not in his every-day life, but even in his inner domestic and religious life, may appear astounding, may appear something incomprehensible to the people of these parts. This mutual indispensibility on either part has for time immemorial ensured for the lower orders, constant contact with the Nambudiris who are of a higher intellectual calibre. Apart from this there are also other aspects of our social life which deserve mention here. One social regulation, coming down from a hoary antiquity and obtaining even to-day is the convention which lays down that in a Nambudiri family, the eldest son alone could marry in his own caste. The result of this regulation, whatever be the original motive, has been that the other male members have had to go down the social scale to find mates for themselves. This gave the lower orders, the Ambalavasis and the Nairs, a permanent and continued opportunity to have martial relationship with the higher cultured Nambudiris and the consequent begetting of children with greater cultural capacity, thus leading in due course to the elevation of these lower orders to a position of intellectual and cultural equality with the Nambudiris. Again, this arrangement and the introduction of the Marumakkattayam among the non-Brahmin caste Hindus led to the creation of leisure class with immense cultural capacity. Freed of all material responsibility, endowed with natural capacity and supplied with opportunity in their every-day life, both the Brahmins and non-Brahmins were able to devote themselves to the cultivation and development of the finer arts of peace which have found expression in the language of the Devas. These facilities fell in their fullest measure to the Nambudiris whose profession and practice of religion and whose position as the religious heads and authorities made Vedic and Sastraic studies with them almost a daily necessity. And, as a matter of fact, there is, indeed, no branch of knowledge, theoretical or practical, temporal or spiritual, in which one Malayali or another has not excelled himself. Thus the organisation and the life of the Hindu society definitely contributed to the development of Sankritic studies in the land.

The religion and the religious atmosphere of the land were no less favourable to the development of Sanskrit literature, both vedic and secular. Kēraḷa appears to have been the last stronghold of Buddhism in all India, a centre as powerful as it was well-known. The presence of Buddhism in the land that was an orthodox centre of Brahminical culture tended not a little to make the study of the Hindu sāstras more assiduous and intensive, so as to enable the Hindu leaders to successfully meet the Buddhists in argument. When they found their efforts unavailing to meet the arguments of their opponents they had recourse to the next best thing, *viz.*, to invite from outside some distinguished scholars to fight out the cause of Hinduism. One result of their migration to Kēraḷa was to oust Buddhism from its last and only citadel in India and send it flying for shelter to alien lands and kindlier shores. So complete was the suppression that the holy city of the Buddhists in Kēraḷa Sri Mūla-Vāsam, has now to be known from a Gandhara statue ; but yet so deeply had this popular religion permeated the masses that traces of the old religion are yet available. This was one result of the migration of the foreign scholars. It has also been productive of another much more important result, namely, the founding of a school of study by these revered leaders which brought forth the brilliant Prabhakara Bhatt, the vigorous exponent of the Mimāṃsa Darsana with its greater insistence on religious rites and rituals and the elaboration of the orthodox vedic ceremonials. This naturally gave a great impetus to the study and development of the Sanskrit literature in its manifold aspects. The brilliant Prabhakara was not long after followed by the blessed Sankara who re-knit the wonderful fabric of Hindu religion which had been rent asunder by the vigorous onslaughts of the Buddhists and Jains. The superb system of Advaita philosophy evolved and systematised by the revered Jagat Guru, the elegant Stotras in which found expression the raptures of the Divine vision of the poet philosopher of Divine wisdom—these are enough to create and sustain for ever a permanent stream of Sanskrit studies in the land of his birth. As if not content with the ever-abiding influence of his personal contact and inspiration the revered Seer devised other means also to ensure unimpaired the vigorous revival of the Hindu Darsanas and literature by the founding of Mutts which are intended exclusively for the teaching and practice of Hindu religion and philosophy. The revered Guru was followed by Purnaprajna Madhvacarya, who elaborated the system of Dvaita philosophy. The rise of these three schools of philosophy under their brilliant exponents, the large following they have created in the land, the various richly endowed Mutts founded by them and in their honour, the sense of mutual accommodation and toleration that has always been the characteristic feature of the Malayalis in religious affairs—these contributed not a little to keep always aflame the torch of Sanskrit learning in our land. Add to this the hold the

Nambudiris always exercised over the land with their intensive cultivation of the vedic studies and the insistence of the orthodox performance of all religious rites and ceremonies ; and it may without exaggeration be mentioned that the science and the practice of religion and the whole religious atmosphere of the land were highly conducive to the continued development of all the Hindu arts and sciences, practical and theoretical.

These were indeed sufficiently valuable facilities which must have tended not merely to foster, but to positively develop and to progress Sanskrit learning. Besides these, there were also a number of other specific institutions which directly or indirectly helped in a definite measure the advancement of the same cause. In the first place mention must be made of the temples which served this function in a far greater measure than is generally supposed. Apart from the religious and the consequent Sanskrit atmosphere which they have necessarily created, they have actively helped the popularisation of Sanskrit learning. One of the most important of the temple institutions which served this function is the time-honoured custom of maintaining what is known as *Purāṇa-Bhaṭṭatiris*, such for instance as Candana Bhaṭṭatiri in the Trichur temple, C'e't't'akulam Bhaṭṭatiri in the Irinjalakuda temple and Plakuṭi Bhaṭṭatiri in the Tripunithura temple. And their main function was the reading of Puranas one after another in the temples for the sake of enlightening their less-favoured brēthren. These Puranic recitals which were introduced sufficiently early are even now a characteristic feature of our important temples and are attended by a number of people ; and since many of these temples have also made adequate provision for the free feeding of Brahmins there are both opportunity and convenience given for cultivating Sanskrit studies. Another familiar institution connected with temples is the provision made for the seasonal acting of Sanskrit dramas, known as Kuttu, and the explanatory recitals of Puranic incidents known as Pathakam. These have been of very great help not merely to popularise Sanskrit literature amongst the masses, but also to continue down, far into the 19th Century, the creative age of Sanskrit poetry and drama. Provision is also found made for the upkeep of Vedic studies in the celebration of Trisandhah, Pancasandhah and Ottuttu—all connected with Vedic recitals and proficiency tests therein. These, then, are some of the important ways in which the temples have aided the popularisation of Sanskrit studies, both religious and secular.

The same function was discharged in a more intensive measure by the numerous and richly endowed Madhams founded of old. There were a variety of Madhams intended for the furtherance of the various branches of Sanskrit learning, secular and religious. Thus some of these, the Mutts at Tirunavaya,

Tirunakkara, Vatakke Madham at Trichur were intended for the exclusive study of the Vedas; some others, such as those at Chovvannur, Kumblam and Parthivesvarapuram, existed for the development of the secular sāstras; while still others, such as the two Madham at Trichur, Tiruvarppu, Muncira, Trkkalek-kattu, concerned themselves with the proper maintenance and cultivation of the various theistic systems of Hindu philosophy. Besides, there were also special Mutts whose function was the maintenance of the Mimāmsa philosophy, while still others dealt exclusively with the performance of the various Vedic rites and ceremonies. These Mutts, religious and secular, were all richly endowed, and they actively functioned in furthering the interests of Sanskrit learning, spiritual and temporal.

And lastly, mention must also be made of certain families which have been exclusively devoted from times immemorial to the specialisation of one or other of the practical sāstras. The Asta Vaidyans for medicine and Surgery, Palur Kaniyans for Astrology and Astronomy, the Kokkara family for poison cure, the families of the traditional Vaidikas and Tantrikas and Mantrikas—these and such other families which have made a particular sāstra their special study and cultivation, there are many in the land, and they contributed in no small measure to the advancement of the various practical sāstras. This they did not merely by the family contribution, but also by serving as a centre for specialisation in the particular subject to which students flocked from all quarters and where, thanks to the general bounteous nature of the Malayali, they obtained free board and lodge. Again, it deserves more than a mere passing mention, I mean the custom, obtaining even now in the aristocratic families of old, of appointing a distinguished scholar, as the family preceptor for teaching Sanskrit not merely to the members of the family, but also to all and sundry who may come in for study. Such families there have been many, and these were the most common and the most popular of the ancient day educational agencies of our land. Add to this the bounteous patronage that the kings and chiefs of the land lavished on the scholarly, and no wonder Sanskrit learning in all its various aspects found in Kēraḥa an exceedingly congenial soil to flourish and bear fruit.

Enough now, I believe, has been said to show that numerous were the facilities offered in our land for the free expansion and development of Sanskrit studies and culture. And quite in keeping with these very congenial conditions and the very liberal patronage of her Princes and Chiefs, Sanskrit literature bloomed in its manifold aspects, and it must be a source of gratification for the Malayalis to be able to point out that we have at least a couple of names in each branch of Sanskrit knowledge, whether it be practical or theoretical, religious or secular scholars who can hold their own against the All-India celebrities, poets and

philosophers who need not be ashamed to own that they hail from the land which produced a Prabhākara and a Sankara.

Before I conclude this lecture I must, I believe, take a brief survey of the history of Sanskrit studies in the land. From the time of its introduction on till the time of its later Perumals, that is, practically till the time of Prabhakara, this history is blank, except for the tradition which ascribes to this period Vararuchi, the author of Vakyam, an astronomical treatise. This Vararuchi is a very venerable personage and tradition makes him also a great poet and philosopher. A detailed note of him will be given elsewhere in the course of these lectures. Amongst the general achievements of this period may be mentioned the introduction of the Hindu religion and the popularisation of the language in which this religion and its philosophy have found expression, I mean Sanskrit, the language of the Devas. At the time of the introduction of the imperial sovereignty of the Perumals we find Hinduism the State religion and the Sanskrit language very popular. Not long after, Buddhism was introduced and its extreme popularity and the patronage extended to it by the All Kēraja sovereigns greatly obsessed the further cultivation of Hinduism and Sanskrit. The advent of Prabhakara marks the first definite stage which witnessed a brilliant revival of Sanskrit studies. This continued during the time of the later Perumals, and especially during the reign of Kulasekara Perumal who was himself a poet and dramatist of no mean order and whose court was the rendezvous of all poets and scholars. Amongst the gems of this period may be mentioned Bhārata Bhattatiri and Vāsudeva Bhattatiri and the Prince of devotees. Līlā Suka, the author of Kṛṣṇa Karmamṛtam. Not long after this was followed by a no less brilliant revival under Sri Sankaracarya, when the imperial sovereignty of the Perumals had been replaced by the feudal overlordship of the King of Cochin. The period immediately following this witnessed a great revival in literary studies, but the great writers of the period were few and far between and there appears to have existed no one particular court which served as the meeting place for the scholars. The beginning of the 12th Century must have produced a great revival in Vedic exegesis and liturgy as also in the practical science of Astronomy and Astrology, while mid-Kēraja seems to have been the centre of studies. In the 13th Century the centre appears to have shifted to Quilon. Thanks to the political superiority asserted by the Zamorin, his court became the seat of Sanskrit learning (15th Century). With the passing away of the brilliant Vikrama and his nephew. Manaveda, the centre shifted to other places, the most important being Ambalapuzha (16th Century). In the 17th Century Calicut again attracted scholars under its brilliant scholarly prince, Manaveda. Early in the 18th Century the centre of studies again shifted from there and found a more congenial court at Cranganore, at Paṇṭalam and at

Trivandrum. In the last century with which practically begins our modern age, there was no particular centre, but every court had its own coterie of Pandits. This continues even to-day. Throughout the whole period of its history here from the time of the last of the Perumals the court of the King of Cochin was at all times a welcome home for poets and scholars. It may be that this court never rose to the brilliance of other courts, but here the torch of learning always shone steady and continuous and almost at all times there were a couple of brilliant names, scholars or poets.

This takes us to the end of the first lecture, and I have herein explained to you how the subject of our study has its own intrinsic interest and importance, and how the present attempt is tentative; I have also dwelt at length on the peculiar facilities available in our land for the steady cultivation and the growth of Sanskrit studies and concluded with a brief sketch of the History of Sanskrit studies in KĒraḤa. In the following lectures it is proposed to consider how the seeds of Sanskrit learning which found in KĒreḤa a congenial soil grew up into a wonderful tree and how it produced a variety of abundant fruits. In this our present consideration it is proposed to consider each branch of learning by itself dwelling first upon its importance, then the chief centres of study and lastly the details, as far as possible, of original authors and commentators.

K. RAMA PISHAROTI

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

SHAMA'A—AN ANNOUNCEMENT

We have heard it often said that the rate of our subscription makes it difficult, if not impossible, for our magazine to be within the reach of a considerable section of those who are otherwise eager to have it. It has been so far impossible to make any concession in the subscription, because the financial side of our venture has never been anything worth mentioning. Nevertheless we have now decided that the time has come to make even further sacrifices with the hope that some at least of the reading public will be benefited. In the conduct of our magazine its commercial benefit to us has been of the least consideration. We, therefore, desire to announce that our annual subscription will be Rs. 10 (postage including) from January, 1929. There will be no change otherwise either in the quality and quantity of the matter or in the reproductions.

DIVINE PURPOSE OF WEALTH

Sri Aurobindo Ghose in his latest book *The Mother* gives the following solution to the eternal problem of wealth :—

Money is the visible sign of a universal force, and this force in its manifestation on earth works on the vital and physical planes and is indispensable to the fulness of the outer life. In its origin and its true action it belongs to the Divine. But like other powers of the Divine it is delegated here and in the ignorance of the lower nature can be usurped for the uses of the ego or held by Asuric influences and perverted to their purpose. This is indeed one of the three forces—power, wealth, sex—that have the strongest attraction for the human ego and the Asura and are most generally misheld and misused by those who retain them. The seekers or keepers of wealth are often possessed rather than its possessors; few escape entirely a certain distorting influence stamped on it by its long seizure and perversion by the Asura. For this reason most spiritual disciplines insist on a complete self-control detachment and renunciation of all bondage to wealth and of all personal and egoistic desire for its possession. Some even put a ban on money and riches and proclaim poverty and barrenness of life as the only spiritual condition. But this is an error: it leaves the power in the hands of the hostile forces. To re-conquer it for the Divine to whom it belongs and to use it divinely for the divine life is the supramental way for the Sadhaka.

You must neither turn with ascetic shrinking from the money power, the means it gives and the objects it brings, nor cherish a rajasic attachment to them or a spirit of enslaving self-indulgence in their gratifications. Regard wealth simply as a power to be won back for the Mother and placed at her service.

All wealth belongs to the Divine and those who hold it are trustees. It is with them to-day, to-morrow it may be elsewhere. All depends on the way they discharge their trust while it is with them, in what spirit, with what consciousness in their use of it, to what purpose.

In your personal use of money look on all you have or get or being as the Mother's. Make no demand, but accept what you receive from her and use it for the purposes for which it is given to you. Be entirely selfless, entirely scrupulous, exact, careful in detail, a good trustee; always consider that it is her possession and not your own that you are handling. On the other hand, what you receive for her, lay religiously before her; turn nothing to your own or anybody else's purpose.



SARAT CHANDRA CHATTOPADHYAY.

*The most prominent living novelist of Bengal.
Born 15th September, 1870.*

Do not look up to men because of their riches or allow yourself to be impressed by the show, the power, or the influence. When you ask for the Mother, you must feel that it is she who is demanding through you a very little of what belongs to her and the man from whom you ask will be judged by his response.

If you are free from the money-taint, but without any ascetic withdrawal, you will have a greater power to command the money for the divine work. Equality of mind, absence of demand and the full dedication of all you possess and receive and all your power of acquisition to the Divine Shakti and her work are the signs of this freedom. Any perturbation of mind with regard to money and its use, any claim, any grudging is a sure index of some imperfection or bondage.

The ideal Sadhaka of this kind is one who, if required to live poorly, can so live and no sense of want will affect him or interfere with the full inner play of the divine consciousness, and if he is required to live richly, can so live and never for a moment fall into desire or attachment to his wealth or to the things that he uses or servitude to self-indulgence or a weak bondage to the habits that the possession of wealth creates. The divine Will is all for him and the divine Ananda.

In the supramental creation the money-force has to be restored to the Divine Power and used for a true and beautiful and harmonious equipment and ordering of a new divinised vital and physical existence in whatever way the Divine Mother herself decides in her creative vision. But first it must be conquered back for her and those will be strongest for the conquest who are in this part of their nature strong and large and free from their ego and surrendered without any claim or withholding or hesitation, pure and powerful channels for the Supreme Puissance.

STOKOWSKI IN INDIA

East-West gives an account of the impressions of the American Musician of whose intended tour we have already announced in *Shama'a*.

"Music—the divine Indian music That's what has brought me here," said Mr. Leopold Stokowski, the famous Conductor of one of the finest Symphony Orchestras in America, who is now in Bombay, to a representative of the "Chronicle." Possessed of a charming and magnetic personality Mr. Stokowski has most unassuming and genial manners.

"We Westerners have much to learn from the highly developed rhythm of Indian music," he confessed. Born of a Polish origin, he spent most of his time in America and distinguished himself, as a world figure in the realm of Western music. "I have come to India," he added, "to derive inspiration and to study Indian music. I feel there is much to learn from the highly developed rhythm of Indian music and also from the division of the octave into 22 'Murlis' which are what we call quarter-tones."

"I have already heard most interesting Indian music in Bombay, and so have begun my studies, and shall be most happy to meet Indian musicians and hear their music and study with them if they are willing to do so," he observed.

Q.—"How do you find the study of Indian music?"

A.—"Indian music is almost an entirely new thing for me, and I have to study it from the very beginning. It was only in the last Summer that I heard a wonderful gramophone record of Indian 'bin' music. It seemed to me to be the most divine music I have ever heard. I am very desirous of

hearing more of this music. I am also deeply interested in the ancient sermon chants, and should like to study that also. I am willing to look to the study with an open mind, and shall be most appreciative of any help I may receive from Indian musicians."

Q.—"Do you think there are any business possibilities for Indian musicians in the West?"

A.—"Don't, please, mix the words 'business' and 'music.' I am one of those who believe that music has its own rewards apart from the expectancy of making money out of it. But you can take it from me, Europe and America would be much interested to hear the best Indian musicians. I first heard Indian music through the gramophones and I have come to India to hear it directly. But I am sure there are many in Europe and America who would like to hear Indian music, but cannot come to India. It would be a wonderful thing if India could send one or two of its best musicians to Europe and America."

Q.—"Does an average European appreciate Indian music?"

A.—"Well, if you call me an average European, of course they do. For myself I can say that I am longing to hear and learn it."

Q.—"For making the study of music accessible to most people, don't you think it should be introduced in schools and colleges?"

"Of course," was the reply, but Mr. Stokowski did not very much believe in the formation of an academy of music and a regular standardization of it, because it was the voice or the soul of a master that would interpret music and not the diplomas or the degrees obtained by him. He said only a skilled musician would receive patronage and not merely a man who had some degrees attached to his name.

It is worthwhile to note that, besides Indian music, Mr. Stokowski is deeply interested in every Indian art, Indian civilization, religion and science.

A LIBRARY OF ENGLISH POETRY

We are indebted to the *Poetry and the Play* for this information:—

The Council of the Poetry League have had under consideration for some years past the possibility of founding a representative library of English poetry and drama, but it is only recently that the difficulties of organizing and financing the project have been surmounted, and that it has become possible to announce it as a practical proposition.

The intention is to create a library of all English poetic and dramatic works, and books relating thereto, past and present, including those which have been published in the United States, and in the British Dominions and Colonies, so that it may ultimately become a more complete record of English poetry, even than is contained in the British Museum, which is mainly confined to such volumes as are published in the British Isles.

The building up of such a Library must have the sympathy of all lovers of English poetry, and should enlist their active co-operation. Not only members of the League, but all our readers can help in the following ways:—

(1) By donations to the Library fund, which will be utilized by the Committee in the purchase of additional volumes, and gratefully acknowledged in these pages.

(2) By donations of books of, or relating to, English poetry or drama, whether old or new, which will also be gratefully acknowledged, and on which carriage will be paid if desired. *All such books printed in the English language*, at any time or in any country, whether in new or second-hand condition, will be welcomed. Readers who will not only donate such volumes as they can spare, but will collect them from friends, will be doing much to assist the project. Readers who can help in this way are asked to do so as early as possible, so that their donations may be included and acknowledged in the printed catalogue of the Library which is now in course of preparation. Among other donations the Committee has received a first consignment of five hundred volumes from Mr. Fowler Wright, and another parcel is promised from the same direction.

(3) There will be a subordinate section of similar books in other languages, for which Poetic or Dramatic Works of all kinds will be accepted. It will specially welcome donations of foreign books dealing with English Poetry or Poets, and the help of such of our Members as are residing abroad is solicited to assist us to make this section worthy of the Library.

The Library will be accommodated at St. George's Hall, 6, Little Russell Street, W.C. 1 (close to the British Museum), and all members of the League will be entitled to free reference to any of its contents.

A lending branch will also be organized by which a wide selection of volumes, including all standard works, and the best modern poetry, can be obtained for a small subscription, by post or otherwise, so that the student of poetry who is unable to purchase as widely as he would wish can obtain the advantages which are already supplied by the fiction-libraries.

AJANTA, KAILASA AND ELLORA

Mrs. Rosenthal writing in *The Hindustan Review* gives an account of Archæology in Hyderabad State, from which we take the following :—

The foundation of the Archæological Department of Hyderabad State in 1913 was a landmark of no mean import in the history of archæological research, for the Dominions of H.E.H. the Nizam are as rich in ancient buildings as any part of India. The late Sir Alexander Pinhey, then Resident of Hyderabad, was one of the principal supporters of the newly-founded institution, which was placed under the Judicial Secretary, Mr. Hydari, now Nawab Hydar Nawaz Jung. Since Mr. Hydari's elevation to the Finance Membership in 1921, various personages have held the secretaryship of the Department, but Mr. Hydari continues to render signal service to archæologists by his expert advice, and inspiring enthusiasm. Although the Department suffered in its infancy from the effects of the World War, the list of its achievements is remarkable. The monuments of Hyderabad State are amazing in their profusion, and in their diversity, for ever since the twelfth century the Deccan has served as a half way house between Northern and Southern India. In consequence, the architecture bears the hall-mark of the various peoples, both Hindu and Muhammadan, who have prospered there. This heritage of composite structures lends to archæological research in Hyderabad State that variety which is the salt of both life and art.

The most epoch-making enterprise is the conservation of the Ajanta Frescoes, the apotheosis of cave-painting, not in India alone, but possibly in the whole of Asia. The treatment to which these masterpieces have been submitted is as successful as the restoration process by which, in the course of the last decade or so, Signor Luigi Cavenaghi has re-created Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." Following the advice of Sir John Marshall, Director-General of Archæology, H.E.H. the Nizam's Government obtained the assistance of European authorities, before tackling the threefold

problem of identification, preservation and reproduction of the frescoes. The correspondence of Sir Aurel Stein, Monsieur Foucher and Professor Cecconi, published in the Annual Reports of the Hyderabad Department for 1918-19 and 1919-20, makes most interesting reading.

As a result of the labours of Professor Cecconi and his assistant Count Orsini, a systematic conservation campaign was launched in the cold weather of 1920, for the purpose of fixing the peeling frescoes, removing the varnish applied by Mr. Griffiths during the eighties of last century, eradicating insects, and cleansing the walls from the effects of smoke from jogis' fires. Moreover, with most laudable "full-steam-ahead" policy, the Department is taking steps to preserve "for posterity a faithful record of the frescoes, the beauty of which, in spite of all care is likely to vanish one day," as Mr. Yazdani, Director of Archaeology, Hyderabad State, puts it in his preface to the "Guide to Ajanta Frescoes," produced in 1927. This volume, published for the modest sum of two rupees, contains excellent monotone and colour-plate illustrations of the reproduction work now in progress.

At the present time, the Caves of Ajanta are an artistic hive, where students copy zealously and lovingly the great masterpieces of the past. The curator, Mr. Syed Ahmed, a gifted artist who assisted Lady Herringham in the preparation of her monumental work, "Ajanta Frescoes," is one of the greatest exponents of the beauties of Ajanta. He has consecrated himself whole-heartedly to the reproduction of the frescoes, and the recent exhibition of his work, held in Bombay under the aegis of Nawab Hydar Nawaz Jung, has drawn the attention of the general public to the worth of one of the most modest and talented of modern Indian painters.

The activities of the Department are not confined to the preservation of monuments. Indeed,—no! Their scope is comprehensive, and includes arrangements for the creature comfort of visitors. Formerly, a journey to Ajanta was a fatiguing and lengthy pilgrimage, a tax on the physical and financial resources of the average man. Now-a-days, it is in the nature of a pleasure trip from start to finish, for there are good motor roads direct to the Caves from Jalgaon Station on the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, and Aurangabad Station on H.E.H. the Nizam's Guaranteed State Railway. A well-equipped travelers' bungalow at Fardapur, four miles from the Caves, is a popular and much patronized institution, and the Department proposes to erect another rest-house at Ajanta, for the convenience of visitors arriving from the Aurangabad side. Permission to photograph the interior of the temples should be obtained well in advance from the Director of Archaeology, Hyderabad (Deccan), who upon application, will very kindly furnish travellers with any information they require respecting archaeological excursions in the territory of H.E.H. the Nizam.

Contemporaneously with the work at Ajanta, the Department concentrated on the preservation of the Caves of Ellora and, in this enterprise also, Sir John Marshall evinced the keenest interest. In January, 1916, he visited Ellora and, while approving the repairs already executed, suggested the drainage of certain temples, the replacement of unsightly pros by piers, chiselled in accordance with the sculptural design of the old columns, the retention of masses of rock which threatened to swamp the Indra Sabha—that group of stupendous Jain Caves of unparalleled majesty and interest. The Director-General of Archaeology likewise saved the upper store of the gateway of the Kailasa, the world's premier wonder excavation, for the Hyderabad authorities followed his advice with regard to the disposition of joists and supports.

It is as difficult to describe the Kailasa as it is to paint a word picture of the Taj Mahal. Both buildings must be seen to be believed, must be revered to be understood and lucky, indeed, are we of the twentieth century, that these shrines of beauty, and of marvel, are opened up to us. At Ajanta, one has a close-up view of the soul of Buddhism, magnificent, superb, standing in solitary

grandeur. At Ellora, one stands on the threshold of Buddhism, Brahmanism, Jainism in juxtaposition. For this reason the message of Ellora proclaims, tri-lingually, with clarion tones, the glory of India's art heritage.

A tit-bit of archæological research has consisted of the removal of silt from the unfinished Chhota Kailasa, the first, in order, though possibly the latest in date, of the Jain excavations. It is now possible to distinguish the vertical methods of quarrying, employed by the workmen of old. Had it been completed, the Chhota Kailasa would have been a miniature monolithic temple, a diminutive edition of its stupendous namesake. The excavated pit of the Chhota Kailasa measures 80 by 130 feet, as against the courtyard, 154 by 276 feet, of the great Kailasa.

At Ellora, as at Ajanta, the State Archaeological and Public Works Departments have worked in conjunction, with the result that within an hour of alighting at Aurangabad Station the traveller finds himself at the entrance of the Caves, thanks to an excellent motor road, opened in December, 1925, on the occasion of the Ellora visit of Their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Reading. There is a commodious travellers' bungalow at Ellora, and permission to photograph the interior of these temples, also, may be obtained from the Director of Archaeology, Hyderabad (Deccan). The Archaeological Department has published an excellent guide-book consisting of the description of Ellora by Dr. James Burgess. A revised edition of this work is now in course of preparation. The production by the Oxford University Press of picture post-cards of Ellora and Ajanta on the model of their British Museum series, is a further venture that is meeting with remarkable success.

INDIVIDUALITY OF INDIAN ART

In his address at the eighteenth annual meeting of the Mythic Society, Bangalore, the Honourable the Resident makes the following remarks—

Some three or four years ago, in what may or may not have been a moment of inspiration, I addressed to India series of three sonnets which I commenced with this line, "Land, that has never learnt to stand alone." At the moment my thought was perhaps on the historical aspect of the case.

That is, however, a mere *obiter dictum* and I come now to the subject of Indian art and architecture, literature and religion which are those with which this Society is primarily concerned. In this connection, however, my phrase must be qualified and largely qualified. In all these matters India has stood alone in the past. She produced probably the earliest religion, which had a basis in a considered and tenable system of philosophy. Following on that she produced the sublime morality of Buddhism which, though dead in India, has spread the influence of Indian thought through Burma, Tibet, Ceylon and China. She gave birth to the great epics of the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana* and to the sublime dramas of Kalidasa. She developed her own system of architecture and though alien invasion has profoundly modified this, the essential Indian touch has been preserved and the same may be said over the art of painting where, though possibly the impulse to revival after the passing of the earlier Ajanta, Bagh and Ellora came from the Persian artists, imported by the Mogul Emperors, yet subsequent developments were essentially Indian in character and workmanship.

Now to get back to my text, if a person or a country is to stand alone, much more to walk alone, it must have confidence in itself and as regards art anyhow, what I have noticed in conversations with Indians or in books by Indians or on Indian artistic subjects is a lack of confidence. This shows itself in what I may express in G. W. E. Russell's definition of the chief Harrovian characteristic, as "a curious kind of shy bumptiousness" and a consequent resentment of any criticism to effect that Indian art, literature, architecture or religion have been in any way influenced from outside. To my mind not only is this position not tenable, but it is absurd. With India's wonderful history, her

wonderful traditions, her wonderful record of achievements in all these various lines, in all of which she has displayed her own individual and unique genius, I see no reason why obvious facts should be denied and why India with supreme confidence in herself and her own individuality should not reply "Yes, I admit the external influences but I took them, made them my own and used them for my own purposes." Even in the days whereof there is little record, we know, from the Ajanta and the Bagh frescoes, that people from all over Asia came to the courts of the Indian kings and if they came to learn, it is equally certain that they also taught and that Indians would be and were ready to learn from them. In the capital pillars of Sanchi and Amravati and many other places, the ways and influence of Syrian and Assyrian art is clear. In painting, as already observed, much is due to the inspiration and influence of the early Persian school. In sculpture, similarly, India owes much to the Greek influence especially in the Gandhara school. In architecture, where a strong Arabic and Persian influence came in with the Moguls and Pathans, again the effect of the alien impulse is obvious and in modern painting something is owed to some French schools and also to Japan. Nor can the Bengali school of novelists be held to owe no debt to the West.

Yet the main point I want to make is not that India has been influenced by the various alien forces but that, though she had been influenced in so many directions by outside forces, she has never lost her own individuality. Perhaps, more than any other great poet, Shakespere was the greatest borrower of other poets' thoughts but he took them into his own soul and re-coined them in the mint of his own genius. Similarly, India has taken into herself whatever style or shape of art or architecture, or religion or literature she felt was of use to her and has absorbed it for her own purposes, and then, when the time of production came, her artistic children have been stamped indelibly with the marks of the personality of the great *Mother* who brought them into the world. From this point of view at any rate, there is no reason why India should not stand or walk, even run alone. Nor is there any reason for the sensitiveness to criticism on which I have commented. The right reply of the Indian is not a touchy denial of outside influences. It always was and, with the world in effect shrinking daily as communications improve, it becomes daily more absurd to reject or deny the power of external and alien influences. India is big enough to stand on her own legs and admit the extent to which she has been influenced and to deny that such influence has resulted merely in slavish imitation. She can assert, and assert with truth, that in all influences that have been brought to bear on her from outside, religious, literary or artistic, she has been strong enough to absorb and transform them without ever giving up her own character, her own individuality, her own personality.

And, to revert to where I began, the great need for India to-day is the self-confidence of strength. I believe that in politics, as in art, she will develop what the times call for. But to close on a word of warning—strength lies in unity and unity cannot be obtained without tolerance.

A NEW PHILOSOPHY OF MUSIC

The Foreword publishes a thoughtful article from the pen of D. Rudhyar, which we give below :—

Modern music, like modern civilization itself, has been the scene of a great deal of excitement and confusion during the last decade. It began with an eager search for new material, rare ideas, subjects which, by their very strangeness, would legitimate an utter disregard of conventions, new combinations begotten in a strictly empirical manner. With the tragedy of the war and the concomitant breaking down of the hazy beginnings of an European thought, there came a halting point; and the braver and deeper souls began to question everything. But how can we solve questions if there is no basic philosophy which can be used as a touchstone, no universal scheme in which the smaller historical units may be reintegrated and therefore explained?

There was no philosophy available for most musicians, at least none which they could make theirs ; and there was no universal point of view from which history, musical and otherwise, could be scanned and the present crisis explained or at least interpreted. The result was that while some in utter depression stopped or went on repeating the self-same formulæ, the others could find only one way out, that is, after repudiating all the revolutionary ferment which began with romanticism and Beethoven and declaring romanticism to be a perversion and a disease, a deliberate return to the pre-romantic period and especially to the XVIIth century. Thus it happens that practically all European composers who are actually living on the old continent, have turned to be reactionary—followed by not a few American musicians.

This widespread return to classicism, as far as musical forms if not exactly musical sounds are concerned, is a very symptomatic one and strictly European in its meaning and causes. European civilization is dead, whether we like it or not. It has lost all real sense of vital progress ; and thus, as Bergson points it out so clearly in his philosophy, when the vital impulse stops we have a falling down ; that is, what was life and spirit, changes polarity and becomes matter, automatism and death.

Taking in its widest aspect such a movement of reaction is what must be called MUSICAL FASCISM ; and it is not strange at all to see its main protagonists being Italian and Southern French, and its source recognizable even before the Great War in certain movements connected with Latin imperialism—culturally and otherwise. Paris was at a time the center of such a dream of Latin hegemony ; there Stravinsky was deeply saturated with such ideas and his anti-emotional crusade in music was laid down in 1913 in the Cerebrist Manifesto written by the Italian Canudo.

Return to the XVIIth century means return to the Latin music which then had its blossoming, and such a return is but the cultural reflection of political Fascism, which is not a national movement alone, but which is the reincarnation of the age-old tradition of Latin civilization, for which the State is all and the individual nothing, form is the Moloch to which individual life-expressions must be ever sacrificed.

The ideal of fascism is ruling over the whole of European music to-day, even Schoenberg being in a sense its votary. And this, a very serious situation indeed, begins to be seen by a few musicians as meaning nothing short of death for modern music. Fortunately there is another side to the medal, one which but few understand at all. And while most European composers, when they began to question the basis of their European conceptions of music, found nothing else to do, but to restate those European ideals in their pure classical form, at least one composer discovered a philosophy upon which he could base a new approach to music. We wish to speak of Scriabin.

There had been precursors. In 1725 Jean Phillip Rameau had had a wonderful theoretical conception of a new music based on harmonic resonance. More than one hundred years later Liszt and Moussorgsky had begun to revitalize European music at the source of the everlasting *Mother* of musical modes and religions, Asia. Then Debussy had definitively broken with the classical system of tonality, which our modern reactionists are again worshiping, and realized what Rameau had conceived. But with Scriabin the conscious foundations of an entirely new and revitalized SENSE of music became patent. He discovered, or rather re-discovered, a New World of music, the America of music ; and though the discovery is indeed far from being complete, though a whole continent lies unchartered and uncultivated, yet Scriabin pointed the way and no better foundation can be secured for the new American music which is to be, than a study and comprehension of Scriabin's new sense of music.

A new sense of music ; and not only new forms, or new rules—a fundamental revaluation of the very essence, being and soul of music. To realize that such a revaluation is possible, is of course

the first step. What makes it possible is the fact—alas! so amazingly remote from the consciousness of most musicians—that European music, as we know it, is after all not MUSIC, but a small aspect of the great World-Music, in no way greater or more important than Hindu or Chinese or Inca musics. In other words, each civilization has a music of its own, exactly as it has an architecture of its own; and it is as foolish to say that ancient Hindu music is inferior to European classical music as to say that the Taj-Mahal or any great Hindu Temples are inferior to Renaissance castles in France. Every culture is different; every one strikes a certain tone in the great ever extending chord of the world-civilization. Whenever an old civilization dies and a new one arises, a fundamental change occurs in the cultural life of the civilized earth, and a complete re-valuation of everything which pertains to art occurs.

Such is occurring now, very slowly and at first most hesitatingly. But it is occurring. And it is as useless to try rushing backward in panic to the old canons and rules as to attempt to stop the incoming tide. Life will necessarily turn destroyer and smash the helpless efforts of the reactionists. And Europe will very soon realize how true that is, alas!

But to return to Scriabin. While it is impossible to convey in a few paragraphs the entire meaning of his new musical vision, yet we may try to point out what may be said to be the center of his musical Reformation.

While music is, for the neo-classicists, an assemblage of sound-patterns and esthetic forms, and for the romantic, an emotional projection of human life, for Scriabin it is a magical force used by the spiritual Will to produce ecstasy, that is, communion with the Soul. This characterization of music as magic, of harmonic sound as a magical force directed by the will of the evoker (no longer a composer) for whatever purpose it may be, is the central fact of the new musical philosophy. It means that the essence of music is the energy of sound used by man. The energy of sound—not the form or pattern made by melodies or sequences of more or less abstract notes. Music becomes a problem of spiritual dynamics, or, if strictly materialistic, of mechanical dynamism. In the first case we have Scriabin, in the second Stravinsky (in his first period) and Varese. The former builds music on the spiritual concept of Tone and harmonic resonance; the latter on that of physical, instrumental sound.

Music has been known in the Orient as a creative potency, and used for the rousing of mystic states of consciousness, for centuries and millenia, from the Vedic times down to the Sufi period in Persia. It is therefore true to say that such is the great musical tradition that comes to us from the hoary past. The European classical music, up to Beethoven at any rate, had strayed away from it. It had become over-intellectualized. It had lost its VITAL meaning. With Scriabin a new birth has come. It is not without meaning that the first great vision he had of the new music came while he was visiting America. There he heard from within the great Tone of the future, which he embodied in his "Prometheus."

It is in America that this new music will take root. There is no room for it in the old Europe which has become but a soulless form. Music which is Tone and Life sounds but where the forces of life are building up a new world. As the sounds of the violin have been shown to trace beautiful geometrical patterns in the sand spread on a plate sensitive to the vibrations of the strings, so the new music will trace, deep in the souls of the new generations, glyphs of power. Whether this strong magical action on the rising civilization will serve some great spiritual purpose or will lead to chaotic materialism, will depend upon whether the musicians whose responsibility it is to sound the new Tones know themselves as free spiritual entities, or as helpless slaves to material conditions.

LIVING BUDDHISM

Dr. Hans Koester writing in *The Visva-Bharati Quarterly*, says—

I had occasion to listen to a very interesting speech, in the Buddhist temple in Calcutta, by Dr. Kalidas Nag on "Living Buddhism," in which he told us that in Japan, specially, there was great activity amongst the followers of Buddhism. They are publishing the old texts, and they have temple-universities in which up-to-date methods are applied in commenting on the original Chinese scriptures, implying that in these activities the life of Buddhism finds its expression. The doctrine which Buddha has left to humanity must be preserved and kept alive so that the right path may not be lost, but followed in accord with the original intention,—I take it that I am not wrong in understanding this to be his idea of "Living Buddhism."

Every non-Buddhist too, I felt, must appreciate such an endeavour to acknowledge and avail of one of the greatest spiritual gifts of the world. At the same moment, however, another idea occurred to me,—on the face of it quite un-Buddhistic,—about the *Living Buddha*. This could hardly have any significance to a Buddhist, for was he not told by the Lord Himself that He was going into Nirvana, having freed Himself from the law of karma and re-incarnation, so that He would never come again into this world of misery and suffering? After preaching the great doctrine of Compassion, he shewed the path leading to the goal of Nirvana; so that, having accomplished his work, Buddha is, so to speak, out of action, leaving only the wheel of his doctrine in motion. But though for a Buddhist, the question of a living Buddha, influencing us from the world of Spirit, may not arise, it may be permitted to a non-Buddhist, even though he accepts all the facts, to add to them his own view in which Buddhism appears to him to be really *living*.

We may approach this aspect by remembering that the state of Nirvana is no total annihilation, but, on the contrary, in the spiritual view, a state of the fullest and widest consciousness. If Buddha has gone over into this form of Being for ever, he nevertheless exists, even though it may appear from our standpoint to be a form of non-existence. The great Compassionate One continues to live as such in Nirvana. In the world of suffering he has left his doctrine as a means of attaining freedom therefrom: in the world of Spirit there came into being with his advent on earth and still exists after his departure therefrom, not as a personality but as a spiritual substance,—*Utmost Compassion*.

That such a feeling prevails, if only subconsciously, amongst the Buddhists themselves seems to me evident in the worship of the Lord in the Buddhist temples by flowers and other offerings. The prayers, moreover, are not directed to a vast Nothing, but to a definite reality,—the Compassion that reigns after him over the world. So that, wherever compassion in the deepest, truest sense is found, there is to be seen a ray of this light, a part of this substance; there is with the Compassionate One a living connection, not as a god, for that idea he expressly repudiated, but as a Spiritual World Factor which before him was not.

So far I have been speaking, if I may use the expression, as a buddhistic non-Buddhist. I beg you to allow me to continue along the line which will lead to the conception of living Buddhism held by esoteric or anthroposophical Christianity. For that purpose we have to try to understand how the divine personality of Christ has been inspired by that substance of compassion which was the very essence of Buddha.

Christ indeed has not left such a wonderfully constructed doctrine as exists in the tradition of the speeches of Buddha. It is a mistake, often made here in India (for example by Gandhi himself), to compare the Sermon on the Mount with any speech of Buddha's. For while the substance of

Buddhism consists in what Buddha said, it was not so with Christ. The point of the life of Christ lies in what was done, that is to say, in his crucifixion and resurrection—facts at the same time physical and spiritual. The importance of that life, therefore, cannot be found so much in what tradition says about him, but in what lies behind the tradition.

It need not be emphasised that whatever Christ has said or done was full of that compassion that had been created by Buddha,—love and compassion were in fact the two *motifs* that gave him the power to undergo and overcome his crucifixion. His last words before his death were an intercession for those who had condemned him. Indeed in Him worked not only the doctrine of Buddha, but Buddha himself. By which I mean to say that the Divine Being of Christ was actually permeated by the spiritual substance that Buddha had created,—*compassion*.

This is, generally speaking, what Anthroposophy holds to be the spiritual connexion, or if you prefer it, the spiritual co-operation, of Buddha and Christ. It would be going beyond my present scope to describe how the details of this view may be substantiated, as that would require the explanation of certain special conceptions and terms by means of which alone descriptions referring to spheres of higher spiritual knowledge may be attempted.

But if you are prepared to concede what has been said so far, we can arrive at only one conclusion. You know that the risen Christ is believed to be with us. He has not gone into Nirvana, but is to be found spiritually, as it were, in the atmosphere of the Earth. His case is not as that of Buddha—who, as I have tried to explain, has gone for ever from this world leaving behind the spiritual substance of Compassion,—but that of a supra-physical living personality whose work is continued by himself. By following his way,—of crucifixion, death and resurrection,—in the pains and labours and achievements of this world, we are bound to find him in that pure though earth-centred region where he lives. Living Christianity is the actual connection of Christ and man in a closer and closer approach of consciousness; and just that is the meaning which Living Buddhism would have for us.

As Buddha's compassionate substance formed an integral part of the life-body of Jesus, it is inherent, too, in the supra-sensual body of Christ, risen again, towards which we are striving to develop ourselves. Indeed there is a way open, a way which it is necessary for us to traverse, which leads to a living Buddhism through a living Christianity. In this sense we, of the West, accept Buddha and his work and appreciate all that is being done in studying and elucidating his words, inasmuch as that serves the great purpose of revealing the aspect under which living Buddhism manifests itself to-day.

There remains one other essential part of living Buddhism: the expectation of the coming Buddha Maitreya. I had the impression, when I was in Ceylon and in Burma, that this vision of the future was stronger and, if I may say so, more genuine than even the devotion to the traditional past, preserved in the Buddhist customs.

With this idea, too, we must be in full sympathy,—this magnificent hope that Buddha Maitreya, now in the spiritual world, will come down to us as the great teacher of Love. I aver that there is nothing in us to prevent our participating in this hope, our joining hands with you to prepare for such advent.

It seems to me not to be so well-known in the Buddhist world that Christianity is likewise looking forward to the re-appearance of Christ. Where there is at all any tendency in Asia to an understanding of Christianity, it is taken to be the life and teaching of a prophet called Jesus who lived and died some 600 years after Buddha and before Mahomed. But that is only one, and by no means the most essential part, of the whole. That was only the physical, visible preparation for the fact that

Christ after his crucifixion and death has risen again. After that he is not, as Buddha, in Nirvana ; nor as Mahomed, a sacred memory ; but the risen-again Christ.

It showed great liberal mindedness that Mahomed should have acknowledged Jesus as one of the leading spiritual teachers. But that does not touch the point. He was that beyond doubt ; but he became more than that ; he created a form of existence, hitherto unknown, between life and death, which he has overcome. In this supra-sensual bodily existence lies his supreme importance, his very presence amongst us.

The hope of Christianity pursues the direction that men, by Christian spiritual development, may meet him in actual consciousness, where he abides. He is not expected to come down again into a physical incarnation, but humanity will rise to him. The time is not deemed to be very distant when this prophesied re-appearance of Christ will take place in the etherial sphere. It is rather so near to us that any individual may spiritually grasp him, as real as he was 2,000 years ago in his physical nature.

So you see, living Buddhism and living Christianity are, in their great hope, very nearly connected. Both of them are looking forward to a new revelation of Love,—Buddhism in the incarnation of a future Buddha on earth ; Christianity in the re-appearance of the risen Christ in the region of spirit,—like two great stars in the two worlds, each illuminating and augmenting the other.

This indeed is a grand view that inspires our common efforts. It lies ahead of us, but already have our respective ways met and combined. We are not competitors but co-workers. As I have tried to explain in the case of Gautama Buddha, through a living Christianity there will be achieved a living Buddhism, a Buddhism that has undergone through the ages a corresponding development. In regard to the promise of the future, by sharing in the expectation of the coming Buddha Maitreya our vision of Christ in the spiritual world will be clarified. It is for us to do whatever we can to pave the path of Love on this earth,—the path that will be trodden by Buddha Maitreya,—whereby we shall, at the same time, elevate ourselves so as to approach Christ where he awaits us.

With these two stars before us,—still veiled, but already shining through and influencing us,—we cannot fail to find the way, led by real knowledge and harmonious activity.

REVIEWS

The Trials of Topsy. By A. P. Herbert. Fisher Unwin : 6s.

The Trials of Topsy might be considered a comparatively and slight work for inclusion in a literary Quarterly Review. But the literature of humour has a place increasingly stronger in the strains and stresses, almost the insanities of modern life. These sketches, which have delighted readers of Punch, take their place in the inheritance of English literature, in the humorous tradition which starting with Chaucer, working through Shakespeare and the Elizabethans, Fielding and Smollet, Dickens and Thackeray, persists in the present generation. Besides, English humour has a definite psychological interest for Indian readers. It is a brand of humour distinctly, national, partaking more of the nature of pure fooling than that of other literatures. Its striking quality is its disinterested geniality ; without being farcical, it has nothing of the caustic or Satiric, and less of the ironic than the French, Satire, as a social weapon forms, of course, part of the bulk of English literature. But there is an English humorous literature that is apart from the literature of satire. Free from a strong moralising bent on the one hand and from caprice and fantasy on the other, its strength is derived from the portrayal of character and conversation : it has plenty of body and humanity.

Topsy, a typical modern society girl, shingled and short-skirted to the last degree, proceeds to make her way through life, with wide deficiencies in knowledge and culture, but with a refreshing vitality and common-sense. Her letters to her friend Trix, couched in the most extravagant spelling and punctuation, relate her adventurous encounters with the crises and problems of life. Though there is a good deal of implicit Satire of educational, social and political questions, the main source of the humour lies in the contrast of her naïveté and ignorance with a vigorous inborn common-sense. It is this that lends colour and vitality to her criticisms of life.

Here are two samples to introduce readers to the young person who, in her smaller way, takes rank as a citizen of the world of the Wyy of Bath, Falstaff, Parson Adams.

The first is an adventure in dramatic criticism, when the Editor of *Undies* rushes her dinnerless to a theatre to write up a play which she fails to recognise as Shakespeare's. The chapter is headed the Fresh Mind. "It was the most *old-fashioned* melodrama and *rather* poor Taste I thought, my dear all about a *black* man who marries a white girl, my dear *too* American, and what was so *perfectly* pusillanimous so as to make the thing a *little* less incompatible the man who acted the black man was only *brown*, the merest *beige* darling, pale sheik-colour, but the *whole* time they were talking about how *black* he was, my dear *too* English. . . . The *most* amateur style, my dear never using one word if it was possible to use three, and my dear the *oldest* quotations and the *foppiest* puns, my dear *Cashier* and *Cassio*, *too* infantile, and my dear the *crudest* pantomime couplets at the end of a scene, and immense *floods* of the *longest* words which *sounded* rather marvellous. I must admit but my dear meant *simply* nothing, but everyone else seemed to think it was *too* ecstatic so perhaps they'd had dinner." . . . Here is another sample, this time of Topsy's views on Sport when she is sent by her mother from "the Snares of London" to enjoy a "*healthy* country life." . . . "Well at tea-time as luck would have it the American and the Guardu had the world's kill-conversation, my dear the *fish* they've destroyed and the *bears* they've blown up and the bags and braces and *all* their measurements, and each going *one* better than the other, my dear between them they could have *filled* the *Ark*, well at last the Guardu turned to me and said had I ever shot flying-fish by moonlight because that was *life's* Elysian sport and one night he got twenty, well my dear by this time I was *quite* saturated so I said No. I'd *never* seen a flying-fish and if I *did* see a flying-fish my *one* idea would be to let it fly.

Well my dear there was the *most* tropical hush and he looked at me just as Uncle Arthur did, my dear as if I had the *mange*, my dear that's what's so *shattering*, if you let out that you're comparatively *lukewarm* about bird-murder and fishicide they *really* think you must be a bit *unhealthy*."

An acute analysis of one side of the English character, but how easily and lightly it is done !

Marco Millions—A Play by Eugene O'Neill. Jonathan Cape : 5s.

Nearly seven hundred years ago, one Marco Polo, a Venetian, dictated to his secretary an account of his various travels in the Far East. He gave wonderful stories of the wealth and greatness of India and China ; he related many examples of the power and wisdom of the Great Khan, Kubl'ai, and, in short, his account was so fabulous in its marvels, that he was promptly called a liar by his contemporaries, and, because of his statistics about the "millions" of this and the "millions" of that in the East, he was derisively dubbed "Marco Millions." This name and a reputation for artistic lying stuck to his memory, although in later years, the aggression of the West into the East, proved his assertion that there were millions of all things, including people, in the East, and these millions properly exploited and added to the millions of the West, would make the nation that controlled them a power indeed. Hence the British rule over India, and the large profits received by those corpulent English industrialists who shake their heads over the bad state of trade in England, but smile when they think about their jute and cotton mills in India. It was for these people that Marco Polo wrote his book.

The most promising of the younger dramatists, Mr. Eugene O'Neill, has seen the importance of Marco Polo in the development of the commercial expansion of the West. Accordingly, he has written a play which is an attempt "to render justice to one long famous as a traveller, unjustly world-renowned as a liar, but sadly unrecognised by posterity in his true eminence as a man and a citizen—Marco Polo of Venice." Mr. O'Neill's Marco Polo obviously comes from Chicago, with his sample cases and collection of dirty stories. He treats everything as so much merchandise. Amid the mystic glamour and poetic dreams of the court of Kubl'ai Khan, he stands apart a crass, matter of fact piece of commercial vulgarity. Appointed Mayor of the city of Yang-Chau, he renders the following account of his stewardship to the Khan : "My tax scheme, Your Majesty, that got such wonderful results, is simplicity itself. I simply reversed the old system. For one thing, I found they had a high tax on excess profits. Imagine a profit being excess ! Why it isn't humanly possible ! I repealed it. And I repealed the tax on luxuries. I found out that the great majority in Yang-Chau couldn't afford luxuries. The tax wasn't democratic enough to make it pay ! I crossed it off and I wrote on the statute books a law that taxes every necessity in life, a law that hits every man's pocket equally, be he beggar or banker ! And I got results !" As far as this speech goes, Marco Polo is re-incarnated in Mr. Winston Churchill.

Charged with conducting the beautiful Princess Kukachin, who is in love with him, from Mongolia to Persia, he manages to avoid all romance, and dumps her, broken-hearted but safe, in the arms of her future husband, on receipt of a sealed letter, which serves as an invoice. Here Marco Polo seems to be re-incarnated in Thomas Cook.

In the epilogue, Mr. O'Neill shows that there is no difference, except in dress, between Marco Polo and the well-fed audience which watches his play, and quickly forgets its point. Like the other members of the audience, Marco Polo, goes out of the theatre to step into his gorgeous limousine, and "with a satisfied sigh at the sheer comfort of it all, resumes his life."

MOSQUITO

